THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

SEPT 28 1918 — 10c. in Canada — 5cts. THE COPY

Gerald Stanley Lee — Nina Wilcox Putnam — Byron Morgan — Princess Cantacuzène
William J. Neidig — Isaac F. Marcosson — Frances Wilson Huard — Kenyon Gambier

Why worry— the floor is Valsparred !

Think of having a varnish on your floors, woodwork, and furniture that says, "*Why worry when accidents happen?*"

There is one such varnish—Valspar.

Thousands of tests have proved conclusively that water, either scalding hot or icy cold, *positively will not injure its surface.*

Nor will alcohol, ammonia, and such liquids turn it white, spot or mar its beautiful surface.

In the bathroom, kitchen, pantry, and laundry, spills and splashes won't hurt it—in fact, the way to clean a Valsparred surface is to *wash it with hot water and soap!* Use Valspar *wherever* you need varnish, indoors or out.

It protects and preserves. It is quick-drying. It gives a beautiful finish. It is wonderfully tough and durable.

Don't rest content with merely reading about Valspar varnish. *Try it.*

Special Offer—

If you wish to test Valspar send 25c. in stamps and we will send you enough Valspar to finish a small table or chair.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY,
458 Fourth Avenue, New York

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World.

New York Chicago Boston — ESTABLISHED 1832 VALENTINES VARNISHES (Trade Mark) — Toronto London Amsterdam

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The tag on good alarm clocks

THERE are two sure ways to identify a good alarm clock: the name *Westclox* on the dial and the orange and buff *Westclox* tag attached to the ring.

When you find these quality marks you know your new alarm clock is a good timekeeper, the kind you need in times like these.

All *Westclox* alarms have the patented *Westclox* construction. They all run on time and ring on time.

Western Clock Co. - *makers of Westclox*

Big Ben Baby Ben Pocket Ben America Lookout Ironclad Bingo Sleep-Meter

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Factories at Peru, Ill.

Westclox

— the trade-mark on the dials of good alarm clocks

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"Only a few minutes, Dolly, and my bath will be ready"

THE bathing of a child is the most exacting test for any soap. The tender skin instantly detects the presence of free alkali or any other harsh material.

It is this test multiplied several million fold that proves the mildness, purity and safety of Ivory Soap. Ivory is used in nurseries everywhere because it never has been known to cause the slightest irritation.

To use Ivory Soap is to enjoy a delightful bath and toilet, with the added satisfaction of knowing that nothing in the lather is even remotely injurious to the skin.

IVORY SOAP..... IVORY IT FLOATS ..... 99 44/100% PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE ESTABLISHED 1837

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SUPERADVERTISING

Some Observations on Advertising and Canvassing for the Fourth Liberty Loan—By Gerald Stanley Lee

IF ANYBODY wants to know right off what this article is about—it is about two million people, The First Row of Americans lined up to win this war. It is about the canvassers, workers and other advertisers for the Liberty Loan, and how and on what principles they can coöperate from now on to win this war deep, win it forever, win it three years quicker, win it a million dead sons sooner.

No ordinary, conventional, commercial, standardized advertising machinery can hope to cut across lots quick enough to save our world to-day.

It is going to take superadvertising machinery.

The nation's advertising order to-day is this: Twenty superadvertising men to be looked up and picked out by the people to write the copy. Two million people to put it on the machines, distribute it, pile-drive it, multiply it until it covers the earth.

I am not quarreling with our regular or commercial advertising machinery as adapted to its purpose; but as regards the copy the nation has got to have at this time it is only fair to say to start with that in the present desperate crisis of this country advertising is a religion, and when a country is trying to pick itself out from itself, advertise itself to itself, and discover itself in time to save a world, anybody who conceives of advertising as anything one whit less than religion is not going to be able to advertise this country. He may have been able to advertise this country four years ago, but he cannot advertise it now.

Anyone to-day who does not see his country in a vision, and who is not ready to make any sacrifice for himself or any sacrifice for others to advertise what his vision for his country is, does not understand the country he is trying to advertise, has not caught up to the people, and he is not going to be able to discover a technic or to drive through or hew out a way to advertise to the people.

Saving a world is a thing that must be hewed out of the wills and bored and mined out of the pockets of a people. There must be some fling to saving a world. It is not going to be done by standardized advertising, and our advertising men are not really thinking that in advertising a country all we have to do is build an annex on soap. We have got to go at it—the two million people and the writers of copy—in a more robust, more imperious and believing fashion—the way people who built the cathedrals the Germans are tearing down would go at it.

A mosquito is an innocent little beast. It is the people he has been mixed up with before he came to you who make the trouble. What we have got to do in our advertising is to inoculate a hundred million people with two million enthusiasts.

What must be had, no matter how many people or how much money it takes to search it out and select it, is a type of advertisement that bites; an advertisement that conveys one person to another; that conveys the gusto of two million people in America for this war to the remaining ninety-eight millions. A very few advertisements like this, widely published, would convey the two millions to the ninety-eight millions.

The two millions would tag them to their beds and follow them up in their dreams in the night.

I have watched bees carrying pollen. I have watched thistledown on the wind. I have come in from the meadow in front of Mount Tom and picked off a hundred and seventy-nine burs from my trousers. I have longed while I was doing it for ideas that would catch on to people's minds, grip their associations, enthusiasms—ideas that they would have to pick off from their lives one by one.

There must be such ideas. Everybody has come during the war, while reading his paper, upon such ideas. Why do they not get into the Liberty Loan advertisements?

I read a ten-line telegram from Germany in my paper at breakfast, and my soul burns. I turn over to a full-page advertisement of the Liberty Loan, and my soul stops burning almost in the second paragraph. I do not finish it perhaps. Or I say "Of course."

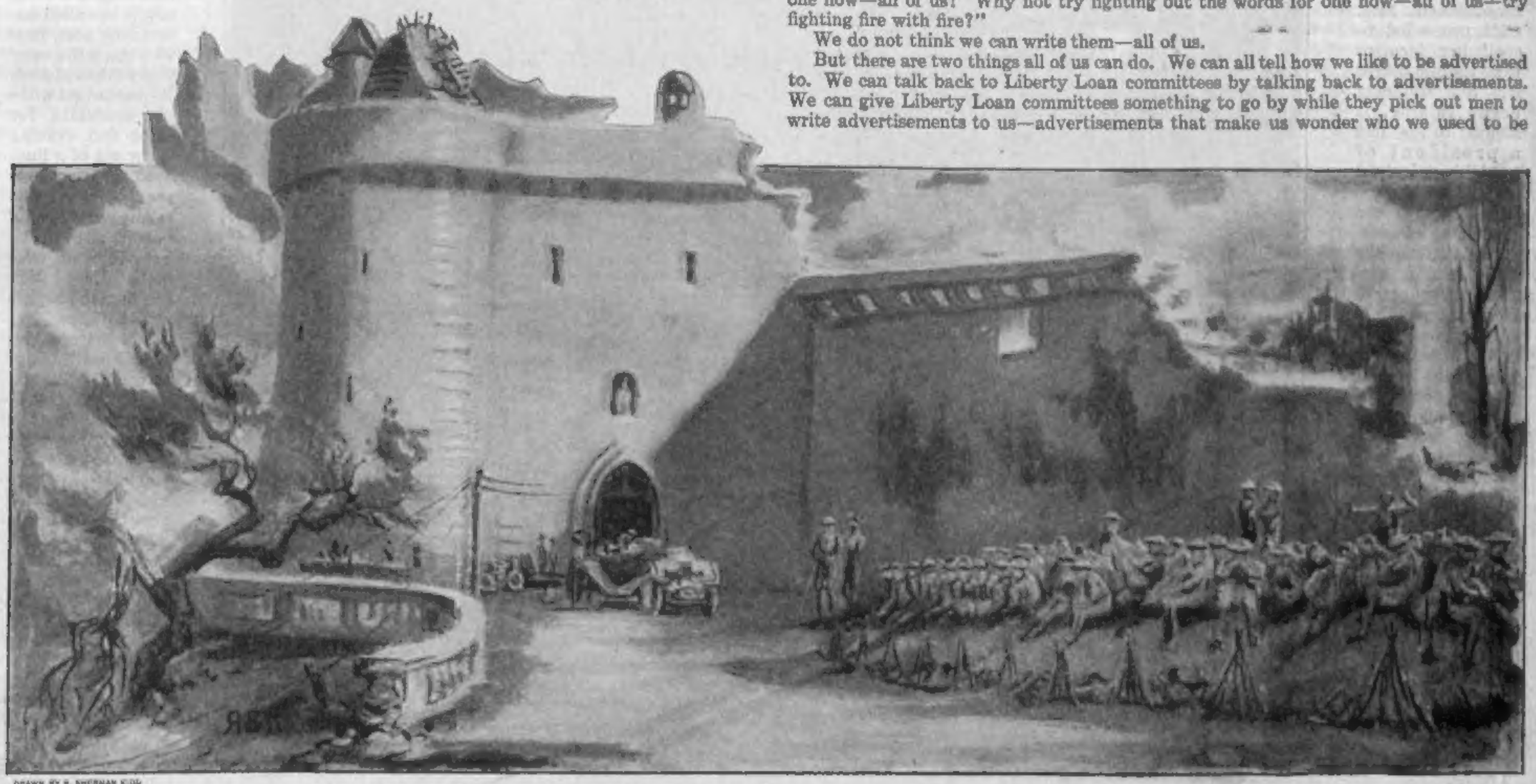
Why does the flame that leaps up in me when I read the telegram sizzle out in the middle of a great cool full-page advertisement of my country?

What is wrong with our Liberty Loan advertising? Why does it fail to bite?

Daily for four years have I longed to have someone write an advertisement of this country, say seven hundred words, which when it got into a city would be like a fire. People would have to run fire engines to put it out. I have said: "Why not work for one now—all of us? Why not try fighting out the words for one now—all of us—try fighting fire with fire?"

We do not think we can write them—all of us.

But there are two things all of us can do. We can all tell how we like to be advertised to. We can talk back to Liberty Loan committees by talking back to advertisements. We can give Liberty Loan committees something to go by while they pick out men to write advertisements to us—advertisements that make us wonder who we used to be



DRAWN BY R. SHERMAN KOE

before we read them, advertisements that make us into new men before our eyes.

I have always wanted to write a little book—The Ad Reader's Guide, or How I Should Like to Be Advertised To. People would read it and we could all compare notes. Then everybody could speak up, we would send in our order and be advertised to as we like.

If the reader does not mind I will just give a few plain personal experiences on being advertised to.

One day not long ago my eye fell on the report of a speech in Washington by Carrie Chapman Catt, the president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, which seemed to me to have in it a very valuable suggestion as to what the women of America could do to advertise the war.

I should like to find a little fault with Mrs. Catt's suggestion if I may. There was so much good psychology in it that it made me think of some more.

Mrs. Catt proposed as a means of advertising the war to people what might be called in a word perhaps a national conversing machine, to be conducted by the women of the country.

The suggestion struck me as being very much alive and in the right direction. It would be hard to conceive a vaster, more universal, more elemental, more human or more thorough machine for advertising a country. What publicity is really made of when one narrows it down always turns out to be the thing, no matter what it is, people cannot be kept from talking about.

Most men seem to feel a little too superior about advertising a country to do it well. For four years politicians have been wagging their heads at us, and shoving their experience at us, and thinking like babes in the woods that advertising a country is a matter of picking out subjects and of principles. And all the while, quietly, month after month, year after year, the people who have come the nearest in motive and spirit and technic to belonging really to the profession of advertising a country have been the women in the War Relief and Red Cross work.

Four Private Truth Tips

THE Red Cross has been evolved practically as a kind of ennobled Ladies' Aid Society or national sewing circle; and its effectiveness has been modeled on the advertising of religion which women have done in the churches for two hundred years.

Sewing, knitting, eating and talking raised to the nth power.

Naturally with these convictions and observations in my mind it struck me almost as a stroke of genius when I heard Mrs. Catt putting forward the idea of a national conversing machine to be conducted by the women of the country.

My first impulse was to agree with Mrs. Catt.

And then to my astonishment Mrs. Catt proceeded to spoil her idea or take the life out of it. She suddenly began talking, it seemed to me, like a president of something, instead of like a woman. Mrs. Catt proposed organizing arrangements to have the ladies in their conversing machine, from Maine to California, turn out conversations, conversations by the million about nothing but the truth! I could hardly believe my eyes; and after such a splendid start!

Mrs. Catt proposed among other things that instead of having a book called One Hundred and One German Lies going the rounds of the American public it would be a good idea to send round to everybody a book called One Hundred and One Truths.

I am not going to yield an inch to anyone on truth, but I ask any man, I appeal from Mrs. Catt to every woman in the National American Woman Suffrage Association, which would be read first, Mrs. Catt's One Hundred and One Truths or the lie book?

By loyal people, too. Which would be read first?

I have noticed that when anyone calls a man a liar one soon has crowds, and a fight is on.

It seems to me a serious mistake to take away from ourselves and hand blandly to the Germans and to German propaganda the headway—the enormous human momentum there is in getting the attention of a hundred million people with the word "lie."

I have and I have always had, as men go in this world, a quite respectable interest in truth. I might die for one hundred and one truths.

It would be interesting. It would be brief and to the point. But reading a book about one hundred and one truths, the very same truths, would be, or at least might be, asking too much.

My idea, instead of Mrs. Catt's talk-back book to be spread broadcast before everybody by Mr. Creel, four tons a day, would be to publish a little secret magazine, which I should send out in installments, one a week, to be called Four Private Truth Tips. I should put into it four nice gossipy truths. I should have picked out in each town in America ten women who are the best whisperers, who are generally credited with having the faculty of making people whisper more than anybody—and I should send the secret magazine to each of these women, one installment every Monday, one gossipy truth a week.

Then I should let Nature do her work.

Mrs. Catt's idea in her address to the Women's Educational Propaganda Department in Washington practically proposes what might be called organized probity of conversation. That is to say, to meet the German lie Mrs. Catt proposes to send out a truth to ten people who will agree to tell it to ten more people, who will agree to tell it to ten more people, and so on, um um um—forever; making everybody into an endless chain of truth—of pulled-along rectitude of statement; a kind of national runway of perfectly true truths, worked by a windlass.

This proposition of Mrs. Catt's seems to me to be a very good illustration of the precise kind of mistake that organizations and presidents of organizations fall into in trying to make inspiration and machinery work together. My feeling is that the way to make a national gossip machine work is to attend to the inspiration in it first. The thing to do first is to pick out a man who has the inspiration to think up a truth that will rollic through people's minds and trip off the ends of their tongues like a lie.

What is wanted is to have somebody who knows how pick out a truth so lively that people cannot be kept from whispering about it—a truth people will get wild and improper about, and really be in danger of whispering to eleven people instead of ten.

There are such truths and there are people who can state them.

There are certain people in this country to-day who are having the inspiration nearly all the time that the rest of us only have a few minutes a year, the inspiration of making truth as sensational as it really is. They make truth exciting and eager, the way God does and the way little children do.

The moment some people walk by a truth with two or three words in their hands, or with a metaphor or so, or with a hen and her chickens, the way Christ did, the whole world is set gossiping about it.

In those great early days when the gospel was really conquering a world it was a secret. The Roman Empire was overcome by whispering.

Expert Whisperers Wanted

I THINK Mrs. Catt's idea of having an endless chain or national truth machine is a very good one, but from my point of view it needs to be quite vigorously pointed out in the interests of the Liberty Loan that in common with most of our advertising machinery to-day Mrs. Catt's machine has a fatal defect: The problem of how machinery and inspiration have to be put together to make either of them work is overlooked in it. A national whispering machine would be all right. It has tremendous psychological possibilities in winning peace for the world. But the point is: What do we want to aim for first in our national whispering machine? The first thing to aim for is to get a whisper that will make the machine go. Mrs. Catt's idea is to get a machine that will make any whisper go. My idea is that if we are going to have a machine for making a hundred million people—this whole nation all together—whisper the Kaiser off the face of the earth—whisper the guns and the airplanes together that will do it—the thing for us all to attend to first is to pick out a man who can pick out a hundred and one whispers that will be so lively that they will not have to be pulled and hitched along on a you-tell-ten-people machine. Everybody will mix the machinery all up. We shall get caught, telling eleven people or a hundred and eleven. Perhaps the hundred and eleven will tell us first.

Our ordinary machinery for advertising is apt to pass over too lightly conductivity in ideas and in people. There are such things as nonelectric ideas, and we all know about nonconductor people; and we all know people and all know ideas that will make nonconductors out of anybody. In the Liberty Loan campaign we plan to spend our money as a matter of course on machinery, on getting a vast belt line of attention, on buying miles of newspaper space rolling before people's eyes. A larger proportion of emphasis in time and money should be spent in scouring the country for ideas and men, for men who are what might be called advertising aces, men who can write copy that will be watched. We cannot get without searching for them and evoking them out of a hundred million people the few men in this or any country who can make ideas bristle and who make ideas stick like burs in people's minds.

If I were an inspired millionaire the first thing I should do would be to scour the country for boys and for young men and women with vivid imagination about real things, who make truths people think they know, as arresting and compelling, as alluring, all in one, as if they had never been heard of.

This war is going to be won and the world is going to

(Continued on Page 71)

DRAWN BY CHARLES MARSHALL, JR.

PRO BONEHEAD PUBLICO

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

AIN'T it remarkable how the war has changed the way we look at a whole lot of things? Take wrist watches for one. As soon as the war got going strong on its present booking, wrist watches grabbed off a military standing for theirselves, though six months before no real man would of been willingly found dead in one.

Then take newspapers. Oncet we used to look at them for news, and now we just look at them. It's kind of a nervous habit, I guess. And take simple little things like coal and sugar. Why, once we paid no attention to them, and now we look at them real respectful—when we see them. Which leads me on to say that the war has brought us to look at a great many things we never even seen before, not if they was right under our noses. That's how I come to see that letter from the W. S. S. Committee—and would to heaven I had not, as the poet says. For though, believe you me, most of the mail-order goods a person buys is pretty apt to be as rep. because why would a customer write again which had been stung once, and thrift stamps is no exception—it certainly will be a long time before I fall so easy for anything the postman slips me. Next time I'll recognize that his whistle is a note of warning to more than them which has unpaid bills, which I have not, and so never listened for him.

I Got That Gone-Around-the-Middle Feeling Which I Always Get When Ma Gives Me a Certain Look

Well, anyways, the time this little trouble maker reached my side I had slipped into a simple little lounging suit of pink Georgette pyjamas, and was lying on the day-bed in a regular wallow of misery on account of wondering if Jim was dead on the gory fields of France or was it only the censor—do you get me? I was laying there rubbing a little cold cream onto my nose and thinking how would it feel to be always able to do so without losing my husband's love—which, of course, would mean he had died at the Front—when in come ma with a couple of letters. I give one shriek and sprung to my feet like a regular small-time drama, and grabbed them off her, cold cream and all, and then sunk back upon the day-bed and despair when I seen they weren't from Jim. Ma stood there with her hands on her hips until she seen I wasn't going to break any bad news to her, when she left me in peace to read them. That is, she meant to, but believe you me, it was far from it, as ma went into our all-paid-for gold-furnished parlor and commenced working on the player piano which Jim had given me for a souvenir before he sailed, and ma, being sort of heavy and strong after twenty-five years with a circus, she has a fierce touch.

Well, anyways, when she had got Sweet and Low going strong with the loud pedal and no expression I opened the first envelope.

It was my copy of my new contract with Goldringer, all signed and everything, and calling for only twenty minutes of my first-class A-1 parlor-dancing act in his new musical show at the Springtime Garden to be entitled Go to It, and which let all persons know that the party of the first part, hereinafter called the manager, was willing and able to pay Miss Marie La Tour, party of the second ditto, one thousand dollars a week. Which certainly was some party to look forward to and scarcely any work to speak of, a refined act like mine not calling for over three handsprings and some new steps, which is second nature to me, and I generally make up a few every night for my own amusement, same as some of those fellows which play the piano by hand—do you get me?

Well, anyways, when I had looked the contract over good and seen it really was, as I had before realized in the office, more than satisfactory, I salted it away in my toy safe, which was nicely built into the mantelpiece for the greater convenience of burglars, and then I remembered the other envelope. All unsuspecting as a table d'hôte guest I opened the envelope, and then almost dropped dead.

It was from President Wilson!

Believe you me, I leaned up against the art-gray wall paper and prepared to faint after I had read the news. But instead of commencing "I regret to inform you of the death in battle" or something like that, it started:

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I earnestly appeal to every man, woman and child to pledge themselves to save constantly and to buy as regularly as possible the securities of the Government; and to do this as far as possible through membership in War Savings Societies.

The man who buys War Savings Stamps transfers his purchasing power to the United States Government.

May there be none unenlisted in the great volunteer army of production and savings here at home.

WOODROW WILSON.

Woodrow Wilson! Signed—and addressed to me! Of course, it didn't exactly begin "Dear Miss La Tour" or anything like that, and he had signed it with a rubber stamp or something, which I did not hold against him in the least, me realizing at once what a busy man he must be. But coming as it done instead of a death notice, which I had by this time fully expected after no letter for over a month, it got to me very strong. It made me feel all of a sudden that I was a pretty punk patriot lounging round in pink Georgette pyjamas—which, believe you me, is no costume for war work—and I felt like going right off and borrowing one of the gingham house dresses which I have never been able to break ma of, only, of course, it would of been too big, and what would I of done after I had it pinned round me? Which could be said of a whole lot of folks which are rushing into uniforms of their own inventing.

Well, anyways, after the first shock was over I seen there was a inclosure with the President's letter. This was from some committee which had a big W. S. S. label printed at the top and a piece out of the social register printed underneath, and was dated N. Y. It begun more personal. It said:

Dear Miss La Tour: As a woman so prominent in the theatrical world, we feel sure that you would be glad to take an active interest in the great Thrift movement that is now before the country. Will you not form a theatrical women's committee that will pledge the sale of twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of stamps on the first of the month? The first of every month will be observed as Thrift Stamp Day, and we shall be glad to furnish you with all literature, stamps, etc., if you will notify headquarters of your willingness to do this work.

The letter was signed by some guy which it was impossible to read his name because he hadn't used no rubber stamp but did it by hand and had other things on his mind. But did I care? I did not! Believe you me, I had already decided to do like he asked, and why would I need to know his name when I wasn't going to write to him anyways, but to Mr. Wilson? Dancing as long as I have, which is about fifteen years, or since I could walk, pretty near, and not only professionally but drawing my own contracts from the time most sweet young things is thinking of their graduation dresses, I have learned one thing, if no other: Always do business with the boss. Refuse to talk to all office boys, get friendly with the lady stenographer if there is one, but do all business with the one at the head—and no other! This motto has saved me no end of time which has been spent in healthy exercises under my own roof and ma's eagle eye, which otherwise might of wore out the seats of outside-office chairs.

And so I concluded I'd sit right down that minute and let Mr. Wilson know I was on the job. I knew I had some writing paper some place, and after I had took a lot of powder and chamois and old headache tablets out of the desk I dug it up—a box of handsome velours-finish, tinted slightly pink, with envelopes to match. Also I got hold of a pen and some ink which Musette, my maid, had overlooked, she being a great writer to her young man, which is French, and Gawd knows it's wonderful how fluent she writes to him in it, only, of course, being born over there certainly makes a difference.

Well, anyways, I cleaned off the desk and rubbed the cream off my nose and hands and set down to write that letter. And believe you me, it was some job! I guess I must of commenced a dozen times and tore them up with formal openings—do you get me? And then I realized the box of pink-tinted was getting sort of low and I had better waste not want not, and so determined to just be natural in what I wrote but not take up his time with too long a letter. So at last I threw in the clutch, gave myself a little gas, and we was off, to this effect:

My Dear Mr. Wilson: Many thanks for yours of the twenty-fifth inst. Will at once get busy at helping to make the first of the month savings day instead of unpaid-bill day. Cordially, MARIE LA TOUR.

This seemed refined and to the point, and though I was awful tempted to put a P. S. asking did they know anything about Jim, I left it off on account of me not believing in asking personal favors of the Government just now, as the war office is probably medium busy, and the censor might answer first, at that. So I just sealed it up as it was; and about then ma left off playing on my souvenir and come in with a pink satin boudoir cap down tight over her head. Ma just can't seem to get over the idea that boudoir caps at five dollars and up per each is a sort of de luxe housework garment.

"I'm just going in the kitchen and beat up a few cakes for lunch," said ma, and withdrew, leaving me to lick on three cents and shoot the letter fatefully and finally down the drop near the gilt bird-cage elevator of our home-like little flat. I felt awfully relieved and chesty somehow when it was done, and with her good news ringing in my ears—for ma certainly is some cook, and she has it all over our chef, who, believe you me, knows she would never be missed if she went, which is probably why she stays, though ma simply can't learn to stay out of the kitchen. And while she was busy with the butter and eggs and sugar and wheat flour I was deciding to call a committee, because I knew that was the way you generally start raising twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of anything, except a personal note.

Committee meetings is comparative strangers to me except the White Kittens' Annual Ball and a few benefit performances, which last is usually for the benefit of those

which are to be in it, they leaving aside all consideration of the benefit of the audience, much less of the charity it is supposed to be for, and the main idea being how long each actor can hold the spotlight. You may have noticed how these benefit performances runs on for hours.

Well, anyways, I having been to several such, as of course the best known parlor-dancing act in America and the world, like mine undoubtedly is, is never overlooked. And I knew we had to get a place with a big table and chairs set round it and then the committee was started. So the White Kittens always having met in the grand ballroom of the Palatial Hotel I called up the place and hired the room for the next morning at twelve-thirty, me being determined that my Theatrical Ladies Committee should get there directly after breakfast.

The cost of the room was one hundred dollars, and I didn't know was the Government to pay it or us, but I was of course willing to do it myself if necessary. Anyways, it was a committee room. I knew that by reason of my having sat in it as such at least twice each year since the place was built—way back in '13. Then all I had to do was get my committee.

I had just about dived for the telephone book to see who would I call up, when ma come in, taking off the pink satin cap and wiping her face.

"I made a omelet!" said ma. "Come catch it before it falls!"

And so I called it the noon whistle though some might of called it a day, and we went in, and while we ate only a simple little lunch of the omelet—which we got at first base—and liver and bacon and cold roast beef and a few stewed prunes with the fresh cake I told ma about what had happened, and how I had already got after the job. Ma wasn't a bit surprised, on account of her and pa both being on the trapeze with the circus so long they was obliged to think quick, which I naturally inherited.

"Well, Mary Gilligan, you done the right thing!" said ma. "And what kind of a costume are you going to wear?"

"The notices don't say anything about a uniform," I explained to her. "And I'm pretty sure you don't need any. This is the sort of thing our leading society swells are taking up so heavy," I says; "and to do it is not only patriotic but feminine to the core," I says.

"Will you have to stand on the street corners and worry the life out of folks?" ma wanted to know.

"Not much!" I says. "That stuff is for the hoi poli and idle rich and kids and unemployed. That's where some of the new democracy comes in. Us with brains is to do the office work. Them with good hearts only can do theirselves and the country more service in the stores and street cars selling something that don't belong to them," I says; "and believe you me I bet any American gets a funny sensation doing that little thing!"

Ma looked real impressed for a minute, showing she hadn't any idea what I was talking about. Then she come back to her main idea with which she had started, which you can bet she always does until she gets through with it her own self.

"Well, I think you ought to have something for a uniform," she says. "Say, a cap and maybe a trench coat!"

"I wouldn't wear no trench coat round the Forty-second Street and Broadway trenches," I says. "I wouldn't actually have the nerve to insult the Army like that!"

And ma seen what I meant and said no more, which it certainly is remarkable how good we get on, for mother and daughter.

So she only urged me to have another creamcake, which I took, and then I made for the phone and started calling up some ladies to form the committee out of. After thinking the matter over very careful I finally decided on six of the most prominent in my line, which was, of course, the Dahlia Sisters, which had been often on the same bill with me and of course they ain't really related—no such teamwork as theirs was never pulled by members of the same family, unless maybe when knocking some absent member—do you get me? Well, anyways, besides them I got Madame Clementina Broun, the well-known lady barytone, she being a rather substantial party which would give weight to us in cabaret circles. Of course, Pattie the Dancer had to be asked, she being so prominent, especially as to her tights and strong pull with Goldringer, but I only done it out of diplomacy, which anyone knows committees has to have a lot of. And she is less diplomatic than me as well, for instead of just accepting for her ownself she accepts also for some friend which I had not invited, and she did not name. Pattie is alias Mrs. Fred Hutchins—him who gets up those reviews, you know, which is the only reason she is starred in them, for Gawd only knows a child which had been started anywheres near right could of done her steps at the age of seven, they being mere hard-sole clog with no arm movements but having a great many imitators among college boys and such, that scarecrow stuff being as showy as it is easy.

"Come On!" I Says. "Come On—are You All Cripples? W. S. S. Wilhelm Shall Surrender!"

Well, anyways, when I had got this far I had one vacancy on my hands and as our Allies was not sufficiently represented so far I decided on Mlle. Du Champs, which of course she was really born in Paris, Indiana, but as a toe dancer is unequaled in any language and has a lovely broken accent. So there we had France, Madame Clementina was married to a Russian and he being dead or something—I never asked what—I felt she was a safe Ally because she couldn't of revolted, not if a shrapnel was to have went off under her. Pattie was of course Irish, and the Dahlias Jewish, and Gawd knew what the other girl was and I didn't care.

When they had all promised to get theirselves waked up on time and be over to the Palatial I kind of weakened on ma's suggestion about clothes. Of course, I wasn't going to fall for that uniform stuff, but when me and Musette looked over my clothes I simply didn't have a thing to wear. Every one of my dresses was too morning or evening or something, and above all things I do believe in dressing a part, and certainly I had nothing which looked like a chairmaness. So after getting into a simple little sports costume of violet satin and my summer furs, and taking a peep into the mail box to see had anything got by the censor yet, which of course it hadn't, I started out to buy me something which would be quiet but tasty and snappy, because nothing inspires respect in a ladies' committee like a dress none of them has ever seen before.

Have you ever noticed how you can pass up something which has been right under your nose day after day and then all of a sudden you hitch onto something which belongs to it, and then all you see is that thing—do you get me? Say, yellow kid boots. You never even noticed a pair, but one day you buy them and next time you're out every second woman has them on. Or you go into mourning for somebody and all of a sudden you commence noticing how many other people is the same, only, of course, there ain't over the average—it's only that you notice it because you are in it.

Well, believe you me, that first afternoon I went out after receiving the President's letter I was that way with this W. S. S. stuff. Of course, I had bought my thousand dollars' worth the first week they was out, as had also ma, and she and I together the same for Musette. But we done it on the Liberty Loans the same, also Red Cross, and thought we was through, and all the signs and posters and what not had come to be invisible to me, like a chewing gum or a soap ad—do you get me?

But now I was in it and not only did I see every sign and see them good, but felt like I had one on my back and everybody must know about the letter and everything. I walked kind of springy, too, in spite of the furs, and then when I turned into the Avenue, me being on foot, a five-mile walk per day having to be got away with by me or ma would know the reason why, the trouble commenced.

Believe you me, I must of refused to buy Thrift Stamps one hundred times in twenty blocks, and every time I said I had all I could, the look I got handed me would have withered a publicity man. There must be a hot lot of fancy liars among us, with no imagination, for why would W. S. S. still be on sale if everybody had bought that much? And when I wasn't refusing to buy stamps I was forking out quarters for everything, from blind Belgian hares to Welsh rabbits for German prisoners. And it's a good thing I had a charge account to Maison Rosabelle's or I would never of got my dress.

And the more I was pestered to buy them stamps the madder I got. I commenced to feel it was a regular hold-up, and that the police ought to interfere. A person which is pestered to death will even sour on the Red Cross. It don't mean that they ain't humane, neither—only that they are human; and the most dangerous thing to do to a human is to bore it—anyone in the theatrical profession learns that young and thoroughly. And when I realized that I was getting bored with this constant hold-up I got a fearful jolt and a cold chill. Here I was undertaking to chair a committee to sell the things, and Gawd knows my heart ought to of been in it with Jim over there and all, and it was, only getting bored with the war is kind of natural, it being so far off and nothing likely to do us personal bodily injury on the Avenue unless maybe the restaurants or a auto and that our own fault.

And as soon as I realized what I was up against with the great boredom peril I realized also what I had personally in writing promised Mr. Wilson, and took a brace. It was just like the early days on the small time when the booking depended on the hand, and the hand was the one which fed us—and not any too much at that with the carrying expenses—and the hand was getting weaker. Me and ma set up all one night doping out my double handspring with the heel click. And it was a desperate effort and we thought it was a flivver, but not at all. When I landed on my feet after the first try-out I knew I was there to stay, and any intelligent public will realize that I remembered it now. And by this time I had reached the store I was headed for.

I will confess that from the moment I had decided to buy a new dress I had my mind all set on what it was to be—something sheer and light—printed chiffon, and a hat to go with it. But by the time I reached Maison Rosabelle my hunch on my new job was beginning to go strong and one of the things that worried me was that dress. Also my lunch. Sometimes it happens that too much of a good thing is the only thing which will turn you against it—do you get me? And ma's creamcakes had this effect. Maybe had I eat less of them I would not have had no indigestion and so not counted their cost, as Omar Kyham, or somebody, says. And if I hadn't had the indigestion maybe I wouldn't of worried over the dress.

Well, anyways, the first person I see inside the store was Maison herself, very elegant and slim, only with a little too much henna in her hair, as usual.

"Well, Masie," I said, when we had got into the privacy of the art-gray dressing room and lit a cigarette while the girl went for some models; "well, Masie, I want to know is business good?"

Masie is her real name, she having Frenchified it for business reasons, the same as myself.

"Oh, dearie!" says she. "Business is elegant! With so many officers in town I can scarcely keep enough things in stock. The beaded Georgettes go so fast, on account of being perishable. Ruby Roselle had three last week of me. One party and they're gone!"

While Masie and me has been friends ever since I can remember, her mother having been lady lion tamer in the same circus with ma and pa's trapeze act, as she uttered them words I commenced feeling a little coolness toward her. For once I get a idea in my head it's a religion to me, and the W. S. S. was getting to me.

"Don't you think maybe that's profiteering, Masie?" I ast.

Maison run a well-manicured hand over her marcelle and smiled superior—she has always prided herself on being sort of a high-brow and reads Sappy Stories regular.

"Why, dearie, how you talk!" she says. "Don't you know that a little gayety keeps up the morale of the country?"

"I'm not so sure about some gayeties keeping up the moral of anything!" I said with meaning, not wishing to directly knock anybody but still wishing Masie to get me. "And personally myself I think it's a bad time to waste money on clothes which won't last!"

"My goodness, sweetie!" Masie shrieked. "What's gonner become of us if ladies was to quit buying? Tell me

that? How we gonner hire our help and all, and how can they live if we don't hire 'em? Have a heart!" she says. "And what are you talking about—you coming in after a new dress yourself, and only last week had two chiffons, which Gawd knows ain't chain armor for wear!"

"I know!" I admitted; "but I'm going to can my order. Just tell the girl to bring gingham or something which will wash—if you got such a thing!"

"Well, Mary Gilligan, I guess you're going nutty!" says Masie; but she give the order, and I choose one at fifteen dollars, which could be dry cleaned, and that was the nearest I could come to what I was after.

"You won't like it!" Masie warned me. "It's too cheap—better take a good silk!"

But I wouldn't—not on a bet. Even though what Masie said about cutting down too much on buying stuff sounded sensible—or would of only the question was how far can a person cut before they reach the quick? Of course I see her point, and she had as good a right to live as me. Yet something was wrong some place, I couldn't figure out where. So I just charged the dress and set out for home, and owning a cotton dress made me feel awful warlike and humble—do you get me?

But while I felt better about my dress the creamcakes was still with me, and being now a sort of government official they and that got me noticing the food signs as well, and wishing I had eat maybe only a little cereal for my lunch. Which gave me a idea which on arriving home I handed to ma.

"I have just bought me a wash dress, or almost so, ma!" I told her. "And honest to Gawd I do think we ought to eat to match it. Suppose we was to kind of go on war rations of our own free wills?"

"Well, we eat pretty plain and wholesome now!" says ma. "Just like we always done!"

"But times is different!" I says, toying with the soda-mint bottle, and who knows but what even they were being more needed abroad? "And creamcakes is a nonessential, especially to one which has to keep her figure down," I says. "So for lunch to-morrow let's have cereal only," I says.

Well, I hate to take pleasure from anyone, and the sight of ma's face when I said this would of brought tears to a glass eye. But I felt particularly strong-minded just then, what with the indigestion and no letter from the censor yet, and Gawd knows that is no joke as they are certainly more than Jim's by the time they get to me! But after I had told ma how all the caviar had ought to be sent over to the boys and how food would win the war and how Wilson expected every man—you know—well, she got all enthusiastic over making up a lot of cheap recipes and we had the butcher and grocer pared down to about ninety cents each per day. Ma could just see herself growing slim, and she kept remembering things she used to cook for pa in the old days before she retired on the insurance money. And first thing you knew the time had come for me to go to the theater. Just as I was starting for the door ma mentioned Rosco, our publicity man.

"Are you going to call him or will I?" she wanted to know.

"About what?" I asked.

"Why, about your committee meeting to-morrow?" she says.

"Nothing doing!" I come back at her. "Would you invite a manager to see a practice act? It's going to be amateur night for me, to-morrow is, and no outsiders are urged to attend! And anyways I'm not doing this for publicity, which Gawd knows I don't need any, but for my Uncle Sam!"

"Well, thank goodness, you ain't got no other relations you feel that way about," says ma, "or we'd all be in the poorhouse shortly!"

Well, that night when I come home I cried myself to sleep with my head under the pillow so's ma wouldn't hear what I called the censor, but slept good on account of the simple little war supper of only lettuce and a cup of soup which ma had ready for me, and in the morning was up with the lark, as the poet says, only of course they was really sparrows, it being the city. Well, anyways, I felt good and husky, and as early as eleven-thirty I was all fixed up in the new wash dress, which it's a actual fact Musette had to sew it together four separate places that it come apart while putting it on me. The goods wasn't the quality I had thought, come to look at them closer, but anyways it was cheap and that was one good thing about it. Ma brought me in a wheatless biscuit and a cup of coffee, a sort of funny look on her face like she had taken her oath and would stick it out to the death. She didn't say anything, only set it down; and I ate it, saying nothing either, because it was what we had agreed we could get along on for breakfast. When I was through she give me a news item.

"The cook is leaving!" she says. "On account of the new rations."

"That's no loss!" I says gayly, because as a general thing ma is only too glad when this happens.

"I ain't so sure!" says ma. "I'm not as young as I was, and I can't do all the cooking!"

Well, believe you me, I sat up and took notice of that! Ma kicking at her favorite pastime! Something was wrong. But even then I didn't get what it was. So I just remarked we could eat our dinners at the Rits, that being good publicity anyways and always expected of me in full evening dress when I am dancing. So that much settled and there being no letter yet and me being sort of nervous about that meeting which was breaking ahead, I went and beguiled a half an hour at Jim's souvenir. I thought a whole lot of that music machine, he having given it to me just before he sailed, and as, of course, it was too heavy to wear over my aching heart, which is generally supposed to be done with souvenirs of loved ones overseas, I put in a good deal of time sitting at it; and, believe you me, my touch is a whole lot better than ma's, which, me being light on my feet by nature and business both, is not so surprising. Well, I got myself all worked up over Jim while playing Somewhere a Voice is Calling with mandolin arrangement and a whole lot of expression and what with feeling a little low on account of the patriotic breakfast I was in just the right frame of mind to throw myself heart and soul into the good work before me—do you get me? You do!

Well, I had no sooner left the shelter of our own flat than that same hold-up game which I had noticed so particular the day before was started on me. The elevator girls, which had taken the place of a standing yet sitting army of foreign princes which had used to clutter up our front hall and the only excuse they had for living was the nerve they give the landlord when he come to price the rents—well, anyways, the girls which had taken their places since the draft blew in was selling W. S. S. Of course, I couldn't buy any for the same reasons as yesterday. So they sprung a working girls' War Crippled Aid Fund and I contributed to that, because I believe in girls' running elevators. Why wouldn't they, when thousands has run dumbwaiters so good for years?

Well, anyways, I give them something and escaped to the street only to be lit on for stamps by the first small boy I met. And after only seven others had tried me I got to the Palatial Hotel, and, believe you me, by that time worried pretty severely about how could a person sell twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of the pesky things and not get slain by some impatient citizen who felt I was the last camel and his back was broke, or whatever the poet says? Really it was serious, and being the first of the Theatrical Ladies to arrive, the big ballroom, with the table and seven empty chairs like a desert island in the middle of the floor, failed to cheer me any.

Well, there was a armchair at one end of the table, and there being nobody round to either elect me or stop me I grabbed off this chair and held on to it with the grim expression of a suburbanite who knows her husband isn't coming but won't admit it, and a good thing I acted prompt, as should be done in all war measures, because pretty soon the other ladies commenced arriving. I guess they must of thought they could get a better part by coming early, they was so prompt, and by one o'clock they was actually all there except Pattie and her unknown friend, which was pretty good, the date having been twelve-thirty.

Well, we all shook hands and I arose from my seat but didn't move a inch away from it, having seen something of committee meetings where the wrong person had it.

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I Noticed She Had a Awful Funny Look in Her Eye. But it Meant Nothing to Me. Would I Had Heeded it More! But No—Solid Ivory! Solid Ivory!

Merchandise as Propaganda

The Meaning of the German Economic Offensive in Holland

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

TAKE a look at the shop windows in the principal retail business streets in Amsterdam, Rotterdam or The Hague and you are impressed with two things: One is the almost conspicuous absence of American and British goods; the other is the presence of German merchandise of all kinds. In this contrast you get the whole story of a significant performance that has been going on in Holland since the outbreak of the war and which becomes more impressive the longer the conflict lasts.

Painful as it is to Anglo-Saxon commercial pride, this spectacle has a much deeper meaning than good business for the enemy. It is one evidence of the German trade offensive in the Netherlands, which has for its chief objective the capture of a secure economic position from which to operate after the war. In other words, Holland is to be the principal bridgehead from which the German commercial legions will sally forth for the great struggle for rehabilitation. Just as the boche put down actual hidden concrete foundations under tennis courts for big-gun emplacements in Belgium and France during all those years when he dwelt at peace with his neighbors, so is he setting up strongholds now for the trade struggle that will come when the sword is laid away. Nowhere is he quite so busy or so concerned as in Holland.

Germany is selling goods to a limited extent in Scandinavia, but the transaction is unimportant compared with her activities in Holland, for the reason that the little land of canal and windmill is absolutely necessary to the recouping of the shattered German overseas fortunes. As I pointed out in the first article in this series, no matter how or when the war ends Holland must be the broker through which Germany will do business with the rest of the world. In Holland to-day the whole German post-war hand is disclosed.

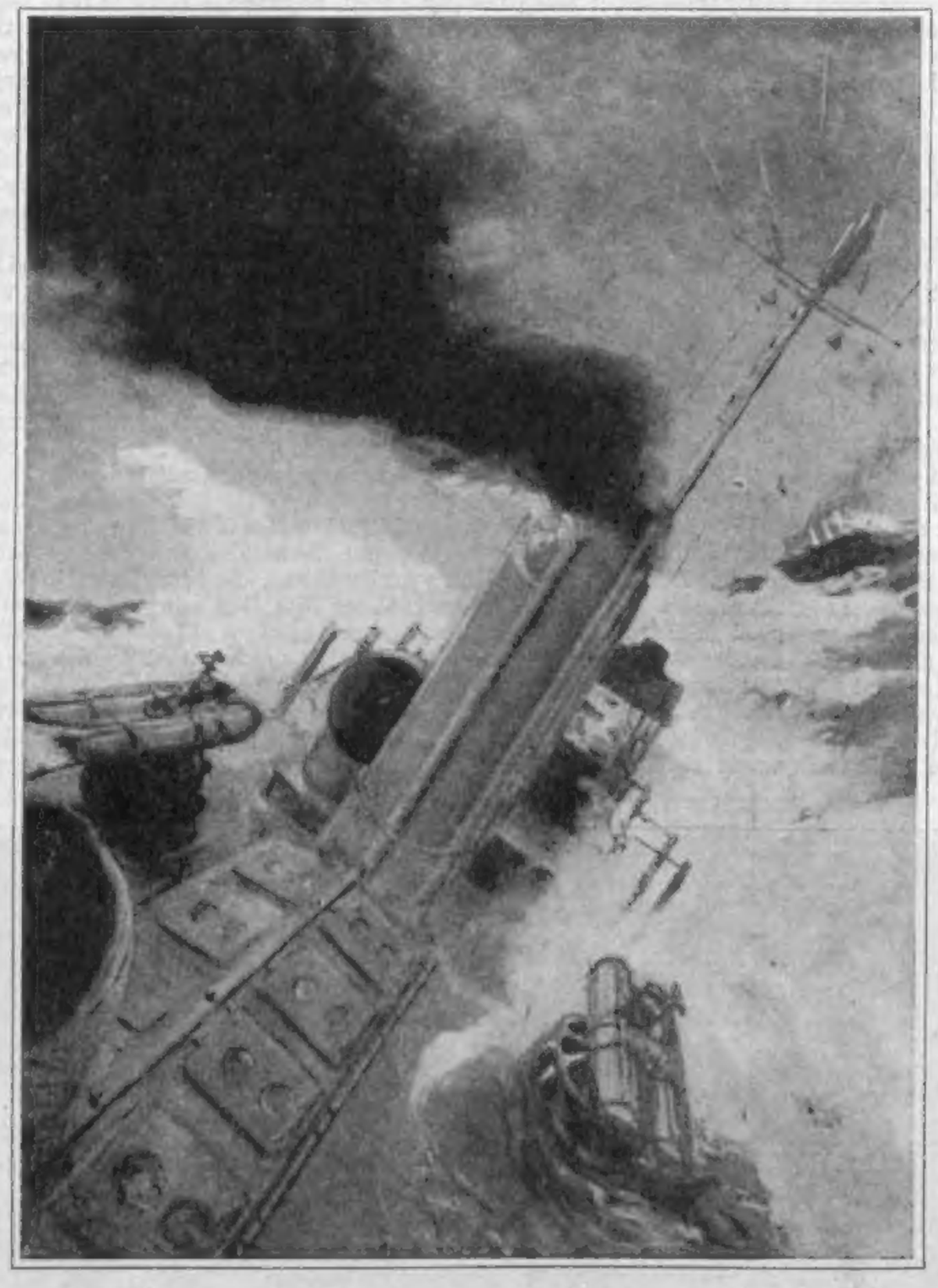
Germany Bullies Holland

THOUGH there is little patriotism—especially at long range—in the pocketbook, no one can deny that for years after the war there will be a powerful anti-German sentiment that will express itself in a boycott of German goods. Germany knows that this sentimental embargo will be a fatal thing unless she provides an antidote for it now. She is determined that if the universe will not buy goods with the German stamp, it must buy German goods with the stamp of some other country on it. The phrase Made in Germany, which will be the brand of a commercial Cain, will find a substitute in Made in Holland, Made in Switzerland or Made in Spain. To this end Germany has recruited a small army of trade scouts and promoters. You cannot cross the frontiers of Holland, Switzerland or Spain without encountering its outposts. For the moment the favorite battleground is Holland, because she is near home and, unlike Switzerland, is the outlet to the sea.

In order to put through this campaign of commercial subterfuge Germany nominally needs the good-will of the Dutch, and particularly the friendship of the Dutch business man. For the national state of mind she does not care a straw. All she has to do is to shake the mailed fist—one of her favorite occupations in Holland—and the tiny country trembles. She cannot coerce the Dutch merchant so easily. She has another weapon for him, however, in the shape of merchandise for his depleted shelves. At great sacrifice to herself Germany has undertaken to supply the Dutch with a considerable amount of goods. Not being a philanthropist she capitalizes this service by making present orders contingent upon exclusive orders with German houses after the war. Here in substance is the strategy of the whole German trade offensive in Holland. Merchandise has become propaganda both for war and for peace.

In working out this clever scheme Germany has merely played upon the oldest thing in the world, which is human nature. She realizes that in the last analysis good business simply means good-will. In this sentence is the crux of the whole German propaganda creed the world over. The blockade that was put into effect to starve out Germany and prevent goods from getting through to her from neutral countries opened up the way—in Holland at least—for a flood of Teutonic merchandise which, by reason of the astuteness of the campaign that put it over, has come to stay.

Now comes what seems to be a curious paradox. If you are familiar with Holland's war ordeal you know that Germany browbeats Wilhelmina's diked domain unmercifully by bullying her shipping, making drastic exactions of food and materials, and acting in her usual highhanded and tyrannical fashion. How do you reconcile this procedure with her crusade for Dutch trade? The answer is easy: Fear coupled with necessity—a very powerful combination—are the German allies. Here is the whole situation in a nutshell.



You cannot comprehend the German economic offensive without first analyzing the Dutch business man. The untraveled American looks upon the Dutchman as a stolid, amiable person, wedded to his pipe, clicking about in his wooden shoes, and with his horizon bounded by the canal that flows past his door. This picture is remote from the truth, so far as commercial leadership is concerned. The Dutch business mind is one of the keenest in the world. Likewise the Dutch trade vision—like those Dutch fleets of other days—sweeps the seven seas. The flag of the Netherlands is planted by right of discovery and conquest in some of the richest colonies of the East; her money is employed by the millions in American, Russian and British securities. Holland has always adventured. Berlin and Vienna never reached an international financial position comparable with that of Amsterdam, while Rotterdam in normal times is the rival of Hamburg and Bremen as a world port. Hence the importance of the Dutch as economic factors.

Not even the French exceed the Dutch in thrift and shrewdness. From royal household to peasant hut the watchword is "Be practical." An American diplomat in Holland told me of the characteristic contrast that he found when he went to pay his respects to the Queen Mother. She received in a stately room in her palace, hung with rich draperies and crowded with works of art. Yet in one corner stood a big ugly stove, and on top a teakettle purred and steamed. The lady was determined to be cozy.

One night during my last visit to Holland I dined with some Americans at a restaurant at Scheveningen, the fashionable suburb of The Hague. We drove out, but the only Dutchman present—one of the richest men in Holland—rode out on his bicycle with the tails of his evening coat flapping in the breeze. When someone asked him why he had chosen such a humble steed he replied, "I cannot get any petrol for my motor car, I don't like the smelly tram, so I used my wheel." He had an automobile that was not working and he was determined not to waste money on any other kind of transportation. His was the typical state of mind.

Fraudulent German Goods

THE Dutchman knows how to drive a good bargain. You are not long in Holland before you find out the truth of Canning's famous epigram:

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.

The German learned it to his cost during the first two years of the war, when the Dutch profiteer for once had the advantage of his eastern and much-feared neighbor. One reason for the economic pressure that Germany is now exerting on Holland is to get back some of the excess profits squeezed out by these same profiteers.

The moment you dig into the German business game in Holland you uncover German commercial cunning in its favorite rôle of substitution. Indeed substitution is almost synonymous with the name of German trade abroad. In the Netherlands, however, it has gone the limit. One reason is that before the war a great many standard advertised articles such as soaps and razors from England and America were used there. With the setting up of the blockade the import of much of this merchandise ceased. The Dutch shopkeepers had to have it because it was in demand, and the Germans proceeded to supply it. Their methods were as brazen as they were picturesque. Here are some side lights on the traffic:

A certain dental preparation from America had attained considerable vogue in Holland. When the supply gave out the Germans made a very bad imitation, packed it in the same sort of tube as the original, gave it a name that to the Dutchman looked like the Yankee trade-mark, and stamped on the label the name of a fictitious maker.

To try out the system I asked for a tube of the original stuff in an Amsterdam shop, whereupon the clerk said, "I am sorry we have not got what you want. We are just out of it, but here is something from America made by the same firm and just as good." Then he offered the German substitute.

Take soap. Before the war a large amount of British and American soap was used in Holland. The imported article gradually faded away from the shop shelves. Once more the German came to the rescue. It happened that one of these soaps had been extensively advertised. The German imitators prepared and sold a cake that in shape, name, wrapper and carton perfectly resembled the original article. To make the fake complete they printed on the wrapper the precise wording in English—including the catch advertising line of the soap—that appeared on the

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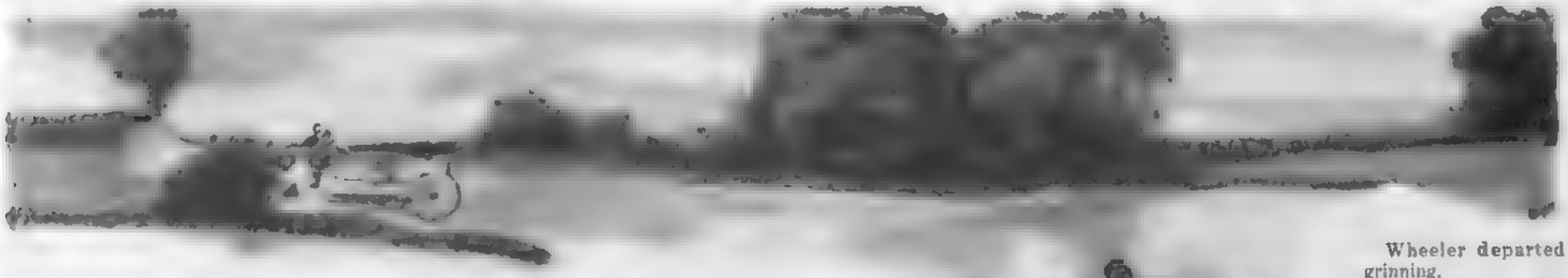
THE JUNKPILE SWEEPSTAKES



By Byron Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE Bear crouched at his desk in the Bear Den, and a goodly rumble descending therefrom informed the Western Branch of the Darco Motor Company that its chief's annual hibernation was commencing not peacefully. Ordinarily with the coming of the first frosts in Detroit, where they have real winter, Old J. D. Ward would shake his grizzly brow, summon the adorable curly-headed Cub, and hie him to Los Angeles for a quiet three months' snooze. But of late the auto-racing fraternity had discovered Southern California, and this year the speed season would terminate with the Grand Prize on the Santa Monica course; so here was Old Bruin on hand for the contest a good four weeks ahead of schedule. What is more, his fur was bristling.

They called Old J. D. Ward the Bear because the radiator of that extremely fast stock car, the Darco Ninety, sported a neat little bruin on his hind legs, striding across the motto: "Strength—Speed—Durability." There also were other reasons.

"Holy snickering cats, Wheeler," the Bear was growling; "can't you hold your men? Here's two more salesmen quit."

His huge paw crushed down upon two typewritten resignations, duplicates but for the signatures, which the Western Branch manager had just eased onto the glass-topped desk.

"Well, I babied those chaps, Mr. Ward," protested genial Fred Wheeler. "Fed 'em sugar out of my hand. Every time we get a few fairly live wires that damnable Fargot agency raises the ante and they jump."

"Fargot agency, huh?"

The humor went out of the Bear's tone. He looked up aggressively.

"That's just Detroit over again," he rumbled. "Lost three men last month to the same people. That's the way those Fargot fellows fight. On the track we're licking 'em; but, by thunder, Fred, I don't know but they even it up in the market!"

"Great way to even up," grinned Wheeler. "Putting all their profits into commissions. If a Darco wins the Grand Prize the third time running we won't need any salesmen. The cars will just sell themselves."

The flame of his Great Desire flickered up in J. D.'s eyes.

"Right for once," he growled savagely. "But they're figuring, same as everybody, that that race is jinxed."

"Then," returned Wheeler, "you'll have to bust that jinx."

The world—at least that goodly fraction of it interested in the whizzing strife of giant-powered automobiles—had its eye on J. D. Ward and his Darco cars. There was a traditional saying among followers of the speedways that never would the Grand Prize be won three consecutive times by any car. This was no quick and easy jaunt of three hundred miles, like the Vanderbilt; no, the Grand Prize was a roaring inferno of four hundred flaming miles—a strain to break the steel endurance of any speed wagon and the heart of any driver. And the toll of that extra hundred miles made a black chapter in the memory of many motor-car builders.

"The Experiment Worked! The Kid Has Fighting Capacity All Right"

Several cars had dipped their tires in the ink of victory and written their names once upon motordom's honor roll, only to fade a season later against some new-born champion. One even had triumphed for two successive years, but on the third page of that history an unknown hand had scrawled Death in red after the name of a daring driver. The Bear himself after that had superstitiously regarded the Grand Prize as a hopeless proposition.

Then two years ago, with Rube Oldham at the wheel, the Darco had headed off the third-time try of the dangerous Fargot—winning by a few scant seconds, while the grandstand shrieked in frenzy. Last year Oldham had won again easily, with Compton third in a Darco, and Kerhoff no worse than sixth place; and thus in J. D.'s heart was born the Great Desire. All season his trio had been cleaning everything in sight. In racing circles there was but one topic of talk—would the Darco turn the trick? The general world of skeptical motordom had one answer. Those who knew J. D. Ward had another.

"Bust the jinx—maybe," muttered the Bear. "But I don't like these Fargot tactics." The huge fist descended upon the resignations with a thud. "Let 'em have those weak-backed wind shooters if it'll do 'em any good! By gad, Wheeler, as long as I've got a live boy or two like young Toodles Walden, and you to run the plant, we needn't worry."

Wheeler flushed slightly. His hand involuntarily moved toward his inside pocket, then withdrew.

"Walden's faithful," he murmured.

"Faithful but flip," responded the Bear abstractedly, scowling at a telegraph blank. "Durn flip! It takes Dorothy to keep that young man subdued."

His voice softened, as it always did when speaking of the curly-headed, brown-eyed Cub who played tennis, motored, swam, danced through the balmy Southern winters along with Toodles Walden—and others. "Say, Wheeler, read this telegram. I'm not so sure but that Fargot crowd'll be trying to reach my three racing drivers next."

"Any signs of that?" queried Wheeler anxiously.

J. D.'s lined face settled into a weather-beaten grin. "Oldham tried to send the cars to the Detroit factory for an overhauling that they didn't need," he chuckled. "I called him for it by wire, and he threatened to quit. Wouldn't have talked so fresh if he hadn't had a Fargot contract in his pants pocket at the time. Finally I offered him a bonus—one hundred dollars for every hour the cars left Detroit before Tuesday midnight. He bit."

"Pretty expensive, wasn't it?"

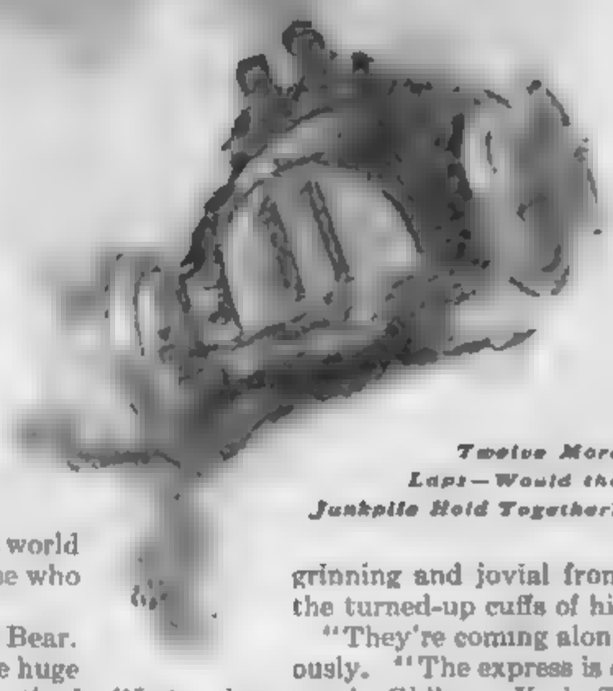
"Yes," chuckled Bruin, "except that I wired Thompson to hold the cars on some fake reason until the last minute, then ship 'em on the Overland. Leaves at 10 P. M.—fast express. Only cost me a couple o' hundred—and it took Oldham's mind off that Fargot contract. That fellow's a prima donna. Honest, Wheeler, he believes it's him winning, not my cars. Rube's a great driver at that. I wouldn't lose him just now for a lot more than two hundred."

"If that's the soul of a racing driver," declared Wheeler angrily, "your race isn't won yet by a jugful."

"The cars are on the railroad now. Due here to-morrow night, along towards morning. By gad, Wheeler, until those cars are on the ground at this end I'll not sleep any more than a polecat in May."

"Your cars are safe," raged Wheeler. "It's your drivers ——"

"Look here, sonny," J. D. bellowed, "I've had trouble enough for one day. Get out! Go find two high-school boys to take the places of those flivver-hearted jackasses. And say, if you see anybody headed this way with more trouble drop tacks in his road. Get out!"



Twelve More Laps—Would the Junkpile Hold Together?

Wheeler departed grinning.

All that afternoon Old J. D. grimly held silence and waited. Against the frosted-glass barrier of the Bear Den the bustling energy of the Darco Branch surged in vain. Even Wheeler watching eagerly for a certain much-desired opportunity had hardly a glimpse of his famous chief. But the next morning arrived, and with it J. D. breezed in, grinning and jovial from his natty straw fedora to the turned-up cuffs of his gray-plaid trousers.

"They're coming along!" he hailed Wheeler vigorously. "The express is coming along, and so are my three cars! Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton are on the same train, playing cards and wondering why Rube's bonus wasn't bigger. The whole bunch will be here to-morrow morning!"

He slapped Wheeler solidly between the shoulders and charged into the machine shop to inform the veteran mechanician, Tom Darby.

Wheeler shrugged his shoulders four times to get the pain out, then took his opportunity. He darted up the stairs to the Bear Den and on the desk deposited a long white envelope. It had been in his pocket for two days. Then he hurried downstairs and made himself as small as possible.

A half hour later a roar like a five-ton truck climbing a hill with the cut-out open flaked down the plaster underneath the Bear Den. "Wheeler! Wheeler!" echoed through the place. The branch manager straightened his spinal column, marched up the stairs none too recklessly, drew a breath at the top and plunged into the battle.

"Suffering Hades, Fred Wheeler!" bellowed Old Bruin, plowing his way fiercely through his manager's diplomatically worded resignation, "do you mean to tell me you're going to quit? Have you got the fever too? Can't you stay by a car that'll win the Grand Prize?"

"Sorry, Mr. Ward; I hate to end five such pleasant years ——"

"Pleasant hell!" burst the Bear. "Everybody's toting a bomb these days. See here, Fred, are you going over to that Fargot crowd?"

"Certainly not! It's the Rexton agency. Do you think I'd play traitor? Where'd you get that idea?"

"Didn't get it," grumbled the Bear, quieting down. He liked Wheeler's spunk. "I'm getting so's I dream about that bunch. But say, Fred, you've short-circuited my whole mental ignition system with your damned resignation. Where'll I find a man to take your place?"

"Of course I'll stay through the Grand Prize, if I may," stated Wheeler. "After that—well, I was thinking of young Handly, assistant manager for the Gercar. A real good chap, and live."

"Nothing doing!" grumbled the Bear moodily. "I don't want to ring in an outsider. Wouldn't be fair to the boys."

"He's a regular man," persisted Wheeler. "In our plant there's nobody except Bill Whipple—made good as service manager for two years. A loyal Darco booster, J. D."

"Too smooth!" scowled J. D. "Whipple's a piece of velvet. Rub him the wrong way and he gets all fussed."

"Most of us do that."

"You don't understand," rumbled the Bear. "With the sales force falling to pieces and the Fargot outfit cutting in on the turns I've got to have a man that will chew your head off, Wheeler—not stand round looking hurt. I want a fighting fool that will break those fellows up and send 'em to the junkpile."

"Hard order to fill," mused Wheeler. Then he added half humorously: "If you want a free-and-equal scrapper, now, there's young Toodles Walden. Toodles is ——"

"Had the boy in mind," abruptly said J. D. "Glad you mentioned him."

Wheeler gasped.

"Walden's a darned good, straight youngster," went on J. D., scowling at his huge paws. "I've been watching him—comes over to Pasadena twice a week to see Dorothy. She likes the boy," he went on, quite in the tone of one who seeks to cite every possible advantage to an indefensible proposition; "and that girl has sense, Wheeler. You've seen her grow up. Without a mother. Built up her own ideas." The Bear's voice was low and soft. "There are no afternoon-tea lizards on Dorothy's phone list. When Dorothy remarks 'I do,' the man on the job will be a two-fisted, chrome-vanadium dust-eater, able to burn distillate in a pinch. Dorothy'll take a worker from the ranks."

"You came up from the ranks yourself," suggested Wheeler.

"So did you, Fred, and fought for every handhold. Does your young Toodles Walden turn out to that pattern?"

Wheeler was thoughtful. Mentally he sought to fit Toodles Walden into the outline J. D. had drawn—twenty-eight-year-old Toodles, with his fire, his whimsical disrespect, his unquestioned pepper.

"I never looked at Walden just that way," he admitted. "I was hardly serious in suggesting him, J. D. But Toodles is an everlastingly good salesman."

"Best we've got in any branch," responded J. D. "What I want to know is, is he a fighter?"

"He is so darned good-natured!"

The two were talking in low tones, thinking out loud with perfect confidence. "Goes like a buzz wagon, morning, noon and night. He has never quit on me yet. But I always—expect him to."

It was a real effort for Wheeler not to boost a man he liked.

"Remember the Dwight affair, though," grinned J. D. "There was a spark or two on that occasion, you'll remember. You got rather the worst of that deal, Wheeler, when all is said. By gad, my notion is young Walden's never been pushed into a corner where he's been mad enough to fight. Not mad enough."

"That may come," argued Wheeler, and paused.

"It'll come now!" roared the Bear. "That kid missed a sale yesterday that maybe he ought to have made. I'm going to give him a good old-fashioned lecture. Send Walden up when he comes in."

Wheeler smiled grimly as he closed the Bear Den door. He knew that old-fashioned lecture. More than once he himself had been on the receiving end of that red-hot flow of language. How would this explosive youngster take that sort of medicine?

Gradually the manager became conscious of a low powerful throb that seemed to come from somewhere down Figueroa Street. He hurried to the door, laughing as a big Darco roadster swung round the corner with a deafening roar and cut in toward the curb. Popping along forty feet behind, in a frantic effort to overhaul the roadster, was a khaki-garbed individual on a motorcycle.

"Pleasant day, Mr. Wheeler," yelled Toodles Walden, with a wink and a backward gesture.

"Heh! Where d'you think you are?" screamed the brown-clad policeman in a rage. "In a boiler shop or out on somebody's battlefield? Close that cut-out!"

"All right, old Killjoy. Couldn't hear you coming."

Toodles grinned a wide grin. With a flip of a sun-browned hand he waved a happy greeting to the motorcyclist. Then he ducked his close-clipped black head and threw up an arm in a gesture of self-defense.

"Help! Help!" he pleaded. "Somebody pull this cop off me!"

The attack not developing, the young man hoisted his five feet eight of good nature over the side and deposited on the pavement his name-conferring Number tens. From his pocket he pulled a folded paper.

"Take one look before you go!" he yelled jointly to Wheeler and his pursuer. "That's an agency contract for Utah and Idaho! I put that over all by myself with the representative of the best-established layout in that region. They'll handle fifty cars the first season. Some excuse for a little noise, what?"

The motorcycle officer lifted a hand in pleasant congratulation and took off down the avenue after a big car. Toodles sprang back toward his machine.

"Oh, Walden," summoned Wheeler, "boss wants to see you"

"Can't come," flashed Toodles. "Due to report in Pasadena."

"Let Pasadena rest," insisted Wheeler. "Mr. Ward wants to talk to you—right away."

"Oh!" Toodles sobered down. "When did Papa Bear unload that?"

"Fifteen minutes ago."

"He can wait. I know somebody who bosses him."

"No, it's important." Wheeler's tone was peremptory.

Toodles got out of the car.

"I've that agency contract to brag about anyhow."

The boy ran lightly up the stairs and Wheeler envied the man who could take that flight six steps at a jump. It crossed his mind he should have warned Walden.

"It'll do the kid good," he murmured.

The door of the Bear Den closed, and for ten minutes the ceiling vibrated to a muffled ominous boom of thunder. Then the glass door jerked open and Toodles marched down the stairway one step at a time, with his lips set in a stubborn, defiant line. From his pocket he jerked the agency contract, crumpled the precious document into a ball and hurled the missile at Wheeler.

"See here, youngster ——" began the manager.

"Take your damn contract! Go to hell!" Toodles exploded.

Before Wheeler could collect his shocked power of speech nothing was left of the object of his solicitude except the wrathful roar of an exhaust.

"Something tells me," muttered Wheeler, "that my best salesman is with us no more. Too bad, too bad!"

Ten discreet minutes passed before he felt calm, then he cautiously climbed the steps and pried open the door. Old J. D. Ward, very red in the face, was glaring at the desk as though his cage had suddenly become too small.

"Excuse me, sir," Wheeler found himself stammering, "what—what ——"

"You look here!" J. D.'s great voice rose in an angry bellow. "I came out here for a good rest, according to doctor's orders, and before three days have passed you frame up to get me into a fight. Rest! Suffering tommy-rot! The moment I heave into sight everybody slips me their troubles. 'Let the old man do it!' What's the use of paying salaries when you make me play the whole game from bat boy to umpire, and be the goat, to boot?"

"Say, J. D., I didn't start this," protested Wheeler.

"Who did, then? Didn't you hand me your blamed resignation, then sick me onto this Walden fellow? What happened? I try to crank up that fresh youngster's ambition, and say—it backfired."

"He did -er—leave in somewhat that manner," Wheeler ventured gently. "Tell me, J. D., is he—going to quit?"

"Going to? He has quit! Fired me! Said he wouldn't have me for a boss. What did His Highness tell you about it when he got downstairs?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

Like the Film of a Romance There Ran Through His Mind the Scene He Had Dreamed So Often During the Past Year

Wheeler briefly described the exit of Toodles. J. D. grew calmer.

"Say, Wheeler," he chuckled in fine amusement, "the experiment worked!

"The kid has fighting capacity all right. Gr-r-r-r! He's a twelve-cylinder fire engine, model of 1930. But he isn't working for me any more!"

"Oh, that's nothing," assured Wheeler. "In a day or two he'll be round wanting his job back."

J. D. regarded him thoughtfully, the deep lines at the corners of his weather-beaten mouth hardening into the famous fighting smile.

"You think that, Fred? I'm disappointed in you. You wouldn't come back; and neither would I. What would we be doing about now?"

"Why," laughed Wheeler, "I'd be figuring out some triple-back-action way to get even."

"You've said a chestful," rumbled J. D. "If Walden's the kid I take him for I'm due to lose a few chunks o' my hide. Well, clear out! I'm going to have the Rexton agency burned. Only way to keep you, Wheeler."

"That wouldn't," smiled the manager as he closed the door.

For the next three hours Old J. D. Ward rambled restlessly about the Darco Branch, turning up trouble here and there and stamping on it gleefully whenever it appeared. Wheeler, who escaped being in the direct line of fire, found himself marveling at his chief's unerring intuition regarding work undone or done skimpily. The Bear was making a pestilence of himself, and the plant breathed easier when noontime came and J. D. donned his straw fedora.

"See here, Wheeler," he boomed good-naturedly as they turned down the street, "what do you suppose that youngster will figure out? I'm sure as shootin' that he'll try something."

Wheeler cleared his throat wickedly. "Why," he replied with assumed seriousness, "I was just thinking of a movie I saw the other evening. Same situation. Wrathful employer roasted young man; young man quit, and retaliated by eloping with employer's youngest daughter ——"

"That old movie trick is worn out," chuckled J. D. "Get a new one, Wheeler."

Nevertheless Old J. D. became abstracted, and during luncheon his conversation was distinctly below par. The two returned to the Darco Branch, where Wheeler, watching amusedly out of the corner of his eye, beheld J. D. rambling to and fro for a good hour, obviously restless. About half-past three the Bear made a sudden dive for the stairway.

"Suppose they had?" he muttered to himself. "Dorothy likes the boy ——"

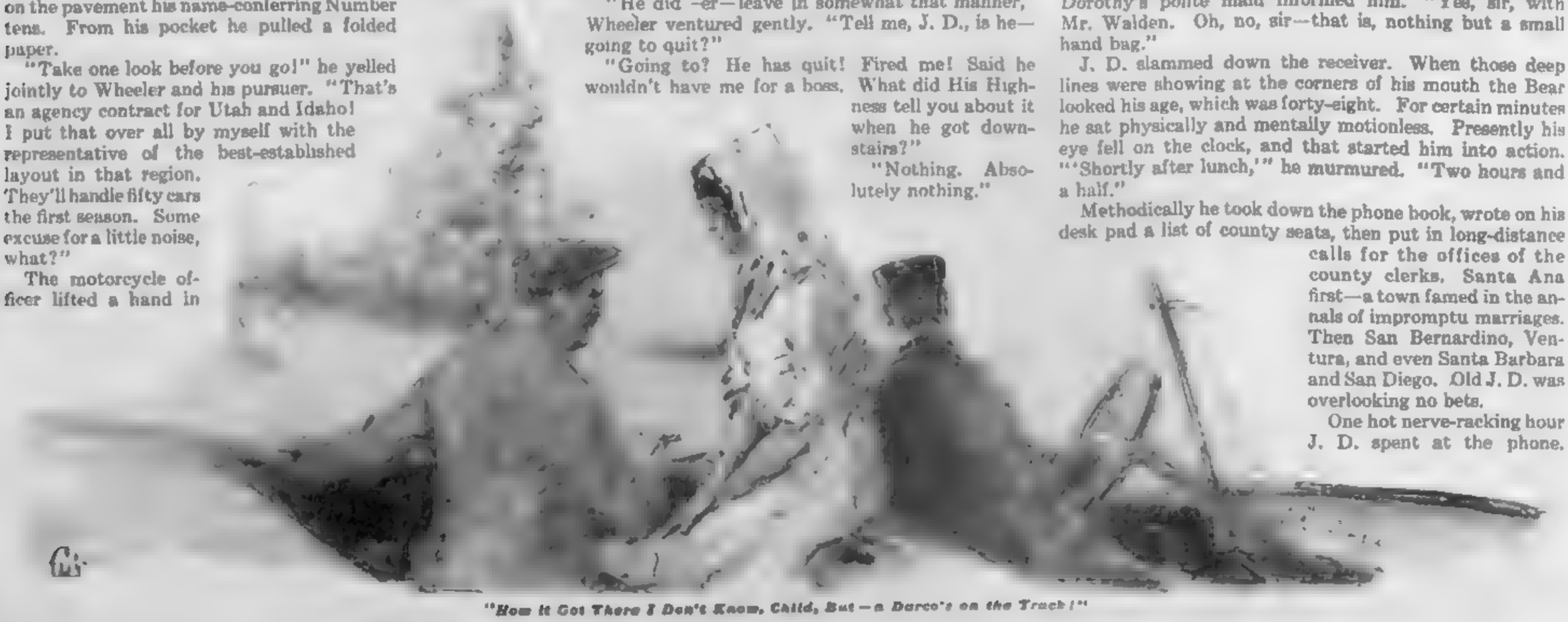
He put in a call for Pasadena. Never had the service been so poor. Ten minutes he fumed before the answer came.

"Yes, sir, Miss Dorothy went out shortly after lunch," Dorothy's polite maid informed him. "Yes, sir, with Mr. Walden. Oh, no, sir—that is, nothing but a small hand bag."

J. D. slammed down the receiver. When those deep lines were showing at the corners of his mouth the Bear looked his age, which was forty-eight. For certain minutes he sat physically and mentally motionless. Presently his eye fell on the clock, and that started him into action. "'Shortly after lunch,'" he murmured. "Two hours and a half."

Methodically he took down the phone book, wrote on his desk pad a list of county seats, then put in long-distance calls for the offices of the county clerks. Santa Ana first—a town famed in the annals of impromptu marriages. Then San Bernardino, Ventura, and even Santa Barbara and San Diego. Old J. D. was overlooking no bets.

One hot nerve-racking hour J. D. spent at the phone.



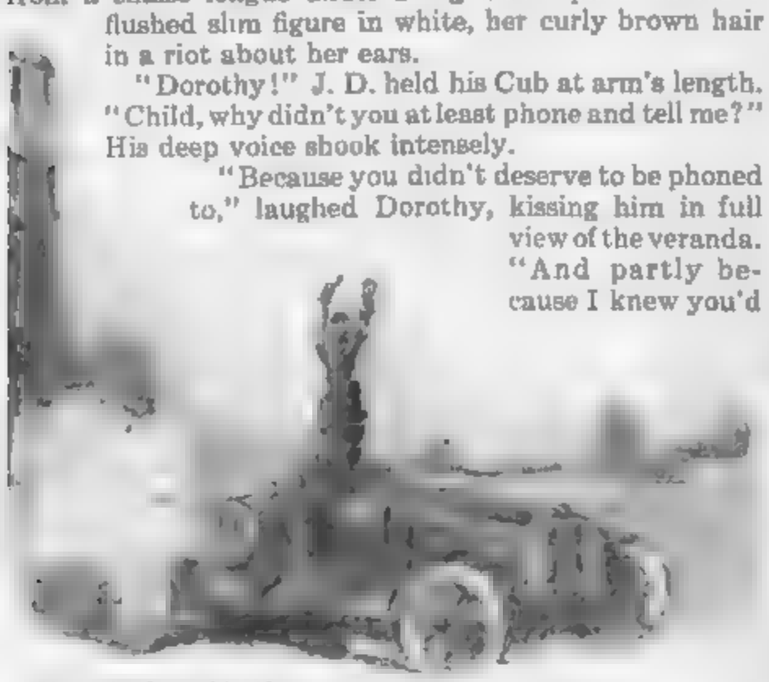
"How It Got There I Don't Know, Child, But—a Darco's on the Track!"

The answer from each county clerk's office was the same: No couple of that name or description had applied for a license. Balked and only half relieved, J. D. called the various police departments and sheriffs' offices; after a fashion he made them understand. In all cases the answer was negative: No young man named Walden, driving a Darco car, had been arrested for speeding.

At last the Bear, heated, worried, angry and looking for an honest-to-goodness fight, jammed on his hat and broke the traffic laws for Pasadena. Thirty minutes later, his natty straw fedora on the back of his head, he marched belligerently up the palm-lined walk of the Maryland. Up from a chaise longue under a big Cocos palm darted a flushed slim figure in white, her curly brown hair in a riot about her ears.

"Dorothy!" J. D. held his Cub at arm's length. "Child, why didn't you at least phone and tell me?" His deep voice shook intensely.

"Because you didn't deserve to be phoned to," laughed Dorothy, kissing him in full view of the veranda. "And partly because I knew you'd



Then the Crowd in the Grand Stand Thought One Young Driver Had Gone Crazy

put your foot down, after you and Toodles had had such a perfectly foolish fuss. I'm sorry, daddy."

"Sorry!" J. D. exploded. "Sorry! Already?"

"Why, yes," insisted the Cub. "Certainly I'm sorry. I was sorry before I—decided. But you needed disciplining, daddy dear. And Toodles was so heated up he simply had to have a swim. I just threw my bathing suit into a bag and ——"

J. D. collapsed limply into the chaise longue. "May that confounded Wheeler and his ideas be everlastingly boiled!" he gasped in relief. "Excuse me, dear, I—I drove fast coming over." He mopped his moist forehead.

"Why, daddy," protested Dorothy, somewhat puzzled, "you're silly to get so worked up. It's perfectly safe at the Venice Beach. Toodles is a good ——"

"Run along, run along; go dress for dinner," rumbled J. D. His big voice boomed with sudden amusement. "I want to sit here and think."

And the Bear did think—in a wrathful, humorous, bearish way—of some terrible things he was going to do to Fred Wheeler and his motion-picture habit. Presently, boyish with mirth, he went into the lobby, bought an evening paper, and secured a time-table, which told him a fact that he knew already, namely that the train, with the express car attached and his racing automobiles on board, would arrive in Los Angeles at four o'clock the coming morning.

Toodles was all but forgotten; but not for long. At dinner Dorothy decided to turn the golden moments to account.

"We're going to win, aren't we, daddy?" she exclaimed, apropos of nothing in particular.

J. D. smiled his grim smile.

"And if we do win won't it rather help the salesmen?" Dorothy pursued.

"It will." J. D. nodded emphatically. "They'll unload cars faster than the factory can get 'em out. Say, girl, when did you start to develop a business head?"

"And, you see, Toodles had so many good prospects in sight that he expected to close up after the race," Dorothy concluded triumphantly, with the naïve diplomacy of a Talleyrand.

"Hooray! Well done!" The Bear exploded with laughter. Then seeing the faint hint of a hurt look in Dorothy's eyes he immediately became serious. "It's not my fault—altogether," he stated. "I had a particular reason for wanting to see how young Walden would stand a roast. Young fool should have kept his temper."

"You'd have kept yours, wouldn't you, daddy?" sweetly inquired the charming young Cub.

"Hm," responded daddy quite pleasantly. "Walden can have his job back if he wants it," he concluded. "I didn't fire him."

"That's why you can't give him his job back," retorted the logical young person over her sherbet. "He won't come back unless you ask him to. You will ask him, won't you? Please!"

"Holy love of Murphy!" bellowed the Bear. "Flatter that young firebrand's swell-headedness? Yes, I will—not!"

"He said you would," threatened Dorothy meekly.

"That's interesting!" growled Old J. D. "How'll he make me?"

He tried to keep the pleasure out of his tone, but succeeded only in sounding especially fierce.

"That I don't know," admitted the Cub. "He didn't mention his plan. But he'll do it—don't you be deceived about that! I'll bet you"—the brown eyes danced speculatively—"I'll bet you that dream of a lavender-and-rose bathing suit and parasol at Blum's that you said were too sporty for me to have. The time limit's one month. Do you take me?"

"That's a one-way bet," chuckled Bruin. "I don't want a lavender-and-rose bathing suit; or a parasol, either. But just as a lesson, young lady, I'll take you. You're putting your trust in a busted carburetor. If young Walden had any plan he'd have told you of it, and gotten you to help."

"He would not!"

Dorothy turned confusedly scarlet, but J. D. was sorting out a tip from his silver pocket and missed the signal.

J. D. dropped off to sleep that midnight, his mind taut in struggle with two problems—the winning of the Grand Prize and the subduing of a lad he wanted for branch manager. Old J. D. was sure of Walden now—the boy had shown real fight—too much of it! How should J. D. move to regain his services without lowering his own banner in an uncharacteristic way and laying the foundation for future trouble? It was not surprising that he tossed on his pillow in a dream wherein a red devil strongly resembling Toodles was trying to push a big Darco racing car over his prostrate figure in order to be first past the checkered flag, while the crowd yelled restlessly.

And when he awoke it was to step from one nightmare into another. The wall telephone was ringing frantically. Still dazed by sleep he rose.

"Yes," he growled, "put him on. . . . Wheeler! What the devil does he want at this hour?"

He glared into the darkness, holding his breath.

"What's that!" he roared in a great defiant voice that startled all the adjoining rooms. "No! Great Scott—wrecked? Where? . . . Yes, of course I'm coming!"

J. D. slammed the receiver onto the hook with a force that almost wrecked the instrument, and struggled into his clothes with the savage growl of a wounded grizzly.

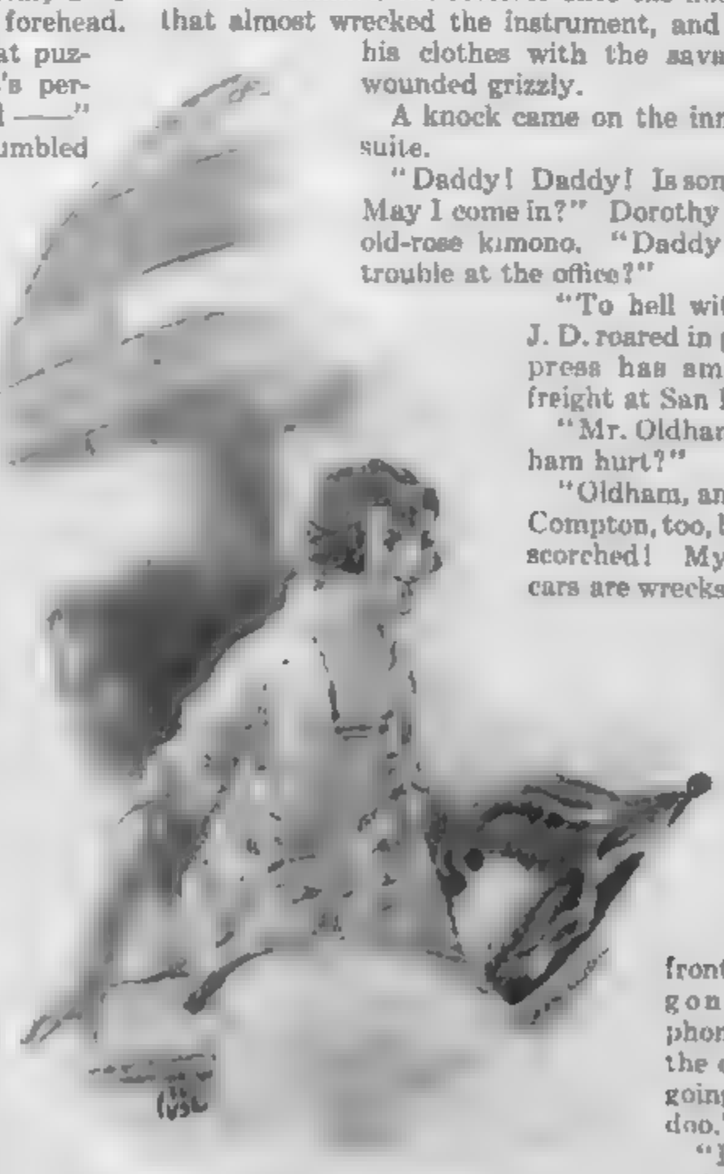
A knock came on the inner door of the suite.

"Daddy! Daddy! Is something wrong? May I come in?" Dorothy had donned an old-rose kimono. "Daddy dear, is there trouble at the office?"

"To hell with the office!" J. D. roared in pain. "The express has smashed with a freight at San Berdoo!"

"Mr. Oldham—is Mr. Oldham hurt?"

"Oldham, and Kerhoff, and Compton, too, be everlastingly scorched! My three racing cars are wrecks!" The Bear's growl broke to a pitiful hushed echo that tried to cover his hopeless heartache. "Express and baggage coaches telescoped. My cars were up in front. Everything's gone. Dorothy, phone Jim to bring the car round. I'm going to San Berdoo."



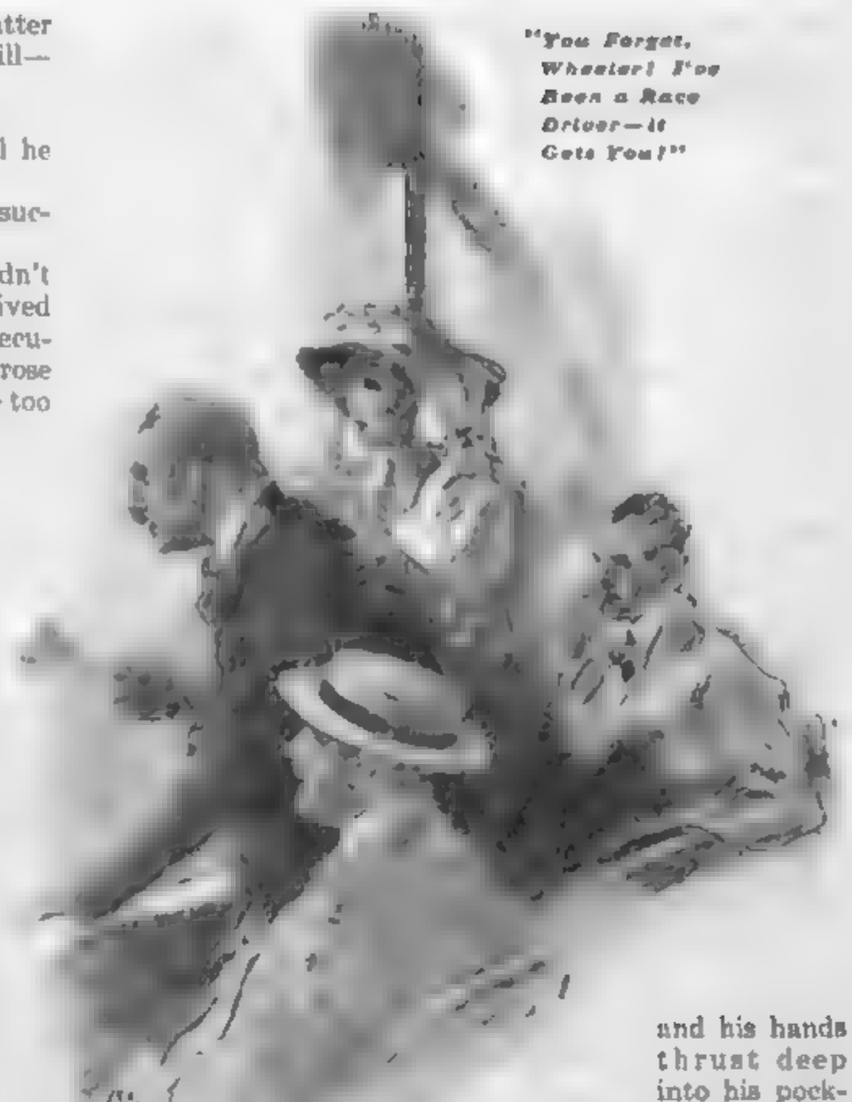
"You're Silly to Get So Worked Up. It's Perfectly Safe at the Venice Beach"

"But Daddy, it's so late! Or early."

"Phone Jim!" roared J. D.

At San Bernardino the Bear's most direful fears were realized. Three piles of twisted metal, already lifted and flung into the ditch by the puffing wrecking cranes, were all that remained of the once throbbing, life-heated monsters of the track.

If J. D. had had any doubts that his movements were watched those doubts now left him. Not far from his cars stood a small group of men whom he half recognized as employees of some rival—probably the Fargot. J. D. avoided them, and with his cap pulled low over his eyes



"You Forget, Wheeler! I've Been a Race Driver—It Gets You!"

and his hands thrust deep into his pockets stared fiercely at the scene. He was known as a game loser. If his cars had met defeat upon the track he would have swallowed his medicine with a laugh. But to have all three racers wiped out in this futile instant of time, denied even the fun of trying for the great prize—that was rather an overdose.

As his brain cleared and his eyes became accommodated to the glaring searchlights details of the pile-up began to impress themselves. Kerhoff's Number Seven and Compton's Number Twelve were simple scrap metal. Oldham's car, Number Eleven, was still ludicrously recognizable. Its frame was twisted into almost a half circle, the wheels sheared off, radiator driven clear back into the motor block, and the motor itself jammed rearward through the dash supports; by a stroke of accidental irony the driver's seat and steering wheel had escaped injury and now jutted up from the scrapheap in the grotesque semblance of a racing car.

Despite the grease and oil J. D. slipped into the seat and gripped the wheel. He closed his eyes. Like the film of romance there ran through his mind the scene he had dreamed so often during the past year: A huge grand stand faced the speedway beside the sea. Twenty thousand people stood in awed banks of silence. Below them on the track waited a man with a checkered flag. Down round the dangerous San Vicente turn roared a brilliant red car. The sun flashed from its crimson engine hood. Up from the crowd welled a deep wild roar. On came the car! The checkered flag whipped in the driver's face; the grand stand became a bedlam. Countless throats caught up the cry: "The Darco wins! The Darco wins!" Out from the press boxes flamed the news to all the world: "Darco wins! Three-time winner of the Grand Prize! Jinx broken at last! Champion of the world!"

The Bear's eyes opened upon the gruesome pile of twisted steel. "Oh, good night!" he muttered.

He climbed down grimly, to confront two men silently poking over the ruins of Kerhoff's car. One was Oldham's mechanician, Tom Darby. On recognizing the other, J. D. gave a brief start of surprise. It was Toodles Walden.

Darby waved greeting silently. J. D. and Toodles waited a difficult minute for the other to speak first. It was the Bear that struck his colors.

"Hello, Walden," he grunted.

"It's rotten luck, Mr. Ward," returned Toodles warmly. "I—I was betting a little on the Darco to win."

"We won't win this year!" J. D.'s deep voice held a note new to Toodles. "Not this year. Young man, let me tell you, nobody will ever win the Grand Prize three times in a row. There's a hoodoo resting upon that race. A man should have sense enough not to try it."

He turned to Darby. "Don't bother about this junk," he directed. "Belongs to the express company, not us. They'll have to make full payment. Too late to do anything."

He walked heavily away.

J. D. expected a stiff fight with the express company, and was half disappointed when they agreed three days later to his terms. Within twenty-four hours a settlement

(Concluded on Page 57)

WITH THOSE WHO WAIT

IV

By Frances Wilson Huard

NOT satisfied with the havoc wrought in Soissons and other cities of the Front, the boche is now trying to encircle the head of Paris with the martyr's crown. The capital, lately comprised in the army zone, has been called upon to pay its blood tax; and like all the other heroic maimed and wounded has none the less retained its good humor, its confidence and its serenity.

"It will take more than that to prevent us from going to the cafés," smiled an old Parisian, shrugging his shoulders.

And this sentiment was certainly general if one were to judge by the crowd who literally invaded the Terrasses between five and seven, and none of whom seemed in the least preoccupied or anxious.

Aperatifs have long since ceased to be anything save pleasant remembrances—yet the custom itself has remained strong as a tradition. Absinthes, bitters and their like have not only been abolished but replaced. And by what? Mineral waters, fruit sirups and tea!

The waiters have been metamorphosed into herbalists. Besides—what am I saying?—there are really no more waiters, save perhaps a few decrepit specimens whom flatfoot has relegated beyond the name, their waddling so strangely resembles that of ducks. All the others are serving—at the Front.

From my seat I could hear two ferocious-looking, medal-bespangled warriors ordering, the one a linden flower and verbena, the other camomile with mint leaf. And along with the cups, saucers and teapots the waiter brought a miniature carafe, which in times gone by contained the brandy that always accompanied an order of coffee. At present it contains extract of orange flower.

There may be certain smart youths who brag about having obtained kirsch for their *tilleul* or rum in their tea, but such myths are scarcely credited.

Naturally there are the grumbling element who claim that absinthe never hurt anyone, and cite as example the painter, Harpignies, who lived to be almost a hundred, having absorbed an average of two a day until the very last.

The Doorway of Madame Huard's House in Paris

But all have become so accustomed to making sacrifices that even this one is passed off with a smile. What can one more or less mean now? Besides, the women gave up pastry, didn't they?

One joked the first time one ordered an infusion or a lemon vichy; one was even a bit disgusted at the taste; and then one got used to it—the same as one is ready to become accustomed to anything: to trotting about the darkened streets, to going to bed early, to getting along without sugar, and even to being bombed!

There is a drawing by Forain which instantly obtained celebrity, and which represents two French soldiers talking together in the trenches:

"If only they're able to stick it out!"

"Who?"

"The civilians."

And now at the end of four long years it may be truly said of the civilian that he has seen it through. Not so gloriously, perhaps, but surely quite as magnificently as his brothers at the Front.

In a country like France, where all men must join the Army, the left-behind is not an indifferent being; he is a father, a brother, a son or a friend; he is that feverish creature who impatiently waits the coming of the postman, who lives in a perpetual state of agony, trembles for his dear ones, and at the same time continues his business, often doubling, even trebling his efforts so as to replace the absent, and still has sufficient sense of humor to remark: "In these days, when everyone is a soldier, it's a hard job to play the civilian."

Last summer an American friend said to me: "Of course, there are some changes, but as I go about the streets day in and day out it hardly seems as though Paris were conscious of the war. It is quite unbelievable."

But that very same evening when, slightly after eleven, Elizabeth and I sauntered up the darkened, deserted Faubourg St.-Honoré—"Think," she said, catching my arm, "just think that behind each and every one of those façades there is someone suffering, hoping, weeping, perhaps in secret! Think of the awful moment when all the bells shall solemnly toll midnight, every stroke resounding like a dirge in the souls of those who are torn with anxiety, who crave relief, and patiently implore a sleep that refuses to come."

The soldiers know it, know but too well the worth of all the energies expended without thought of glory; appreciate the value of that stoicism which consists in putting on a bold front, and continuing the everyday life without betraying a trace of sorrow or emotion.

Many a husband is proud of his wife, many a brother of his sister, and many a son of his father and his mother.

Even those who, all things considered, would seem the farthest from the war suffer untold tortures. How often last autumn did H. and I pay visits to old artist friends, men well into the sixties, with no material worries and no one at the Front; only to find them alone in corners of their huge studios, plunged in profound reveries and utterly unconscious of the oncoming night or of the rain that beat against the skylights.

"I know, I know; it's all very well to shake yourself and say you must work. It's easy enough to recall that in 1870 Fantin-Latour shut himself up and painted fruit and flowers; and by emulation, buoyed up perhaps by this precedent, you sit down and sketch a still life. What greater joy than to seek out a harmony, find the delicate suave tones, and paint it in an unctuous medium! Yes, it's a joy; but only when head and heart are both in it! The museums, too, used to be a source of untold pleasure; but even if they were open you wouldn't go, because the head and the heart are out there where that wondrous youth is being mowed down; out there where lies our every hope; out there where we should like to be, all of us! 'Tis hardly the moment to paint ripe grapes and ruddy apples, and to feel that you're only good for that! It's stupid to be old!"

And many, many a dear old man has passed away, unnoticed. When one asks the cause of a death friends shrug their shoulders.

"We scarcely know; some say one thing, some another—perhaps the war!"

"In proportion you'll find that there are as many deaths on the boulevard as in the trenches," said our friend, Pierre Stevens, on returning from Degas' funeral.

I would you might go with me, all you who love France, into one of those Parisian houses, where after dinner, when the cloth has been removed, the huge road maps are spread out on the dining-room table, and everyone eagerly bends over them with bated breath while the latest communiqué is read. Fathers, mothers, grandmothers and little children, friends and relatives solemnly, anxiously await the name of their *secteurs*—the *secteurs* where their loved ones are engaged. How all the letters are read, reread and handed about, each one seeking a hidden sense, the meaning of an allusion; how dark grows every brow when the news is not so good—what radiant expanse at the word victory!

And through fourteen hundred long days this same scene has been repeated; and no one has ever quailed.

The theaters have cellars prepared to receive their audiences in case of bombardment, and one of our neighbors, Monsieur Walter, has just written asking permission in my absence to build an armored dugout in the hallway of my home:

"It is precisely the organization of this dugout that prompts my writing to you.

"So much bronchitis and so many other ills have been contracted in cellars that I hesitate to take my children down there; but on the other hand I dare not leave them upstairs, where they would be altogether too exposed. It is thus that I conceived the idea of asking your permission to transform into a sort of dugout dormitory—if I may be permitted the expression—the little passageway which in your house separates the dining room from the green room. To have something absolutely safe it would be necessary to give the ceiling extra support, then set steel plates in the floor of the little linen room just above and sandbag all the windows.

"Naturally I have done nothing pending your consent. Useless to say, we will put everything in good order if you return, unless you should care to use the dugout yourself. My wife and I shall anxiously await your reply!"

And this in Paris, June 28, 1918.

And yet people do go to the theater!

Gémier has made triumphal productions with the translations of the Shaksperean Society; and, true artist that he is, has created sensational innovations by way of *mise en scène* in The Merchant of Venice and in Antony and Cleopatra. It's a far cry now to the once all-too-popular staging à la Munich.

Lamy and Le Gallo were excruciatingly funny in a farce called My Godson, but the real type of theatrical performance which is unanimously popular, and which will hold its own to the very end, is the review.

How on earth the authors manage to scrape up enough comic subjects when sadness is so generally prevalent, and how they succeed in making their public laugh spontaneously and heartily, without the slightest remorse or *arrière pensée*, has been a very interesting question to me.

Naturally their field is limited, and there are certain subjects that are tabooed completely; so the trifling event, the ridiculous side of Parisian life, has come to the fore. Two special types—the slacker and the *profitier*, or *nouveau-riche*—are very generally and very thoroughly maltreated. If I am any judge it is the *embusqué* who is the special pet; and after him come the high cost of living, the lack of fuel, the obscurity of the streets, the length of women's skirts, and so on—all pretexts for more or less amusing topical songs.

As to the war itself, they have made something very special of it. Thanks to them the trenches become a very delightful spot, populated by a squadron of nimble-footed misses who, booted, spurred, helmet-crowned and costumed in horizon blue, sing of the heroism and the splendid good humor of the poilu, while keeping time to a martial rhythm.

There is invariably a heavy comedian who impersonates the jovial chef—preparing a famous sauce in which to dish up Willy the day he shall be captured; the soldier on furlough who is homesick for the Front; the wounded man who stops a moment to sing, with many frills and flourishes, the joys of shedding one's blood for his country.

"Attacks" are made to well-known accompaniments, "bombardments" perpetrated in the wings by the big bass drum; and both, though symbolic, are about as unreal as possible.

Nobody is illusioned; no one complains. On the contrary they seem delighted with the show they have paid to see. Furthermore, the better part of the audience is composed of soldiers, wounded men, convalescents and *permissionaires;* and they all know what to expect.

Near me sat two of the latter—healthy-looking lads, wind-burned and tanned, their uniforms sadly faded and stained, their helmets scarred and indented. Both wore the Croix de Guerre and the Fourragère, or shoulder strap, showing the colors of the military medal, which at that

time being quite a novelty caught and held the eyes of all who surrounded them

From scraps of their conversation I learned that they had left the battle front of the Somme that very morning, were merely crossing Paris, taking a midnight train that would land them home some time the following day.

I even managed to gather that their papers had reached them at the very moment when they came out of the trenches, that they had not even had time to brush up, so great was their fear of missing the last train.

Less than twenty-four hours ago, then, they had really been in it—standing out there in the mud, surrounded by rats and the putrid odor of dead bodies, the prey not only of the elements but of enemy bombs and shells, expecting the end at any instant; or curled up, half-frozen, in a humid slimy dugout, not long enough to permit stretching out,—scarcely deep enough to be called a shelter.

Would they not be disgusted—ready to protest against this disfigured travesty of their war? I feel quite certain they never gave it a thought. Blissfully installed in their comfortable orchestra seats they didn't intend to miss a word of the entire performance. And when finally in an endless chain of verses a comedian, mimicking a poilu with his kit on his back, recited his vicissitudes with the army police, and got mixed up in his interpretation of R. A. T., G. Q. G., and so on, they burst into round after round of applause, calling and recalling their favorite, while their sides shook with laughter and the tears rolled down their cheeks.

These same faces took on a nobly serious aspect while a tall, pale, painted damsel, draped in a peplum, celebrated in ringing tones the glorious history of the tricolor. I looked about me. Many a manly countenance was wrinkled with emotion, and women on all sides sniffed audibly. It was then that I understood as never before what a philosopher friend calls "the force of symbols."

An exact scenic reproduction of the war would have shocked all those good people; just as this impossible theatrical deformation, this potpourri of songs, dances and orchestral tremolos charmed and delighted their care-saturated souls.

Little girls in Alsatian costume and the eternally sublime Red Cross nurse played upon their sentimentality; the slacker inspired them with disgust; they shrieked with delight at the *nouveau-riche;* and their enthusiasm knew no bounds when, toward eleven-fifteen, arrived the Stars and Stripes, accompanied by a double sextet of khaki-clothed female ambulance drivers! Tradition has willed it thus.

If the war continue any length of time doubtless the United States will also become infuriated with the slacker; and I tremble to think of the special brand of justice that woman in particular will have for the man who does not go to the Front or who, thanks to intrigue and a uniform, is spending his days in peace and safety.

Alas, there are *embusqués* in all countries, just as there are *nouveaux-riches*. In Paris these latter are easily discernible. They have not yet had time to become accustomed to their new luxuries; especially the women, who wear exaggerated styles and flaunt their furs and jewels, which deceive no one.

"They buy everything, so long as it is expensive," explained an antiquity dealer. "They want everything, and want it at once!"

The few old artisans who are still to be found who are versed in the art of repairing antiques are rushed to death, and their ill humor is almost comic, for in spite of the fact that they are being well paid for their work they cannot bear to see these precious treasures falling into the hands of the vulgar.

"This is for Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So," they inform you with an ironical smile, quite certain that you have never heard the name before.

It would almost seem as if a vast wave of prosperity had enveloped the country, were one to judge by the stories of millions made in a minute, fortunes sprung up overnight, new factories erected where work never ceases, prices paid for real estate, monster strokes on the Bourse.

Little wonder, then, that in May of the present year, with the Germans scarcely sixty miles from Paris, the sale of Degas' studio attained the extraordinary total of nearly two million dollars; an Ingres drawing, which in 1889 brought eight hundred and fifty francs, selling for fourteen thousand; and a Greco portrait, for which Degas himself gave four hundred and twenty francs in 1894, fetching eighty-two thousand francs.

Yes, such things happen, even in France; and one hears but too often of fortunes accumulated in the past four years—but, alas, how much more numerous are those that have been lost! The *nouveaux-pauvres* far outnumber the *nouveaux-riches;* but these former seem to go into hiding.

A Paris Courtyard After German Air Raids

Troops Quartered at Soissons

WHEN after a lengthy search our friends finally discover our Parisian residence one of the first questions they put is: "Why on earth is your street so narrow?"

The reason is very simple, merely because the Rue Geoffrey L'Asnier was built before carriages were invented, the man who gave it its name having doubtless dwelt there during the fourteenth or fifteenth century, as one could easily infer after inspecting the choir of our parish church. But last Good Friday the Germans, in trying out their supercannon, bombarded St. Gervais. The roof caved in, killing and wounding many innocent persons and completely destroying that choir.

Elsewhere a panic might have ensued, but residents of our quarter are not so easily disturbed. The older persons distinctly recall the burning of the Hôtel de Ville and the Archbishop's Palace in 1871. And did they not witness the battles in the streets, all the horrors of the Commune, after having experienced the agonies and privations of the siege? I have no doubt that among them there are persons who were actually reduced to eating rats, and I feel quite certain that many a man used his gun to advantage from between the shutters of his own front window.

Their fathers had seen the barricades of 1848 and 1830; their grandfathers before them had witnessed the Reign of Terror—and so one might continue as far back as the Norman invasion.

The little café on the Rue du Pont Louis-Philippe serves as meeting place for all the prophets and strategists of the quarter, who have no words sufficient to express their disdain for the Kaiser's heavy artillery.

"It's all bluff; they think they can frighten us! Why, I, madame, I who am speaking to you—I saw the Hôtel de Ville, the Théâtre des Nations, the grain elevators all in flames and all at once; the whole city seemed to be ablaze. Well, do you think that prevented the Parisians from fishing in the Seine or made this café shut its doors? There was a barricade at either end of this street—the blinds were up and you could hear the bullets patter against them. The insurgents, all covered with powder, would sneak over and get a drink; and when finally their barricade was taken it was the Republican soldiers who sat in our chairs and drank beer and lemonade! Their guns—humph! Let them bark!"

It is at this self-same café that all the important men of our district gather, much as Americans would go to their club. They are serious *bourgeois*, well along in the fifties, just a trifle ridiculous, perhaps on account of their attire. But should one grow to know them better he would soon realize that most of them are shrewd, hard-working business men, each burdened with an anxiety he never mentions.

They also love strategy. Armies represented by match safes, dominoes and toothpicks have become an obsession—their weakness. They are thorough Frenchmen and their critical sense must be unbridled. They love their ideas and their systems. They would doubtless not

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SNOB—By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

For Two Years and Two Weeks He Had Been an Obscure Student Waiter. Two Hours Later He Was the Most Prominent Man in College

THE Kennedys, who were not friends, liked to say that Kathryn's mother resembled a dollar sign and Kathryn a figure one; the ciphers were James G. and the rest of the world. They liked to point out that as a figure one between dollar sign and ciphers Kathryn Haynes was an exceedingly valuable girl and had a right to be careful whom she knew.

The witticism was well enough as such, but the Kennedys did not permit it to die.

I have known the Haynes family since the days when Violet Haynes was a school-teacher and Jimmy Haynes a sheep herder in the El Toreador. Mrs. Haynes at present may resemble a dollar sign, but Kathryn is no figure one at the head of a line of ciphers. I know her and know she is not. The Kennedys were thinking of the time ——

But it would be incredible without its explanation. In order to know the daughter you must indeed inquire for the mother and often for the father. The little valley of the El Toreador, lying high between the twin crests of the Coast Range, resembles the elevated hollow along the back of a flattened-out clothes brush. Upon one side the crest consists of a rim of low hills that break down into tree-lined cañons, and farther west become the oak-dotted grassy slopes of the Salinas. On the other side the companion crest breaks down into cañons that are as bare of vegetation as if they had been scalded. These open farther east into the arid basin of the southwestern San Joaquin.

Twenty-nine years ago, when I first met Jimmy Haynes, he was living in a bunk house on Dave Quinn's sheep ranch toward the southern end of this shallow valley. I was only a boy but I have never forgotten.

All sheep herders tend to be colorless. The life is colorless. Compared with Jimmy, however, the sheep men of the El Toreador were as flame to wet feathers. He was so colorless that he hurt the eyes. I do not mean by this that his dress was conspicuously shabby or that his physique was conspicuously mean. Quite the opposite; he was colorless in the sense that he was not conspicuously anything. His hair was neither light nor dark, but retained the hue of the original dust out of which all men are made; his brow was neither of cathedral nor of bungalow architecture; his whitish-blue eyes had neither depths in them to be swum, nor shallows to be waded; his nose was neither runabout nor limousine in type, but just a nose; his chin was neither protuberant nor scyphose. He was not tall and not short, not strong and not weak, not thin-skinned and not pachydermatous.

His character was colorless, too, but with an addition. The additional quality is hard to name; sometimes upon looking back in the light of his later career I think it consisted of an instinct for lucky turns combined with the native shrewdness that gave him the advantage of his luck when it offered. It of course included a tolerance of solitude; many sheep herders when thrown back upon themselves go to pieces mentally and morally. It must have included also some imagination; even the luckiest shots involve sighting and pulling the trigger.

In the eyes of his companions Jimmy was an eccentric—"off his nut" was their phrase. In the end he would probably go bughouse for fair, but at present he only had rats in his head, as shown by his water mouth when the others were bumming red-eye out of Bud Burson's pistol, and in other damfool ways, such as filing on two quarter sections of desert along the Ash Cañon wash.

"Stung," commented Jumpy Sam Allen, when he heard about the filing. "W'at's the idear? Not sheep. Gawd never sharpened no sheep's nose for eating off'n that cook stove. You sure picked a hot top."

"Not so as you could notice."

"Not? Not? Why, that land ——"

He proceeded to describe it, adjectivally and nominally, plainly and obscurely, by addition and subtraction. What he could have added of contumely had he known the entire truth is an interesting speculation. Jimmy had not only filed upon three hundred and twenty acres of alkali and sand under the old Homestead and Timber-Claim Acts, but he had surreptitiously bought the adjacent sections on either side from the Southern Pacific at the high price of a dollar an acre, meeting the required partial payment out of his savings.

"Why, I got an old black-face ud know better'n to file on dry ashes in a stink!"

"My ash land's good land, get water on it," affirmed Jimmy sturdily.

"That stink land? Why, wet it sticky and I woin't give you two sweated bits for the blackest two acres you got!"

"Wouldn't give whose two bits?" asked Jimmy under inspiration from heaven.

The biting quality of the question did not affect the agricultural quality of the sixteen hundred acres, which among them did not grow grass enough to support a pint of jitney grasshoppers. Jimmy explained to me later that he intended to irrigate from the mountains. There was indeed a spring in Ash Cañon, but it was too alkaline for use; and, besides, a trickle of water not large enough to dampen the sand thirty feet from its source would have been hopelessly lost spread thin over ten quarter sections of desert. These eastern mountains had no water in them. All of the little rain that fell ran off. Certainly without water any land in this region was worthless; the rainfall at the mouth of Ash Cañon was usually under six inches a year.

Jimmy was thirty-one and had made the final payment upon his railroad land when two adventures overtook him. The first of these developed with the arrival in the district of a new teacher. Jimmy met her at a schoolhouse dance one Saturday night. Her name was Violet Patton.

Violet was the daughter of a village butcher in the Sierra foothills. Not that anyone cares a toothpick how a girl's father has earned the money to rear her. The fact is of some importance, nevertheless. A village butcher's daughter, like any other man's daughter, of necessity forms her ideas about life from what she sees or reads or is taught.

As an example—and the incident made a lasting impression upon her—when she was ten years of age a lady accompanied by a boy of six arrived in Red Log one evening. After dinner they started out from the hotel for a stroll up one village street and back the other. The lady intended taking the morning stage into the mountains, where she was to meet her husband.

On their walk they passed Violet's cream-colored home. Violet was playing outside the swing gate at the time with three or four other children. The approach of the elegantly dressed lady caused them to stop their game and stand watching her. Violet especially noticed that the little boy hung back when he saw the other children.

"Want to play!" he cried.

"No, James," she said. "These children are not suitable companions for you. You are above them."

Violet remembered the words, the inflection of the voice, the dignified manner in which the speaker leaned forward. The lady was to her a fine lady from the outside world. She could not know that the poor woman was merely a fine lady out of a candy factory with a rich miner for a husband.

When Jimmy met her she was nineteen and had not yet given up her dream of becoming a fine lady.

Violet was not an experienced teacher or she would not have had to take a school of seven pupils in the mountains off the Upper Salinas. However, she possessed an abundance of gleaming hair, a willowy figure, peach-bloom cheeks, luminous greenish eyes, a kissable mouth and dazzling teeth—so that she became a success. She was, of course, far too fine a creature for the sheep herders of the El Toreador. Nevertheless, in the absence of more suitable partners she graciously accorded dances to three of them. Jimmy fell violently in love with her from the moment he saw her.

After that they were together everywhere. Even a sheep man is better than no man at all. Jimmy took her down Ash Cañon one Sunday afternoon and showed her his land and improvements, perhaps as an indication that he had hopes of deserving to win her; I heard her making a jest about it after school the next day. She did not at this time regard him as even potentially eligible.

Jimmy's second adventure rose from the arrival of an oil gusher on land adjacent to his sixteen hundred acres, through the accident of an artesian boring. Within a fortnight a little town sprang up. Oil men were attracted from all parts of the country. One group of Eastern experts hunted out Jimmy and made a proposal to bore for oil on his land on shares. Jimmy asked for better terms and received them. Three months later the heaviest strikes of the district were made by these wells, and wealth began arriving faster than reservoirs could be graded to hold it. The Eastern men formed a partnership with Jimmy, sought other fields, made other strikes, bought in property, built refineries.

And there you are. And there was Jimmy, with an income of nearly a million a year more than he had been earning as a sheep herder.

Meanwhile Violet Patton had learned to love Jimmy very dearly. They were married immediately after the close of the school term, and as there was nothing to keep them in the country they began housekeeping in Burkfield. They commenced with a modest four-room house. The oil continued to flow and they moved into an eight-room house. Then they added a maid. Then Kathryn came and they built them a house; and language cannot describe how much finer it was, with its plate-glass windows, its panelings and grainings, its beaded moldings, its fillets, its listels, its gewgaws and gingerbread, than any other house in that town.

After that Violet Haynes assumed the social position that she knew was hers. She had maids, nurses, gardeners, coachmen, and later, when the automobile became fashionable, chauffeurs; she had San Francisco gowns and hats and shoes; she had furs and falderals—all she could tie on; she had torques, brooches, chatelaines; she had a platinum wrist watch the case of which bore a triskelion traced in diamonds. In short she had everything in the world a woman could want except opportunities to show off what she had before other women—these she had to create as best she could.

Everyone knows what happens when a fog gets too thick for its marsh or a frog too big for its puddle. The Haynes frogs lorded it in Burkfield for twelve years, with Mrs. Haynes running up to San Francisco every time she thought of it to buy something else with some money. Then one bright autumn night Violet Haynes and Jimmy husband, followed by Kathryn and her governess, climbed aboard the Owl for good. The fine house with its furniture had already been sold to an oilcloth bride's climbing husband lower down. And that was the last of the provinces for the Haynes family.

The immediate cause of their leaving Burkfield was a change in tenants across the street to the south. Mrs. O'Brien, the new neighbor, was a black-eyed Irish lady of no social pretension, her husband being professor of

chemistry in the Burkfield High School. They had two children, one of about six, Kathryn's age, the other a year or two younger. They were clearly not the kind of people Kathryn's mother wished to be intimate with. There was not so much as a governess on the place.

Kathryn had become acquainted with the new children almost at once, as children will. Though she had already learned to be hateful to poorly dressed children she had not yet learned to look for a governess.

Her mother took her in charge, sharply breaking off the game they were playing.

"Kathryn, my dear!"

"Yes, mother."

"I'm surprised at you, Kathryn."

She led the child into the house without so much as a glance at the trespassers. When they reached the sanctuary of the crowded costly parlor she explained her rescue.

"I want you to listen, darling. These children are not suitable companions for you. Their father is only a hired teacher in the public schools. You are above them. I think I wouldn't play with them again."

She had unconsciously returned to the manner of the candy-factory lady of her childhood; and Kathryn, young as she was, understood.

A later incident is needed to show how completely Kathryn's mind had been filled by her touch-me-not mother's aristocratic ideas. The time was mid-July of Kathryn's eighteenth year.

During the twelve years that preceded the child had been educated for her superior position by precept and example. She had learned not to play with the upper lower classes and the lower upper classes; when she became older she was sent to private kindergarten, and then to private school; older still she had her private tutors for the subjects her mother used to teach to seven pupils in the El Toreador; then she was sent to another private school, and to a finishing school.

Meanwhile money continued accumulating, and nothing would do but a million or so must be spent upon a new house in San Francisco—a symbol of superiority that was very visible indeed. Kathryn, the summer before, had completed a year's preparatory work in Miss Grimm's famous school on the Hudson and then had entered the fashionable Wirtlie College for Girls. She was now at home again in the big house resting her tired young mind.

The house may have had something to do with her sense of elevation. At any rate, she was driving down Market Street toward Kearney with chin held high when she saw one of Miss Grimm's teachers on the sidewalk—Miss Blaine, of history and English, thirty-three hundred miles from home.

Miss Blaine was a lady of thirty-seven, a little too thin, a little too refined in manner to be fashionable, but severely and modishly gowned in a style creditable to her taste. You may know the woman she was if I say that she wore the very latest shell-rimmed owl eyes so that they looked as if they had been designed for her.

Miss Blaine saw Kathryn; her face lighted with pleasure; she stepped toward the curb for a word of greeting. But Kathryn remembered that teachers belong among the higher classes of servants. And if you think it unlikely that a girl of her age would drive past a former instructor without recognition ask any teacher of the sons and daughters of the newly rich. Kathryn did just that on this occasion, leaving poor Miss Blaine standing, red and embarrassed, upon the curb.

Such was Kathryn Haynes at eighteen. Her world consisted largely of ciphers, among which stood her father, colorless still; she had a dollar sign for a mother; and she herself was the figure one. Her friends consisted of the girls she had met at school. With these she was unaffected, even lovable; for they could be taken for granted.

But her point of view was that of a cattish snob, whether Betty Welland and Maud Gaylord knew it or not.

II

BILL had been so long a waiter that he had become invisible; otherwise his great body must have been noticed sooner. Bill assisted the University Commons in supplying twenty-six wealthier young men of his own tastes with comestibles, or, as they called the material, grub. He was one of two student waiters at the fourth table from the door.

To-day he was in a hurry; he was a first lieutenant in a newly formed battalion of militia. In order to save a trip and get through the more quickly he had piled his tray higher than usual with dishes.

"That's a big chew you've bitten off, partner."

"I'm a big man," he laughed.

"So is the Kaiser, but ——"

"Watch me."

He lifted the tray as if he wished it were half again as heavy. Balancing it overhead upon outspread finger tips he kicked open the right-hand swinging door and glided through into the dining room. The tray had upon it five glasses of milk, five sturdy dinner plates containing roast beef, and five sets of side-dish satellites in which were mashed potatoes, tomatoes, string beans and boiled carrots. The load was heavier even than it looked, but Bill held it aloft on one hand as though it were candlestick and candle.

As he approached his table he noted absent-mindedly that the conversation was upon football. The team had again been doing poorly in practice. In the fall of 1915 the war had not yet been brought to America, and football was still a living subject in undergraduate circles.

"What we need is a self-starter."

"What we need is a steering wheel."

"What we need is just plain old-fashioned punch."

"If Kennedy ——"

"Don't rag the coach. What can a coach do, with no one behind him? Kennedy hasn't six men in the squad with spring enough in their legs to jump a crack."

"Tell us, Whims."

"What we need is new men," said the student addressed as Whims. "Conscription of ability."

The speaker, looking up, saw Bill Putnam with his heavy tray carried lightly upon outspread fingers.

"Bill here ought to be playing. Any man who can flirt like that with a two-ton tray ——"

"He ought."

"Hear that, Bill? Why aren't you trying for the team?"

Bill lowered his tray to the tray stand and began swiftly unloading it.

"That's right, Bill. You're due."

"Uh huh. And me a waiter."

"What has waiting got to do with playing football?"

"Falls the same hour, for one thing."

The three men looked more closely at him, as if they had not really seen him before. They did not really see him even now; they saw only the lithe largeness of him, that might or might not be football material.

"You can manage somehow. Use your head, Bill."

"Uh huh. My head. What good's my head when it's full of ice tea, milk or coffee?"

"You could quit early, Bill. Work say until five-thirty. That would give you time enough to dress."

"Uh huh. Play football yourself and see."

"Maybe not. Anyhow, slide out on the field some day and play with the scrubs for an hour or two. The Varsity isn't getting the men. Quit when you have to."

Kathryn Had Been Looking Forward to Her First Dance With Captain Bill, But She Found Herself Breathless and Dumb. She Became Aware That He Was Telling Her About His Ambitions

"I would if I thought I'd be any help."

"You might be a lot of help. Try it, Bill."

"I will," said Bill.

"Try it to-morrow."

"I will."

And he did. The next afternoon he reported for scrub practice, with the understanding that he was to leave the field at five o'clock.

I could give you a pretty account of the sensation that Lieutenant Bill Putnam created at that first practice, but this is not a football story. He began as scrub half, playing against the Freshmen. He had not played fifteen minutes before the assistants were calling Coach Kennedy's attention to a new star in the sky. Another fifteen minutes and he was transferred to the second eleven. Here he repeated his success against the Varsity. He ran low; he twisted, dodged, half-hurdled, used the straight arm; and on defense his tackling was hard and sure. By five o'clock he looked to be the one indispensable man on the field. He told me later that though he was not a beginner at football he had previously played nowhere except in high school.

Such was Bill Putnam's dramatic arrival at State University. For two years and two weeks he had been an obscure student waiter. Two hours later this Junior, whom no one had ever heard of, was the most prominent man in college. Obviously after that he could not remain out of the game, too busy or not too busy.

Gordon McKenna suggested the delicate plan that enabled him to play. Bill's table consisted of twenty-six men—eleven on each side, two on each end. If one man each night from that table should take Bill's place as waiter Bill's afternoons would be left entirely free; he would unquestionably make the Varsity; very likely he would be the deciding factor in the principal games of the year; and indirectly the twenty-six men who made it possible for him to play would have contributed to the victory.

"We can't pay down money; that would make him a professional, even if he'd take it. Once a month for each of us. What do you say?"

"I will."

"And I will."

"And I."

The proposal was accepted, except that the management required two of the men to work each night instead of only one, which brought each into service twice a month. The only friction that occurred was of limited duration—Whims Del Valle, carrying what he considered to be a loaded tray, tried to enter the dining room through the left-hand swinging door instead of the right-hand one, and collided with a waiter named Spencely from Oklahoma. If the dishes had not been so few and so thick more of them would have been broken. As it was, Whims' suit went to the cleaners' and no harm done.

The results were all that had been hoped for. Bill Putnam played football, made the Varsity, became the center of an offensive that won the great games of the season, and before the disbanding of the team was unanimously elected captain for the following year; an honor that later was to lead to his appointment as captain in the university battalion and to his election as manager of the college daily.

Which means, as college men know, that he was the biggest man on the campus, or nearly.

Kathryn's invitation to attend Junior Prom at State University came from Betty Welland's brother, who sat at Bill's table, opposite Whims Del Valle.

Kathryn, who had inherited all that was best of her mother's beauty, had added to it so much of good health, fire and intelligence that she was more strikingly pretty than ever the teacher of seven pupils had been. Her lithe body was more slender than that of her mother, her gleaming hair was heavier, her brow fuller, her peach-bloom cheeks more delicately colored, her eyes deeper, her mouth sweeter, her teeth smaller and more even, her voice richer with music. At nineteen a girl is still as she may become.

The inviting of both Kathryn and Betty obliged Harry Welland to ask for twice as many dances as he had to give in exchange. The procedure at State University in such cases was to invite a courtesy guest from among the men not intending to be present.

Harry was so fortunate as to secure Bill Putnam as his courtesy guest, thus giving Sister Betty the attendance of the biggest man in college. And because he wished to please Kathryn and Bill was a fine fellow, Harry had him on her program for four dances. It did not occur to him that Captain Bill was not socially eligible. State University was as democratic as this.

And yet at one end of Bill's table sat Gordon McKenna, son of Thomas McKenna, of Honolulu, who was almost as well known on Fifth Avenue as he was at State. When I say that his engagement to Maryland Drexler of Philadelphia was recently announced I indicate his social position very accurately. Toward the other end sat Whims Del Valle, of the Los Angeles Del Valles. Anyone who knows the older city knows the Del Valle mansion and grounds with their ancient *janja* rights; a show place, all climbing roses and green lawns, date palms and coffee boscage, threaded by curving drives and winding paths. Harry Welland himself was from a family with a history.

Kathryn was attracted by Bill Putnam from the first moment of their acquaintance. Captain Bill, six feet one in his stockings and as hard as nails, was more than fit; he was impressively fit. What with the grasp of his broad hands, the vibrant timbre of his voice, the fire that smoldered in his eyes, all suggesting an inner vitality greater than that of the body, he was a man able to make anyone aware of his presence.

A little later she tried to express something of her quick estimate. Captain Bill and Betty, walking behind, had halted for a moment before one of the engineering buildings, and Harry and Kathryn were waiting for them.

"Mr. Putnam seems to know so well where he is going," she said.

Harry replied that Captain Bill did know where he was going. "He's an engineering major. Unusually good man, and bound to make good."

"Betty told me he was a lieutenant in the militia."

"Captain, now."

As he was about to try a window Captain Bill caught Kathryn's eye and flashed her a grin.

"You, too, Miss Haynes, if I can get in!" he called.

"Me?"

"I want to show you my laboratory."

But both doors and windows proved to be locked, and the project had to be abandoned.

"What were you going to show us?"

"What do you want to see? How to melt steel? How to melt down clay into aluminum? How to make diamonds from charcoal? Our electric furnace gives the hottest heat this earth has known since it turned solid."

"I'd like to see you make a diamond," said Kathryn.

"I'll make you a few—but it will take two or three weeks to dissolve off the iron. We have to make them inside an iron ball. They're only little fellows anyhow."

"I leave Sunday afternoon."

"Suppose I start a batch for you while you're here and mail them to you?"

"Is that a promise?" asked Kathryn.

"Certainly. We'll begin them in the morning."

The afternoon was so mild and sunny, the paths so hard, that walking was a pleasure, even though the trees were leafless and snow lay on the fields. To Bill this walk was more than a pleasure; it was a glory, a revelation, a beatitude. How he would have felt had he known the rest of the intoxicating truth—that Kathryn had taken the trouble to maneuver in order that he might walk beside her now and then—would require a happy man to guess. But Betty was the only one to notice; and Betty cared less than she might have done had she regarded Kathryn as a more suitable match for her brother.

Even so, Bill might have been saved later trouble had he suspected she was not jesting; and she, had she suspected that he was.

She had been trying to impress him with her social importance.

"My mother has been having the awfulest time finding servants," she said. "Two of our best chauffeurs were French and went to the war. Our English butler has gone, and the head lawn man and one of the grooms and both footmen want to go. I don't know how we're going to live."

"I know," said Bill gravely. "We found that one of our chauffeurs was a German spy. Had to have the Government shoot him. Our butler is Swiss, so he's exempt. But the waiters will all have to go."

Betty's innocent eyes met Harry's; it is to the credit of both that they did not intervene with laughter, knowing Bill's waiters.

"I should think that a Swiss butler might be very satisfactory," said Kathryn.

"The Swiss are too democratic."

"In what way?"

"In their treatment of the lower servants especially. The upper servants resent it."

"I can see how they might," Kathryn said.

(Continued on Page 90)

"My Dear, I Oughtn't to Have Spoken So. I'm Sorry. Wait Until After Breakfast Before You Go. Harry Will Never Forgive Me"

The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

VIII

YVONNE DUBERGES, sipping coffee at this afternoon tea, glanced sidewise at Herr Leutnant von Schmiedell, as he murmured *"Je t'aime!"* Her bowed lips moved almost imperceptibly, as though she was saying the same words. He was demonstrative, more openly in love than he had ever been in public before. His manner was possessory; in effect, it announced an engagement. He looked about the room, much brighter than that of the hotel where they had dined the night before, and nodded joyously to brother officers he knew, who smiled in return, with significant glances at Yvonne. But she did not glance about.

A few Belgian ladies were there, most of them in mourning. Somber-eyed, they watched this table, waiting for a chance to stare unwinking at this one-time friend; but she did not give them the chance. Her eyes seemed only for the lieutenant. Intent watchers were sure now that the impossible was to happen—a German officer and a Belgian girl were going to be married. They were flaunting their happiness, the German officers thought. She was flaunting her shame, the Belgian ladies agreed.

The watchers were premature. At the dinner the night before Yvonne had perceived a chance, the first that had come, of escape from Belgium. She had seized it with the courage of despair. She might, perhaps, secure a pass to accompany her friend, Madame Fargo, for a week's visit at The Hague, accompanied by her aunt and Clothilde, who could not be left to the bitter punishment which must follow when it was found that Yvonne did not return. That was the trouble—a passport for three; and the plan had matured as the dinner progressed. There was one reason—one only—why her aunt and herself should go—to buy a trousseau. That was why she had lingered on her doorstep the night before, murmuring intoxicating words which had transformed Brussels into a gilded city of hope to the ardent young officer.

He had left her, assured that at last she would surrender. Sweet, elusive Yvonne, with her charming fads and naïve fancies and quaint moods, would capitulate at Brussels. The treaty would be signed there, in the gay little capital where he and she and Jaques had had such jolly times. He had laughed, as he had driven away, that he thought of love in terms of war; the treaty would be signed and sealed with a kiss. He had never kissed her adorable lips; he had been on fire at the thought.

Brussels had rung in his ear all day, was ringing now at this little tea party; and his eager proffer of aid with passes is easily to be understood. He did not notice that Peggy was a little distrait; that Monsieur Fargo was rather quiet.

Peggy expected immediate arrest. If Humbert Honest had been apprehended for indorsing her at the Rotterdam Consulate—and what other fault could a man so scrupulous about passports have committed?—they were searching for her now. The airman was covertly watching her with eyes that confessed his solicitude; for he, too, had reason to fear detection. Though this man who knew him, and probably knew that he had joined the French Flying Corps, was under arrest, yet that might be temporary and they might meet.

Stoneman, deeply anxious about Peggy, followed her suddenly widened eyes to find himself looking straight at Humbert Honest, who stood, with mouth agape, staring at him.

As Midnight Bells Struck, Peggy Looked on White-Frosted Roofs Exquisitely Silvered by the Rays of the Moon, Glittering Pinnacles and Lustrous Domes—a Fantastic Fairy City

"Monty!" Peggy cried sharply. "Our old friend, Humbert Honest! What a surprise!"

Humbert Honest, who had not seen her, started at the sound of her voice, grinned mechanically, and thrust out a hand to Stoneman.

"Well," he cried, "if this don't beat the world! How are you, old son? When did you cross? And how are all the folks at home?"

Stoneman rose and seized the offered hand.

"Honest, I'm glad to see you," he said with his usual deliberation. "I hope you are well."

"My husband," came Peggy's clear voice, "is always glad to see you."

Humbert glanced from one to the other, trying to behave naturally but obviously nervous and excited. He pulled Peggy's arm up and down as though it was a pump handle. "Glad to see you. Mighty glad!" he said. "And how are things in Kankakee?"

"The oranges are blossoming," Peggy said.

He laughed uproariously, much too loudly; altogether a most difficult acquaintance at such a moment. Introduced to the lieutenant, who found his surprise at meeting American friends most natural, he became instantly pugnacious.

"I'm dead sore on you Germans, Herr Leutnant," he said as he accepted an invitation to sit down.

His prognathous jaw was thrust outward and his big brown eyes were flashing as he flung a silky square of paper on the table and pointed to its spidery shorthand marks. It was a letter from Constantinople, he explained, written in Turkish, which he had received that morning. It was about his automobiles there; perfectly innocent, of course—only a fool would carry explosive stuff openly like that; yet the tin-horn fakers at the Station Centrale had marched him under guard through all Antwerp to Lazard, head of the Secret Service.

"The beggar knows me," Honest flamed indignantly, "yet he made me translate it word by word. I told him how they'd promenaded a man well known in Antwerp down the boulevards. Sympathy from him? An apology? Nix! That got my goat. I told him I was an older resident of Antwerp than he was and would be here when he was gone."

The lieutenant listened, with a smile. He disliked Oberleutnant Lazard, who was only a professor turned soldier, not a gentleman. Honest, simmering down, broke into a broad grin. "I got what was coming to me, all right," he continued. "The laugh is on me. He said he'd prove I was wrong. I am under arrest in this hotel and have to go out to-morrow. He won!"

"This," Said Mere St. Ursule,
"Was the Dungeon of Monsieur le Capitaine Geoffrey"

The lieutenant flung back his head and roared with laughter.

"Yes; he won!" he exclaimed. "But, I say, you're a good loser."

Honest grinned again.

"Nothing left to lose," he said; "you fellows have taken my last automobile."

"In a good cause, my dear fellow. Tea, coffee, whisky?"

"Coffee for mine—thanks! I say, Herr Leutnant, must I stay in this hotel?"

"For your own sake, dear boy," the lieutenant said genially; "you have a free tongue."

"And wouldn't you just up and howl if you were a neutral and all your cars were stolen?"

A hard glint came into the lieutenant's eyes.

"Madame Fargo," he said, "your friend comes, I think, from the free and boundless West, where bluntness is perhaps an exaggerated virtue."

Humbert Honest, scowling, became silent. He sipped, watched and wondered. This was a Midsummer Night's Dream to him, mad, incomprehensible; and his reflections were something like this: A German officer, plumb daffy over a beautiful, speaking Belgian doll, with real hair like his grandmother's, eyes like a Madonna's, and a smile that would warm a polar bear—and she daffy over him in return; an American, in the French Flying Corps, wearing mufti and an assumed name, dropping in for afternoon tea with the enemy; his English wife, with an angel's hair, pep in her starry eyes, punch in her sweet English voice, and the nerve of the devil inside her brilliant skin, drifting in to join her husband in this little innocent talkfest.

Honest was the more bewildered the longer he sat. These were dangerous folk to meddle with; he was glad that he was to be off in the morning. Mrs. Stoneman had fooled him, after all; had turned him inside out, and yet had been absolutely truthful. She had omitted to mention the trifling fact that her American husband was in the French service—that was all; but rather an important item, all things considered. He looked glum reproach; but when he caught her eye he grinned. It was funny after all. She had won too; he had been done all the way round; yes, even about the diamonds. He was not free to get them for the Brazilian.

At the final parting, and he was glad when it came, he looked with meaning at her and said:

"I should have liked another look round the town, another squint at the shell-shocked shebangs." He did not know whether she understood this hint about the diamonds or not. It was not a good time for confidential glances and whispers. "We shall soon meet in Rotterdam," he added.

"I hope so," Peggy answered. "I want to explain a good many things," she murmured, smiling.

"They need it," he answered, flinging out his chin.

They were prompt at the commander's office the next day; a protected party of four, with a German private at the head roughly forcing a way for them through a jostling throng. These were poor Belgians who must struggle for hours and pay five francs for a permit to travel in their own country; and their eyes sullenly followed these two countrywomen in black. Peggy heard muttered words in Flemish, and she saw that Yvonne's downbent face was flushed and that madame's head was even more haughtily erect than usual. One, two hours they waited in the lieutenant's private office while their papers were being prepared without; even influence could not more than halve the usual delay. Perspiring clerks came and went; bells rung; officers hustled in and out. The passport finally came back with a memorandum in German: "Appears to be in order, but no indorsement showing how Herr Fargo left London for Holland or how he arrived in Belgium."

That was expected—a relief. The false impression of the seal on his photograph, made by hand, minute stroke by stroke, had not been detected. Answer went back: "American journalist. Left London before wife on Home Office permit. Left The Hague before wife in auto, with Dutch notary's declaration and special letter from German Legation. Permit from General Headquarters, Brussels, for Antwerp. Carelessly destroyed all these on arriving at Antwerp, thinking passport in wife's hands sufficient credentials." Another hour; another memorandum: "Passport detained, pending inquiries."

Now came the critical moment. The busy lieutenant was approached at his littered desk by a suppliant Yvonne.

"Our little lunch is postponed—perhaps forever," she said sadly. "Inquiries will take days."

He read the memoranda.

"Bother!" he said in English. He came over to Stoneman. "You destroyed papers?" he asked incredulously. "In these times?"

Stoneman laughed.

"I thought I was all right when I got to my passport and my wife," he answered.

The lieutenant turned away. Another half hour passed before he returned.

"I have personally guaranteed you by carriage, railway or canal boat," he said, laughing.

Three people drew deep breaths, but madame eyed the green papers.

"Where is the fourth?" she asked, with sudden intuition.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear Madame Campion. I can't get one for you. They say the house should not be left with a servant only. Do you mind very much? I have done my best."

"It is an indignity, Otto!" she said proudly.

"If I were only the commander," he replied with humility.

The first tightening of the velvet-gloved hand; she had feared it. What prospect, after this hint, of their getting out of Belgium? She and Yvonne had not been separated since the war opened. She must let Yvonne go; go deep into that enemy-ruled country under conditions justly described as desperate. It was the hardest moment of an incredible five months. For the first time she could not pretend. Her haughty head was bowed and her voice quavered as she said to Peggy:

"I must trust her to you, my dear."

"I am grieved, dear madame," murmured the lieutenant. "Let me call to-morrow afternoon and cheer you up."

"You are always thoughtful, Otto," madame answered, as though she meant it. "Do come!"

As they left, Yvonne murmured:

"Come to Brussels as early as you can, Otto."

Her almost whispered words, her glance, left him in rapture.

Again at his work, he smiled at the success of his audacious maneuver. He alone, by a hint about an unprotected house to the head of the passport bureau, had held madame in Antwerp. Thus, without a stiff formal request, he secured an appointment with madame at which to present his letter from his mother, and make proposals in the customary conventional way for the hand of Yvonne.

But that was a detail. Yvonne would have only one chaperon at Brussels; a young just-married chaperon, brimming with love—had he not seen how Madame Fargo looked at her husband at the dinner?—and, therefore, sympathetic with love and lovers. He would have not stolen minutes but hours alone with Yvonne. He was grinning now. War was wonderful! He—he alone—had held up this domineering old lady who in the past more than once had boxed his ears. He laughed out loud. The haughty Madame Campion, not such a bad sort, but with lots of frills, caged up by him—him alone! He felt a thrill of humorous pride. War was most amusing.

At eleven the next morning Madame Campion kissed Yvonne as though the latter was going for a day in the country for pleasure. "Tell the comtesse," she whispered; and afterward she waved a cheerful hand to the three people in the carriage. It was perhaps a final parting. At best, no one ever knew in Belgium; but if papers were forged, and all kinds of unavoidable clews left behind, such an expedition could fairly be called a forlorn hope.

"Have you telegraphed for rooms?" Stoneman asked.

The two girls laughed. The notion of Belgians or neutrals telegraphing in Belgium seemed ludicrous. They were eager, excited by hope and danger. Peggy's cheeks were delicately flushed by exhilaration and the frosty air. Yvonne was a ball of fur—coat, muff, cap and ear tippets; and her face was heavily veiled.

"Things seem so easy and natural," Stoneman explained, "that I forgot for a moment."

But now they were in the Chaussée de Berchem and one could no longer forget. Peggy was shocked, absorbed, by the ruin shells had wrought. It was her first glimpse of real war. She had missed its ravages coming down from Esschen, for she had been thinking of Geoffrey. Stoneman watched her covertly. He had become so inured to a world in ruins that he saw with a soldier's indifference what made Peggy flame; but her fire kindled him anew. He saw afresh though her eager eyes, not knowing that he had become subtly responsive to her moods or realizing that he was no longer a human machine of unusual perfection.

When an airman knows that he has nerves his fighting career is finished. When an airman, come to earth, starts on a journey of peril, not understanding that his head is in the clouds, he is courting danger. He will need quick thought, a detached mind, a cool, watchful brain. When these have been his in the past, unsummoned and unthought of, how can he know, if an overwhelming new emotion comes to him, that he may be greatly changed?

Stoneman in any moment of danger had never thought of his mother; he had mechanically pulled the right lever. Would he swiftly, quietly, do the right thing now, when something infinitely more precious than his own life hung on his prompt right action? Would the quick right word come under sharp questioning from a suspicious German officer? Or should he pause to think of the consequence of a mistake to the woman he loved?

These questions never came to Stoneman's mind. He only watched her and wondered at her beauty and her

courage, and was vaguely oppressed by the consciousness that he was different, somehow. The main difference was that he was anxious. He had never known anxiety and he entertained this new visitor unawares.

When they passed the Porte de Malines he identified Forts Three, Four and Five, and told them, with intimate detail, the story of the British Naval Division. Peggy was surprised that he knew more of it than herself and at the quick certainty with which his trained eye identified places.

"Your brother's brigade," he said, "was over there, far to the left. Only seventy of the Benbow Brigade ever reported back."

"Seventy-one now—thanks to you, Yvonne!" Peggy said.

"Thanks to himself," Yvonne corrected. "He was sent down to Lierre with a message; and he got through."

"There were British marines at Fort Lierre," Stoneman said.

He told how they fought, with an enthusiasm that fixed Peggy's glowing eyes on him. He ended by saying that Geoffrey, after being wounded, was lucky to have been found and hidden by Belgians. Yvonne would have nothing of luck. Monsieur Geoffrey had been saved, she said, because he saved himself. He was very brave and never gave up. She was a little indignant. Peggy peered curiously into the veiled face, but could see nothing.

They passed several graves in a field by a dune.

"German," Yvonne said bitterly. "So neat, aren't they, with their prim little crosses? But see Belgian graves now; tumbled, heaped anyhow. It is Belgian land and those dead are at home; but only their poor caps on a stick, like a scarecrow, mark them! A cap has fallen there. And see—a civilian hat. The brim gapes already. They would not let me go to Jaques' grave at Liège." Her voice trailed to a whisper; Peggy clasped her hand.

They went on in silence amid a green and peaceful country. It was green from tiny heads of winter rye; it was peaceful, for the reason that no human beings or horses or cattle were on the land.

Women and old men passed. They glanced, but dropped their eyes too soon to see Peggy's waving hand.

She took her American flag from her pocket. Stoneman raised his hat slightly, quite simply, as he saw it. She liked that. She felt that she had a right to display the flag now; it was protecting one who owed it allegiance. Her heart warmed to it as she saw that passers-by stopped and smiled and nodded. She glanced across to meet eyes fixed on hers with an intensity that seemed odd to her; but she thought she understood when he said quietly that he loved to see her with the flag in her hand. She would look at him in the same way, she thought, if he held a Union Jack.

After Contich, pale green fields gave place to desolation, for the crops had been reaped by shells and all the land was mud. There were many ice-covered pools where missiles had burst, and most of the trees were smashed or gashed. All the houses were battered ruins; but now and again, from beneath a tumbled heap of bricks, an old woman or a child would come out. Somehow, somewhere in these wrecked homes people were living. A chimney lifted its high, unscathed head from the ruins of the Antwerp waterworks.

Stoneman eyed it with a peculiar interest, but he said nothing. He was almost sure he had marked it from the air in that swirling gale which had driven his machine toward Antwerp.

They crossed the Nethe by a military bridge built on the ruins of the war-shattered one. Yvonne pressed Peggy's hand.

"Monsieur Geoffrey crossed this river," she murmured. "Lierre is up that way."

Their papers were, for the first time, examined here. Stoneman gave the private a copy of the Tageblatt and a Dutch cigar, and was eagerly thanked. They passed a shapeless mass of tumbled earth and steel and concrete—what was left of Waelhem Fort. Near Malines they saw the first occupied country house. Its windows were unshuttered, its garden cared for, its shrubs wrapped in coverings against frost.

"The Château de Belleville," Yvonne said. "Madame has a German son-in-law of importance and is protected. It is a station on the underground road. She hides them over the day, and—— Ah, there she is!"

A shapeless bundle, bending over a frozen flower plot lifted itself as the carriage stopped. The girl called out. Madame pushed back her cowl-like head covering and came to them.

"It is I—Yvonne."

"Thank You for Your Frankness. You Wouldn't Believe in Her. She Would Lose You in the End—the Last Sacrifice for Her Flag and Her Land"

The eyes in the dark, brooding face grew brighter. Yvonne lifted her veil. They looked at each other for a long instant, and then Yvonne presented her friends.

"The American flag," madame said, "is next to the Belgian in my heart."

"I have a basket for you," Yvonne said. "And auntie sends her love."

"Both are welcome. I have twelve to feed to-day."

"Let me take it in," Stoneman offered.

"No, monsieur—thanks!" Madame looked this way and that. "It is well that you go on before any German automobile passes."

"It is good-by," Yvonne announced. "We hope to get out next week."

"Have you passes?" asked madame, startled.

"We think we see a way."

"You have done much, borne much, for Belgium, Yvonne. To my friends of the outside world tell that I say, every day, *Le Roi et Victoire!* . . . Go! Quick! A car comes."

She held up her hand. Peggy felt that it was hard, calloused, chapped. She bent over and kissed it; and so did Yvonne. They looked back as they drove away. Madame La Comtesse de Belleville, once an imperious and elegant patrician, patrician still, was staggering with the heavy basket along the drive up to the house. Yvonne told of the killing of her two sons; of her refusal to receive a daughter who declined to leave the German court; of her unending labors; of the surrender of most of her fortune.

"And in July," Yvonne ended by saying, "they said that she was as haughty and iron-hearted as Auntie Maria."

Yvonne laughed in a swiftly changing mood.

"You are fortunate," she exclaimed, with a droll look, "that you did not know them then! The underground? The men collect at the château from the south and west. They steal in one by one. Then they are led in little parties of ten or twelve toward the north, toward Ghere, and they spend the night there; and another near Rethy."

Stoneman, greatly interested, took out the map he had brought from the house.

"Careful, Monsieur Monty!" Yvonne cautioned. "Neutrals must not seem too curious."

They were nearing Malines now and more autos were passing or overtaking them. The airman held the map low and followed carefully her account of the underground route to freedom.

"It is hard to cross the railway," Yvonne said. "It is heavily guarded and some are caught there. Then there is the wood, and the charcoal burner beyond there." She pointed to the spot on the map. "He watches and hides them as they come. Then, when the night is dark they steal to the wire of death. Perhaps the sentry is paid. It is a fortune to him. He wants to be paid. All do.

"They count heads literally—in the dark sometimes—that he may get all his due; twenty francs for each one. But sometimes there are patrols and officers; then it is a rush, and perhaps a flash like lightning and a man

(Continued on Page 78)

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BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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The Next Congress

THIS war will end; but these war taxes will not. They will be reduced, but will never get back to within hailing distance of the pre-war figure. Besides the war debt, a heavy increase in Federal taxation will be a permanent legacy. That is certain. No American Congress will ever again deal with an annual budget under a billion.

This Congress in two years has appropriated more than forty billions on an archaic scheme. It has shown no interest in supplanting that scheme by a rational and comprehensive plan for dealing with national finances.

Candidates for the next Congress will talk about a good many issues. They can be made to talk and think about that issue by demonstrations of public concern over it—but not otherwise.

A few energetic men in every congressional district can get a pledge that the subject of a national budget system—with what that term rationally implies—shall be given honest, serious consideration by the next Congress. A demonstration of public concern would force the present Congress to treat the subject seriously.

At present, in view of the wasteful methods at the Capitol, Congress is in the position of a crossroads grocer who stands in his doorway exhorting a crowd to practice economy while the vinegar barrel is leaking all over the floor and mice are eating the cheese in plain sight of the audience.

A Big Question in Little

TWO years ago the United States was cock o' the walk in international finance. It had all the money; the other fellows had all the trouble. That is not so now. Our American dollar is at a heavy discount in various foreign countries. As we are making large purchases from some of those countries that is expensive. Moreover, it is rather humiliating, for it implies lack of faith in our intention and ability to pay. Spanish banks have refused to extend credit here. The Treasury Department and our leading bankers have been trying to find a remedy. One suggestion, at this writing, is that we may be able to dig up collateral that Spain will accept as security for a loan—a suggestion not flattering to American ears.

Some large questions of international politics are involved; also some large and complicated questions of international exchange—which the layman would find it difficult to understand and about which he could do nothing if he did understand them.

But a great reason for this untoward condition lies in our enormous purchases of foreign goods—rising to three billion dollars in the fiscal year just closed. In brief, it strains our resources and our credit to find satisfactory means of making payment for these huge purchases.

There is one thing every layman can do—namely, hold down his consumption of imported goods. Then economize to help support the credit of the United States.

That is the answer for the layman. The credit of the United States does not need any support in his eyes, but for this particular phase of the matter his eyes do not count.

The Russian Outcome

FINALLY the tools to him who can use them. Those elements in Russian society that are capable of establishing a tolerable degree of sanity and order, because they have tolerably sane, orderly ideas and enough practical experience to know a sane idea when they see it, will finally come to the top and take the directing hand. That must be so, for self-preservation is a law for nations as well as for individuals.

Undoubtedly there are such elements in Russian society. The Bolsheviki cannot do it. Tools of government in their hands are tools in the hands of infants, who can break a mirror with the hammer or saw the leg off a chair but cannot nail two boards together plumbly.

We have no notion that the Kaiser can do it, either. He will be a dissolvent in Russia, a disintegrating agency, a sign of strife. Operating in a different way he will, we believe, be inherently as incapable of organizing Russia as the Bolsheviki were. The order that must finally evolve in Russia will be an order fundamentally opposed to German domination. Nothing else is necessary to make it count on the side of Germany's enemies, for a Russia that resists German domination is all they ask.

It has been a heartbreaking case, but finally neither Bolsheviki nor Kaiser is on the cards.

Airplanes

CONSIDERING what we might reasonably have done in each direction and what we have done, our one great failure is in aeronautics.

We have scored a failure there; a heavy failure.

The fault lay in starting with a bad organization and stubbornly persisting in that wrong path when experience abroad and the best-informed opinion here persistently warned that it was wrong.

The whole business of building and manning an air fleet ought to have been consolidated in a single office, directed by the best man we could find, with powers as broad as those of the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy.

We did not do that. We stuck to divided authority and dispersed responsibility. We have paid a tall price for the mistake. By and large, we lost seven or eight months; and months are frightfully expensive things in this war. In mere money we lost half a billion dollars, and we shall find that we have not so many half billions to blow in as we thought we had a year ago.

No doubt we are finally getting the thing in hand. We may reasonably hope the worst is over. But we did score a failure in that important field.

A Michigan Instance

FOR manufacturing purposes Henry Ford is a realist. If the people of Michigan had been choosing a man to make self-propelling vehicles for them they would have elected him.

In politics he is an idealist, which means following one's fancies in calm disregard of facts. His only conspicuous enterprise in that field proposed to stop the war without troubling itself to master a knowledge of the forces that were at work—just as a well-meaning person might undertake to stop an automobile engine by throwing a pitcher of water on the hood. Faced by a complexity of powers and masses that were operating most calamitously he proposed to exorcise the painful phenomenon by a gesture.

Idealism evolved in a vacuum never has been nor will be serviceable. Dreams never come true. To come true they must lose the detached nature of dreams and take hold of reality. It was not a dreamer that discovered America but a very practical navigator and student of cosmography. It was not Columbus' theory—for many other men held that—but his persistence in seeking ships and money that got him over. Look at the great leaders and benefactors in the political field itself—Hampden, Cromwell, William the Silent, Washington, Lincoln. You find patient, laborious, eminently practical men, their feet solidly on the ground every moment, their eyes steadfastly on the facts, making their compromises on details, tirelessly shaping such means as are actually available at the moment.

Only such men carry anything through.

A National Debt

QUESTIONING the solvency of a great nation is nothing new. When the embattled farmers at Lexington started armed conflict with Great Britain on American soil the debt of that nation was a hundred and twenty-eight million pounds. At Waterloo it had risen to eight hundred and eighty-five million pounds and British Government bonds sold at forty-seven cents on the dollar. The annual debt charge was thirty-three million pounds—a figure more prodigious in those days than the charge on the present debt of eight billion pounds is now.

British insolvency was a staple subject of economic discussion in those days. But no insolvency occurred. In spite of a number of costly lesser wars the debt had been reduced when this world war opened a new chapter. England has found the enormous sums for this war more easily than it found the money for the Napoleonic wars, has met the interest with greater ease. As compared with a discount of fifty-three per cent a hundred years ago its bonds have never fallen materially below par.

The debt was pretty steadily reduced in peace periods. That is all that is necessary now. To give the world a reasonable insurance of enduring peace is practically to guarantee payment of the war debts.

But there is a limit to national credit. In little more than four years England's gross debt has risen from less than a billion to about eight billion pounds. Reasonable guaranty of enduring peace is a necessity.

Tax Exemptions

THE First Liberty Bonds, bearing three and a half per cent interest, sell at a premium of more than two per cent. The Third Liberty Bonds, bearing four and a quarter per cent interest, sell at a discount of nearly five per cent. That gives a rough measure of the present value of exemption from income tax—the first bonds being exempt from all income tax, while the third are exempt only from the normal tax, but subject to the surtax. At the same time Federal Farm Loan Bonds, also exempt from all income tax, sell at a premium of six per cent.

In view of the taxes that Congress is now proposing the value of exemption from the tax for possessors of great incomes becomes clear enough.

But, in fact, dealings in these tax-exempt bonds are on a small scale. Not many are offered on the market and there is no extensive rush to buy them. The market offers very good short-term investments, yielding seven per cent and more. A man subject to a fifty per cent tax can invest in a very good corporation security, pay the whole tax and still net quite as much as a three and a half per cent bond at a two per cent premium would yield him. He may hope that a couple of years hence the income tax will be reduced, in which case the exemption feature of his three and a half per cent bond would be less valuable. There is as yet no important movement to invest in tax-free bonds. The fact that such bonds are outstanding is not likely to cut any perceptible figure in income-tax returns.

That Bad Tax

SECRETARY McADOO said it all very neatly, as follows: "By a war-profits tax we mean a tax upon profits in excess of those realized before the war. By an excess-profits tax we mean a tax upon profits in excess of a given return upon capital. . . . A war-profits tax finds its sanction in the conviction of all patriotic men, of whatever economic or political school, that no one should profit largely by the war. The excess-profits tax must rest upon the wholly indefensible notion that it is a function of taxation to bring all profits down to one level with relation to the amount of capital invested, and to deprive industry, foresight and sagacity of their fruits."

This wholly indefensible notion that what any business concern may legitimately earn is measured by the amount of money actually invested in it—ignoring ability, invention, goodwill and all imponderable factors—will probably be retained in the new revenue bill. But as soon as taxation can be discussed ex-war it will be removed, because it is wholly indefensible in equity.

The Federal Trade Commission cites many concerns whose profits in 1917 were much greater than in 1916—war profits, which Congress refused to tax because it thought it could get more money by an indefensible tax. It proposes now to retain the indefensible tax, add to it a war-profits tax, and then provide that every concern shall be taxed under whichever of the two clauses will yield the most revenue. No scheme whose sole object is to raise the greatest amount of money in the readiest way without regard to equities is a good scheme.

AT A NAVAL BASE

By Samuel G. Blythe

WHEN one is with the Navy one should do as the Navy does, which at times is difficult for the landlubber but always worthy of endeavor. To that excellent end and in order that the series of articles it is my hope to write concerning the activities and accomplishments of the American Navy in this present war, and especially in foreign waters, shall have the veritable salt-water tang, I desire to start in a thoroughly naval, not to say nautical, manner with a report.

Everybody in the Navy reports to everybody else; not alone in our Navy but in all navies that have come under my observation. Somewhere in the Navy Department in Washington, and somewhere in the Admiralty in London, for concrete instances, there are vast havens of reports, great asylums where reports rest in countless heaps, all initialed, referred, indented, briefed, expanded, countersigned, indorsed, approved or disapproved.

Wherefore, not to be outdone, I have the honor to submit the following report concerning an incident that has thus far escaped official record, and subject, to be sure, to the usual restrictions as to giving information to the enemy:

BASE NO. ——

On July ——, while cruising on the U. S. S. —— in search of information, I came suddenly upon a large flotilla of apple pies, latitude —— and longitude ——. Having seen nothing of the kind for some months and not knowing that there were any apple pies operating in that vicinity, I was taken completely by surprise, but at once cleared for action and attacked furiously. I boarded the bakeshop, disposed of the baker by a strategical maneuver, and have the honor to report that in a few moments there was great devastation, and victory seemed within my teeth. However, the second baker, alarmed at the terrific onslaught, and observing his dessert for the day in danger of total extermination, rushed to the bridge and signaled the commanding officer, who soon appeared on the scene of carnage.

The conflict raged with such intensity that the approach of the commanding officer was not noticed until he sent up a recognition signal and offered to treat for peace. Whereupon a conference was held on the quarter-deck, and an honorable peace arranged on the basis of an indemnity of two dishes of chocolate ice cream for dinner that night for the intrepid attacker, and an invitation to luncheon each day when there was to be apple pie. Casualties: Attacker, none; apple pies, heavy.

The amazing feature of this historic encounter was that the officers and men of the U. S. S. —— could not see what there was about a flotilla of apple pies that occasioned such a voracious attack. Apple pies were and are of such common occurrence in the United States Navy as to occasion no remark—good apple pies, juicy apple pies, with plenty of butter and sugar and spice in them, with the crusts made of real American white flour and with real American lard, and baked to that glorious golden-brown color that I intend to write a poem about some day when I have time. Why, they have apple pies often! Think of that! And they have sugar to put in, and butter, and the crusts are made of white flour! All in the day's rations.

Now I do not suppose it will seem so epochal at home, but let me tell you, good people of America, that over here in the British Isles, where I am writing this, an apple pie, to an American, is of more consequence than a gift of great price. No wonder the King went down to the Eagle Hut in London, a time ago, and had some. He had some flapjacks and sirup also; and many of his subjects envied him. No need for any American sailor to do that, though, for it is my opinion, after a various experience of the rationing over here, and what I know of it at home, that there are no men in the world at the present time living so well as the men in the American Navy, except possibly the men in the American Army.

It may seem odd that this fact is set forth enthusiastically, but it isn't. In a civilian sense one can get plenty to eat in England, but there is strict rationing on various commodities, such as sugar, butter, meat and flour. The food is good enough, but it lacks variety. And when one has had a few weeks of it or a few months of it a really good dinner is an event to talk about.

The All-Absorbing Topic

INDEED, food is talked about more than any other subject for general conversation; not in a complaining manner, for the British are good sportsmen and take their restrictions with excellent grace, but in sort of a do-you-remember manner, a pre-war spirit, a recollection of the lush days before this thing began.

You meet some people, talk with them—and what do you talk about? A thirty-minute conversation may be divided thus: War, five minutes; shortage of jam, ten minutes; meat cards, five minutes; luck in getting a joint for roasting, four minutes; sugar, tea, butter, three minutes; weather, three minutes. It isn't that the British are not fed, for the rationing of this country is one of the marvels of the war and the American part in it an outstanding feature, but that the ordinary Englishman was a sturdy trencherman before the war, and that naturally he thinks of the pleasures of table that once were his and are now no more, and talks about them for the mere joy of the recollection.

However, this is a digression. What I have in mind to say is that though there are destroyers and submarines and supply ships and all sorts of war craft at this naval base I visited, and large numbers of American sailors, and a great organization, and an effective coördination with the British; and that the sight of it and the sense of it and the exaltation of it are such as to make an American prouder than ever that he is an American; and that the American Navy here and elsewhere is doing its share efficiently, modestly, victoriously and bravely, in protecting our convoys and in ridding the seas of the German submarine—not the least important part of it is the fact that these fighting men are fed so well. You can't make me think that an American lad in a bluejacket's uniform isn't a better fighting man, a better sailor, when he gets apple pie for dinner, and ice cream and so on, than he would be if he were living on corned beef and ship's biscuits. Feed the bullies and they will fight, and you may believe that we feed them.

There are now some five hundred thousand men in our Navy, and a good many more than most people imagine of that half million are in foreign waters, on American naval ships of various sorts and at various bases—men who are going down in submarines, going up in naval hydroplanes and other aircraft, going out to sea in destroyers and in other sub-chasing craft, laying mines, sweeping mines; engaged in all the numerous and complicated and hazardous processes involved in the Navy's participation in the war. The folks at home may be satisfied of one thing: They are well fed. There never was a heartier, huskier, more healthy or better-nourished outfit in this universe.

It was not long after the Fourth of July that I arrived at the particular base that I shall deal with in this article, and my first sight of it was an inspiring one. The sun was shining brightly, and the water was ruffled into little waves by the breeze. The hills surrounding the harbor were green and beautiful, but the great and uplifting feature of it all was the American flag. All out and across the harbor and up and down its length were ships—great ships, small ships, all sorts of ships. And from the peaks of many of them the flag flew—our flag, standing out gallantly. Long lean destroyers, stripped down to the essentials, swung at the buoys or moved out toward the open sea. Great ocean-going tugs puffed about. Launches hooting their whistles and clanging their bells dashed here and there. Colliers showed grim and dirty against the blue of the water. Supply ships bulked into the picture, and an infinity of craft scooting and tooting made the scene as active as it was interesting. Outside were waters where the German submarine had taken heavy toll of Allied lives and Allied shipping. Not many miles away was a favorite lurking

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LAST DAYS OF THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY

By Princess Cantacuzène
Countess Spéransky, née Grant

AFTER the Emperor took personal command of the army he made only flying trips to Tzarskoe, and his ministers wasted much time going back and forth to the staff. Some of them made reports to the Empress at Tzarskoe, but these were irregular, and seemingly rare and nonofficial. They became more frequent, however, as time passed and more of the Occult party received portfolios. The Emperor went often on tours of inspection to the Front, and was several times under fire, showing a perfect courage and calm. He was now with his troops as he had wished to be since long, and was satisfied himself, though his suite were in constant anxiety. The Empress went occasionally to the staff, always accompanied by Madame Wiroboff; and the heir to the throne, a fragile boy, lived there with his father.

Most people who knew anything of what was happening deeply regretted an arrangement that took the sovereign so much away from his government. At home there was continuous trouble politically, for which the slight improvement in the fortunes of the armies was scarcely consolation. In the early autumn some of the ammunition ordered by Polivanoff began to arrive at the Front, and people were vastly grateful for relief even in this direction. Gorymékin, on the other hand, advised the closing of the Duma, which he considered was showing arrogance in protesting against various retrograde acts of the government. He was against the desires of the liberal elements in the cabinet, which latter thought it was the moment when, for the Emperor's strength and the stability of the dynasty as well as the general good of the country, the sovereign must stretch out his hand to parliament and offer as a gift measures that might otherwise later be forced from the crown.

The Summer Garden of the Imperial Winter Palace, Petrograd

The Prime Minister, though devoted and dignified, was of another generation, and thought our empire could be strong only on the old lines of pure autocracy. The mere existence of the Duma disturbed him vastly. There was a prolonged struggle between the two groups in the cabinet, and relations were very strained among its members. Late in September, or in October early, the Duma was closed by imperial edict. This measure caused violent irritation everywhere, and was again attributed to Occult influences. At this time the men who composed the ministry were of unimpeachable honesty of purpose and devotion to the crown; and the basis of their difficulty was only as to which method would obtain the most quickly the results desired—winning the war and strengthening the Emperor's hold upon his people.

Reactionary Policies

GORYMÉKIN was for a strong autocratic rule, and he felt all concessions to a liberal policy would show weakness; also, that one such must lead to another. The school of thought preaching that the Emperor must join with the parliament, keeping the old promises made ten years ago, and that he would only gain force by such actions, was represented by a most able group of men—Polivanoff, in the War Ministry; Sazonoff, in Foreign Affairs; Bark, in Finances; and Krivaschène, in Agriculture, as their head. The reputation of each one of these was of experience as a specialist of his subject, and all were young, enthusiastic and strong. Krivaschène, the leader of the movement, was especially admired and believed in, as in collaboration with Stolypin his agrarian reforms had been successful and far-reaching. Optimists regarded him as the Prime Minister of the future if his ideas prevailed in the present. The rest of the cabinet was insignificant as compared with these men, and little doubt was felt for a time of their capacity to persuade the Emperor to their opinions. But Gorymékin had an influence to back him which was of more weight than all others in swaying the Emperor's judgment. The Empress was his supporter; and Krivaschène's group after a short struggle was entirely defeated. Krivaschène himself immediately resigned and, though the Emperor asked him to reconsider this step, after ten days' wait he resigned again and definitely. The others of his persuasion remained in the cabinet, feeling it to be a patriotic duty on account of the war, but they well knew their road from then on would be a difficult one.

This was the second marked triumph of the reactionary party, and the Occult influences were indeed at work. All the liberals prepared for the struggle to come, feeling they must carry it on with a hidden enemy undermining their reputations and putting their best efforts in a light that would appear disadvantageous. Krivaschène was somewhat criticized for deserting his party in such a moment, while on the contrary some of his admirers thought his act the only course open to him, since he felt he harmed the good cause he wished to serve by remaining. It was repeated he had said the mere fact that he suggested or approved a measure made a reason why in the eyes of the retrogrades it should be voted down. Someone suggested he had resigned because he lacked confidence in himself.

"Oh, no!" answered one of his colleagues. "Krivaschène's bravery is unassailable, and he never lacks confidence in himself. He does, like many others, though, lack confidence in the situation at present!"

A Private Audience

I THINK this was true; and Krivaschène though hurt showed great dignity at this period while gossip was rife. He made no complaints but went at once to the Front, as head of one of the army Red Cross organizations, where he did excellent work. Probably by disappearing from public life he hoped to attract the Emperor's attention to the fact that in his mind it was the turning point in our policy beyond which no patriotically inclined public man could consent to following the retrograde program. Events proved his judgment was right about this, though not about the imperial capacity to recognize the signs of the times. In the division of the cabinet which caused his resignation the government took the turn in the road that led to disaster.

I spent the early autumn in the country, returning to Petrograd for November and December to see to the Christmas things, which must be prepared and forwarded by our women's regimental committee, for the Cuirassiers, who were then on the Polish Front. They had had a most active autumn, since the cavalry had been doing heavy work protecting the retreat, which continued, though more slowly and with less difficulty since the army was receiving some provisions. Mike joined me for a few days at the capital, on military business, and he asked then for an audience with His Majesty, who chanced to be at Tzarskoe for a time. It was the first he had seen of the sovereign since taking over the command of His Majesty's own Cuirassiers, and as he had been for so long aid-de-camp to the old chief and was known to be devoted to the latter and to have received his present command from him, Mike felt the interview with the new commander-in-chief might prove a somewhat trying experience.

The Royal Monogram on the Gates of the Palace in Which the Czar and His Family Were Prisoners, Was Always Hidden by the Red Flag, the Revolutionary Emblem

Far from this being the case the sovereign received him with quite especial kindness, going back to their talk at the hospital, more than a year before, and telling Mike how pleased he was to know his Cuirassiers were in such excellent hands, and so on. Then His Majesty asked various details as to the work the regiment was doing. He granted immediately the requests Mike made for things required to help the regimental efficiency, and gave an order among others that two motors should be

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REPUBLIC TIRES

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delivered to the regiment from him, one for trucking and one for the commander's use.

After a lengthy conversation, when Mike saluted, the Emperor shook hands with him, and with good wishes for his and the regiment's luck said good-by most graciously. As my husband reached the door and opened it His Majesty suddenly called him back. Mike came and stood in front of him, awaiting orders.

"Don't you think you are very young to be in command of such an important unit as my Cuirassiers?" he said.

Mike answered "I don't know, Your Majesty. It is for you to judge," thinking it possible there was a change coming to him. He was only a colonel, yet occupied the place of a brigadier general.

"I think you are much too young, and of rank too low," continued the Emperor. "We must mend matters at once, so I name you major general, and congratulate you upon belonging to my suite!"

Mike was quite stunned by the two honors coming at once, and just when he thought he might be less favored than others because of his past career; but the sovereign perhaps wished, on the contrary, to draw about himself some of the old Grand Duke's followers, or perhaps he remembered the story of Kauschen's capture and Mike's wound, and gave him credit for his record there, and the hard fighting he had been in again in the last five months.

When the Emperor chose to exert it he had immense charm of eyes and voice and smile; and early in this time of his command at the staff the stories of his interest, kindness and intelligent understanding in the handling of the people who came into contact with him were very sympathetic and created a certain personal popularity which lasted until he fell entirely under the influence of the Occult group. Then he became so inert, distracted and vague that color seemed given, by his behavior and changed looks, to the rumor that he was being drugged by Madame Wiroboff's agents near him.

Stürmer's Rise

EVEN from the autumn of 1915, however, he was greatly separated from his cabinet by the military duties he had undertaken and the distance to the staff, now transferred to Moghileff by the German capture of Baranovitch, and I never saw any of the ministers without hearing regret expressed at the Emperor's absence from the center of government, especially as the struggle went on and became more violent in the political world. Hvostoff's short term at the Ministry of the Interior, with its shameful record, dragged the car of state farther into the mud. Gorymékin finally left, because it became a necessity to recall the Duma he had dissolved, and he found his cabinet grown entirely unmanageable. The poor old gentleman could not change his views, though his devotion to the crown was above all question, and he suffered greatly. In February the Duma was reopened, and the Emperor, inspired with a sudden wish to make a demonstration toward his people's representatives, quite unexpectedly appeared at the commencement, coming from the staff, and for the only time showing himself in the house of parliament. He was vastly acclaimed. Stürmer, who was an unknown quantity, had just been named Prime Minister and given the portfolio of the Interior as well, replacing at once both Gorymékin and Hvostoff. It was hoped at first this meant a desire on the part of His Majesty to meet the people halfway, and it was said Stürmer was of moderate views; but soon it became known that he was the nominee of the Empress, and he was immediately a weak instrument in the hands of the Occults. He was very ambitious of riches and social position and pomp; and he enjoyed extremely the prestige connected with his situation. He had no policies whatever and was as wax in the hands of the conspirators, who had placed him so high knowing this would be the case.

From our quiet hearth on the country estates, where I spent the late months of the winter, I was only in touch with events by the newspapers and such correspondents as I had in the capital. Their letters were full of frank anxiety, and I knew they felt things were not going well. The beginning of March I returned to town, to find the tension was very great. Everyone seemed to feel that things were going badly, though on the surface all was smooth. The struggle for power by the Empress' group as against the liberals was at an acute stage. Her Majesty's influence with the sovereign was immense, and she threw it all into the scales in favor of the ministers who were with the Occults. Stürmer was admittedly her man, and trouble was brewing everywhere. Many strikes in the munition factories, fearful rising in the prices of food and necessities, great difficulties and misunderstanding between classes, poisoned the capital's mentality.

One of the Greatest Parades in Modern History Passed in Triumph Up Nevskii Prospekt After the Word Had Spread That Russia Was Free

The liberal elements still had Sazonoff in Foreign Affairs, doing good work; and Bark that spring had put the new income tax through both houses of parliament. These two, with Pokrowsky as Controller of the Empire, were almost the only ones left of the better element in the cabinet; though Trépoff as Minister of Transportation was very energetic, and honestly struggling, with some success, to bring order out of chaos on the railroads and to feed the army, as well as carry the ammunition which Polivanoff's care had at last brought forward in large supplies.

These were the conditions I found, and when, in May, Viviani and Thomas came on a visit of negotiation from our French Allies, and to gather impressions, they saw how the country and the government were laboring against great odds, to fight the war. There was much entertaining round these two distinguished Frenchmen; and I was greatly interested to meet them at a few of the political dinners. After their departure Kitchener was to arrive; but to England's loss and ours that great minister was drowned on the trip over, together with O'Beirne, the eminent diplomat, who was Russia's true friend, after a residence among us for seventeen years. He spoke our language and knew the country well, and was deeply regretted by all our well-intentioned ministers, as well as by his many friends.

Then we in turn sent abroad the delegation from our parliaments. Protopopoff was a member of this, and it was the report he made to the Emperor on returning from his voyage that was the beginning of his meteorlike career. Pokrowsky also made his trip to the economic conference in Paris, and returned with his reputation greatly added to. Bark's able negotiations during his hurried tour to London and Paris—in June and July—made him stronger than ever on his return. All efforts on the part of the Occult group to dislodge this capable minister miscarried. Someone said Bark did not resist his enemies, he simply ignored them. To the end of the sad chapter of the reign of Nicholas II this self-made, liberal-minded patriot remained a servitor to Emperor and country, saving the finances from the wreck that overcame nearly every other department, and fighting with energy and bravery a losing battle in the cabinet against the invasion of the dark forces that caused the downfall of the Romanoff dynasty.

During the absence of Pokrowsky and Bark, Sazonoff suddenly one morning read in the newspaper a rescript of thanks and dismissal, putting him out of the cabinet! Stürmer replaced him, to everyone's amazement, as he had no experience or preparation for such a post. This should not have seemed so astonishing to us, as for his other places he had had no preparation either, but his nomination was a great blow to well-disposed subjects of the Emperor, and when it was followed by the nomination of Protopopoff to the Ministry of the Interior, left vacant by Stürmer's move to the Foreign Office, there was a loud cry of indignation. Stürmer did not know his successor; but they were both placed by the same protection and within a few weeks had joined hands.

Occult Influences

DURING the summer and early autumn Raeff's nomination to the Holy Synod and Rein's to that of the Ministry of Public Health—created to make a place for him—were declarations by the Rasputinites of their intention to reduce the opposition to them to a minimum in the cabinet meetings, so that they could crush it. Trépoff, Bark, Pokrowsky and Count Ignatieff, Minister of Education, were the only right-minded ministers now left, and all the efforts of the Occult group were directed toward dislodging these, especially Bark, whom the Occult party wished to replace by a friend of Stürmer's, so that the government's millions could be used for the conspirators' necessities.

This intrigue never succeeded, and up to the moment of the revolution their lack of money was a constant thorn in the side of Madame Wiroboff's friends. The Minister of War, Polivanoff, was dismissed; Belaeff, who owed his career to Soukhomlinoff's protection, was put in his place.

These were the men who were to face the Duma at its opening on the first of November. Two or three days before, there was a great dinner given by the Prime Minister in his Foreign Office palace. It was the old man's last day of triumph, as things turned out; and one realized from his agitated attitude how greatly he feared the ordeal of parliament's opening session. He was nursing a foot which hurt him, while his wife talked constantly of the fatigue from overwork which caused his suffering, and of her deep anxiety for his health. Everyone said she was paving the way for his nonappearance at the inauguration of parliament, and it was rumored that fearful attacks would be made upon him, and all the government's policy, by indignant members of the Duma. I was disagreeably impressed at dinner by the way our Allies' ambassadors treated our Premier and Foreign Minister—with ill-disguised disdain. The groups which after dinner wandered off to discuss

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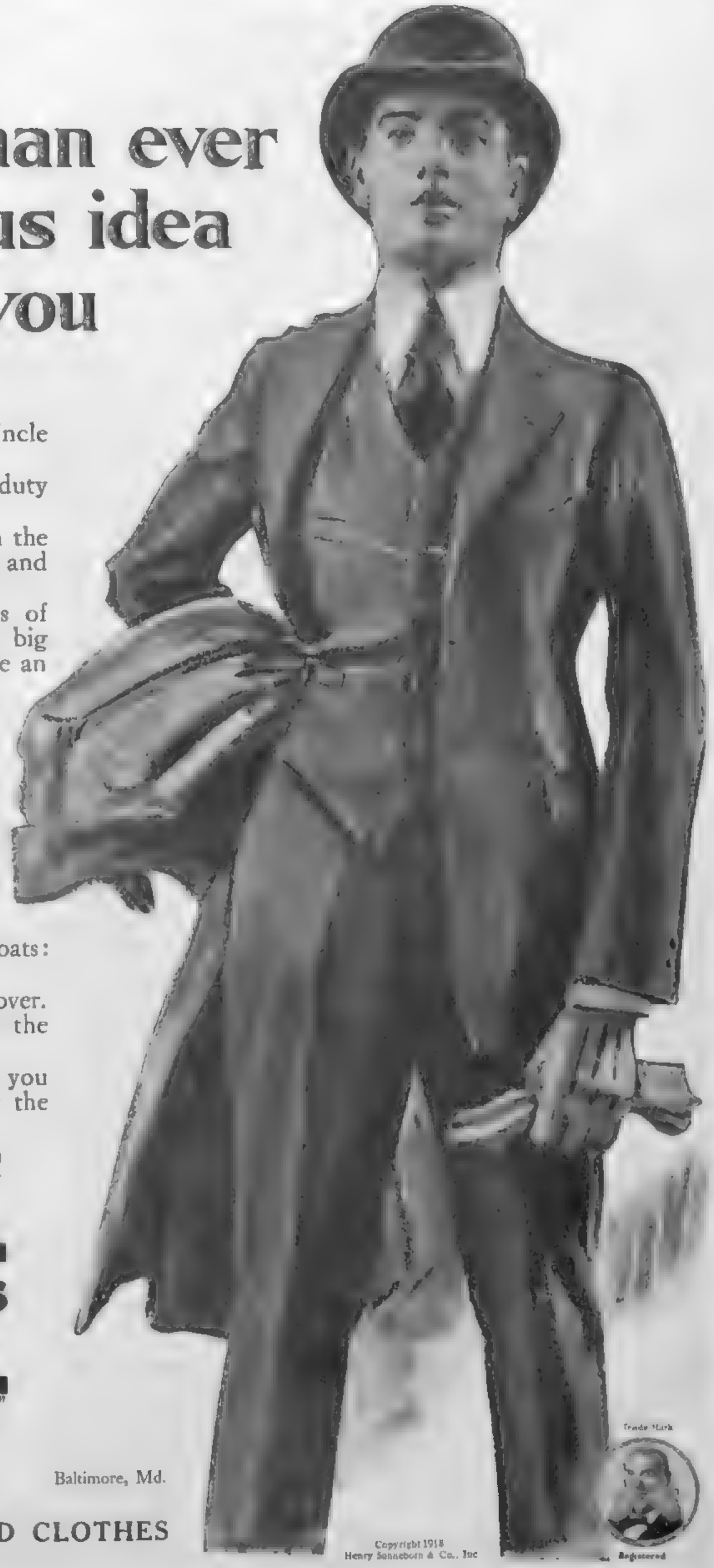

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things, whispering in out-of-the-way corners, gave one a creepy impression of danger and mistrust in the air. Everyone seemed anxious, without obvious reason.

The composition of the dinner which was given for Count Motono, the Japanese Ambassador, was curious, and though I was greatly interested to see and meet those present I felt uncomfortable to be among them. First, there was the guest of honor, whom I had met in those same great halls when he made his début in Russia years ago, coming to represent his country and face a difficult situation, just after the Portsmouth peace. He had successfully worked for Japan's interests through ten years, establishing such relations that now, instead of the enemies and hatred he had found, he was leaving with a feeling of good will established, and a strong personal position. He had signed a treaty just recently with Sazonoff, which was almost the last official deed of the latter. Count Motono, as the recompense for his long and brilliant service, was going home in triumph, to take the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in his own country. The French Ambassador and the British, each very representative of his race, were there. They have now become historical figures: Paléologue, short, stout, dark and active, with quick repartee and clever face; Buchanan, tall, thin, cold and slow of movement, duly decided and unchangeable of opinions. The American Ambassador, a débutant in diplomacy and much interested in studying his surroundings, was also present. He had a fine physique, was capable, calm and of amiable demeanor. These were the only foreigners.

Bark, the Finance Minister

Nearly all the ministers of our government were of the party, and I found them absorbing. Some, like Count Bobrinsky, I had known for years, and had often met socially. Others I saw for the first time that night. Protopopoff was seated almost opposite to me at table, and I had an excellent opportunity to study him. Tall, slender, of some elegance of carriage and dress, there was, however, at times a sudden shambling of the head and shoulders that suggested the possibility of collapse and degeneracy, and made me remember he was supposed to be a victim of fits. Iron-gray hair, worn parted, and very thick and smooth; unhealthy yellowish skin; rather good features he had, and large brilliant eyes; but the latter never looked straight at anyone and roved constantly. His hands also were restless, and made aimless movements as he talked and ate. With so much to make him good-looking, Protopopoff gave the impression of lacking strength and dignity, and after watching him a little one felt repelled, as if by something abnormal and unreliable. His agitation was so great that I caught myself wishing dinner would end and his fidgety presence be removed from my line of vision. Rarely have I seen any person so unattractive, and all the tales one heard of his dishonesty, treachery and cowardliness seemed quite credible after watching him through an hour.

In sharp contrast, next but one to him sat Bark—rather short and stocky, with broad shoulders, squarely well-poised head, somewhat bald, the well-domed forehead a marked feature. This, with a quiet serenity of the eyes, which were intelligent and humorous and looked straight at one, and the strength of nose and jaw inspired confidence. Hard work of late, and strain of nerves, had told on him somewhat; and there were lines in the face which marked anxiety. The hands moved only when it was necessary, and then with precision and power, and were large but well shaped. All he said or did was to the point. In his face and manner one read his capability and the qualities that caused him to occupy so high a place, and keep it, with the sovereign's confidence, in the face of all attacks.

A little farther on sat the rival Stürmer had chosen to replace Bark, and who had not yet given up hope. He was eating little, talking with great brilliancy. A sharp, mean, unscrupulous face, but immensely intelligent, offering no promise of security, however, to an emperor or a country whose treasures should be put into his hands. Then there was Count Bobrinsky, descendant of the great Catherine—the brilliant dilettante Minister of Agriculture who said to me that evening with comic despair: "I don't know why Sturmer named me. Probably he could not think of anyone who would accept such a dreadful place. You can't imagine what it means now to be in the cabinet, and if I am not dismissed soon I shall resign and go back to my collections."

Count Bobrinsky had been for years director and curator of the imperial archæological researches and collections, and he was a most cultivated specialist in this line. Possibly Stürmer, knowing Bobrinsky had to do with the earth, did not realize the difference in his diggings and the plowing pertaining to agriculture, when he offered him Krivaschene's portfolio. Old Countess Kleinmichel, an intimate friend of Stürmer's; Madame Narishkine, grand mistress of the Empress' court, "sent with Her Majesty's blessing to the feast," as someone naughtily remarked; and I, were the only women except the wives of the cabinet ministers.

The host deserves special mention, for the prominence he had achieved was phenomenal. He was swollen with the pride that goes before a fall, was tall and of fine figure, in spite of his seventy years. He had white hair and beard, and might have been a striking figure at the head of a government were it not that his face carried no conviction. The eyes were sly and shifting, and the whole expression lacked dignity; and a somewhat overflattering manner in conversation marked his insincerity. It was said of Stürmer's cometlike appearance in politics that his was "not a career but an adventure." Up to his nomination in January, 1916, as Prime Minister, he had never been well known, and all his work had been in the provinces, and utterly insignificant. Suddenly called to handle an unruly cabinet and parliament in a time of great tension, and to take over incidentally the administration of the Interior Ministry of the country—which had been a department going wrong for a long time—this old man was entirely at sea. He was no judge of men or of affairs, and had no knowledge of the special subject of which he had to treat; also he had neither tact nor instinct. He himself never showed the least surprise at being called to his post, and he accepted the honors and benefits of his position with a childish delight in them that was really amusing.

Arrogant Incompetence

There were innumerable stories going the rounds, of his naive ways and sayings, and the unexpected point of view he took. His palaces—he occupied and furnished three at the expense of the government in six months—were as much a pride to him as his sonorous title; and when he made quite unofficial calls, instead of being announced by his name simply he always insisted on the butler's saying: "His Excellency, the President of the Council of Ministers." The joy he took in telling how the sovereign had chosen him in the time of difficulty to occupy "two places at once" was innocent enough; but in politics and in action he was dramatically insufficient.

Immediately he was in the hands of the Occult party, became a friend of Rasputin's, and conducted himself in such manner as to be accused of having treacherous relations with Germany. A few days before this very dinner his wife told me that of course the only thing to do was to make peace, as all the country needed it and wanted it; and everyone was so tired of the war. She was very surprised at my holding a different opinion and expressing it; and my indicating that I thought her point of view remarkable, considering her husband's position especially, seemed to strike her as very strange indeed. She also complained bitterly of the frightful strain to her "poor husband," who filled so many posts!

I don't know whether her conversation reflected Stürmer's ideas at that time or not, but at any rate it was generally said he wished for and was working for a separate peace with Germany. His helplessness in presiding over the cabinet meetings never struck him, though it was a subject of current talk. He had never had a possibility of comparison, but never did the cabinet meet so often as under his régime. Whenever a minister came to him with a report or to speak of a measure he wished to introduce Stürmer immediately called a "meeting," fearing to give an order or opinion or make a decision on his own responsibility. When the members of the government were assembled he sat back, vague and silent unless he had been schooled beforehand by the man who had originally come to him; and he let the other ministers fight out the question, discuss ways and means and traverse all difficulties, without himself taking any part. At the beginning of his career in his own Ministry of the Interior he did nothing; and the chaos went from bad to worse. He never understood and could not counteract the acute conditions that were beginning to be felt all over the country. He vaguely suspected that things were going wrong; and anxious to avoid the annoyance involved he begged to have his portfolio changed to that of Foreign Affairs, saying that "for foreign relations one need have no technical experience if one has large ideas and a political program."

In the Foreign Office he found an able staff, formed and trained by Sazonoff, and this somewhat upheld his own lack of ability. He had a bad time of it, and was constantly suffering defeats at the hands of ambassadors and representatives with whom he had discussions. The failures he was far from realizing. Anecdotes multiplied, and would have been very amusing if they had not put the country in such a tragic light. The scarcely veiled contempt of foreign diplomats, and the placid, arrogant satisfaction shown by Stürmer, were marked features of the group in which he moved. As one compared the atmosphere of his entertainment with those given in the same palace previously one saw the decay of the government during the past months, and one trembled to think what suffering there might yet be in store for us.

Stürmer's Fall

Three days later, November 1, 1916, old style, the Duma opened. Up to the last moment a feeling of uncertainty as to whether it really would open at all reigned in St. Petersburg. It was said the Stürmer-Protopopoff group were very frightened at the idea of facing the nation's deputies, and that they hoped to prevent parliament's opening. On the other hand, I heard that the liberal-minded members of the government—as also society, the provinces and the army—were all hoping that the Duma's criticism would open the sovereign's eyes to public opinion, and persuade him to overthrow the bad influences at work about him once and for all.

I was going to the opening with, if possible, more interest than to that other opening, a year and four months before. But of how different a quality it was! My friends in the ministry were looking so preoccupied, and such hideous rumors were afloat of dishonesty, both political and financial, of treachery and disloyalty, that there seemed little hope left of saving the government as it was. The night before the opening it was suddenly officially announced that the Prime Minister and cabinet would not make the usual series of speeches at the inauguration of parliament, but after Rodzanko's speech they would leave the lower house and go on to the Council of the Empire, or upper house; and the two ceremonies, which usually occurred at several hours' interval, were fixed for three o'clock at the Duma and four o'clock at the Council; and there is nearly a half hour's drive between the Tauride Palace and the Marie Palace!

To make matters worse, the ambassadors were invited to one and the other; and by special message from the Prime Minister were asked not to miss the later function. It was said the change of hours in the program was made because Stürmer's foot was still very painful to him and he could not stand the strain of such long functions; but neither the foreigners nor any of the others were the least taken in, and everyone realized that Stürmer and company knew what they deserved, and would get, and that they lacked the necessary courage to face the attacks of the deputies, and took refuge in escape from answering for the acts they had on their consciences.

I ended by being so worried as to what might happen that I decided not to go at all. It seemed better to wait at home for news, which several friends had promised to bring me.

The next day it was about six o'clock before anyone appeared at my tea table. Then came a diplomat or two, who had hardly realized the importance of what they had seen and heard at the Duma. They had not yet received the full reports of the understudies they had left in their places when they went themselves from the lower to the upper house. Later, one of our cabinet ministers came in, and though I had never known him to show nervousness I saw that for once his calm smile cost an effort. He was very silent, but admitted he thought the afternoon's performance had not left a good impression of the government. He, also, had not yet heard the reports of the session at the Duma after the cabinet had left, but he told me the departure of the ministers had been painful enough in itself. From him as much as this meant a grave experience, and I was not surprised to learn later that as Stürmer rose to go he had been hissed, and had retired from the hall with cries of "Down!" and "Away!" and "Traitor!" following him. There had been a most violent and open attack on Sturmer as head of the Imperial Government by the able deputy of the "cadet" party—right—Miliukoff; with humiliating accusations as to correspondences with Germany and workings for a separate peace; and extracts had been cited from a German newspaper of repute, in which an editorial spoke openly of our Russian Prime Minister as "our man," and the "*Deutschgemeinte Kaiserin*"—German-intentioned Empress—who had put Stürmer in power to help her fatherland.

Also, there had been scarcely veiled allusions to Her Majesty's part in politics; her protection of Soukhomlinoff from pursuit and punishment; not at all veiled criticisms of Rasputin, Rein, Raeff and Protopopoff, and statements of all the villainous machinations in their favor by the group of palace conspirators, Madame Wiroboff, General Woyeikoff and their followers.

That evening where we dined everyone talked at once; everyone was vastly excited; and everyone made predictions; and the most frightful pessimism reigned as—before, during and after dinner—a number of intensely patriotic friends of our hostess dropped in to tell what they had heard at the parliament or about parliament in town. Each person expressed it differently, but all put into words the one opinion that after this day's proceedings there were but two courses open to the Emperor: Either he must declare the Duma closed, and punish Miliukoff for his conduct; or he must have the accusations investigated, and if found true shut his wife up in a convent as a criminal or in some villa at a safe distance as insane; throw the impostors she protected into prison; clean up the administration with the help of parliament; and reorganize all the country to prosecute the war with vigor and honesty; helping the suffering army with all the resources of his empire.

Court Scandal

I have never understood how it could be so, but really nothing happened at all in the line of these prophecies. I do not know whether the Emperor was ever given a true account of Miliukoff's and other speeches at that opening session. Things often were so kept from his knowledge that he may have heard only what the people surrounding him wished. At any rate, nothing was changed at the moment. The Duma remained open, continued applauding seditious harangues about the government and court. Stürmer remained a week or so Prime Minister, with all the conspirators still in their places. The Empress and Madame Wiroboff directed their creatures more openly than ever; and the Emperor remained at the staff, so wavering and inert that the most terrible rumors were put into circulation about his incapacity for action: That the Persian doctor, whom Madame Wiroboff protected, was drugging His Majesty by degrees into imbecility, with the Empress' consent, so that finally she would be able to announce his inability to reign, put their son on the throne, and be herself the regent; that she knew of and encouraged the Emperor's taste for drink, and that Woyeikoff had orders to ply him with wine so Her Majesty could manage affairs comfortably until a separate peace should be arranged!

A thousand tales such as these floated about, and the reticence of loyal members of the court and of the few ministers still remaining who were devoted was considered to be tacit confirmation of these stories. Nothing was stranger than the truth; for in spite of vile gossip, which went uncontradicted, all elements walked their appointed pathways without change for some time; only censored newspapers—which, as one of the cabinet justly remarked, were excellent, clean wrapping paper, except where advertisements were

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"See Him Smiling"

Look at him—
look at him!
Our man—and a man he is!

With his ready grin and his twinkling eyes—irrepressible—joyous—song-lipped and dauntless—incarnate spirit of America!

And they lovingly call him "Yank."

Ah! men and women, can anything beat him?

Yes! *you* can, by failing to back him up.
—But you won't.

4th LIBERTY LOAN

Your tribute to this gallant gentleman.

OWL

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TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

General Cigar Co., Inc.
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printed—and the open talk of a probable revolution in the near future, which went the rounds, kept us at fever heat.

The imperial family felt greatly disturbed; and the trips various Grand Dukes made to the staff in hope of awakening the sovereign to a realization of the situation were numerous. Nicholas-Mihallovitch, Kyril-Vladimirovitch, and even the Empress-Mother; of the ministers, Trépoff, Bark, and, very noisily, Ignatieff, went, explained, begged and prophesied. Each was kindly received, graciously listened to; and each came home, hoping he had succeeded and that the tangled political knot would be at once straightened out. And time passed again, and everything remained the same.

I heard much of these journeyings from relatives of the persons who went, in several cases, and at first hand from the rest. At a luncheon at his mother's I sat next to the Grand Duke Kyril on November sixth, and he told me he had arrived in the capital from the staff but an hour before. On my saying I feared he had brought sad impressions he replied in a cheerful tone: "No, thank God! Everything will be mended shortly, and you are not to leave Petrograd, Princess, with a feeling of depression, for your winter in the Crimea. I was able to explain things to my cousin, and he understood so well he promised that Stürmer, Rein, Raeff and Protopopoff should go at once; and then that everything shall be put into the hands of energetic men, who will honestly push the war."

Kyril-Vladimirovitch spoke with sincere conviction. The Grand Duke Nicholas-Mihallovitch, who had always been the "revolutionist" of the imperial family, was not so satisfied with his reception at the staff; and he it was who, in fear for the dynasty, wrote to the Empress-Mother and persuaded her to use her influence to save the crown, while there was still time. He also saw and discussed the situation with some of the ministers and liberals in the Duma, encouraging them to do what they could. Stürmer was dismissed finally, and we almost believed that some of the promises made would come true; but as the news of this and of Trépoff's nomination to replace him reached the capital the Empress ordered out her private train and went to the staff immediately; accompanied, of course, by Madame Wiroboff.

Nerve-Racking Days

We heard the discussions there were long and very dramatic; and on her return Her Majesty told the Grand Duchess Victoria that she had been but a half hour too late to save "poor Stürmer from dismissal, as the Emperor had already signed the rescript putting him out and Trépoff in his place, but I luckily stopped all the other changes, and upset the plans of the busybodies, who from envy and lack of occupation want to tear to pieces all the fabric of traditional autocracy in Russia, and throw the power of the throne to a lot of howling and disloyal liberals."

The Grand Duchess protested, saying it was not at present a desire for liberalism, but on the contrary anxiety for the welfare of Their Majesties and the country, which moved people nowadays; and that all of society and the nobility felt greatly disturbed; that she, Victoria, knew it from many of her friends, whom she could trust to be truthful. Whereupon Her Majesty displayed anger, and said if one listened to a lot of silly women, who gossip about in society, one necessarily heard nonsense; and that she was better informed by her friends, who were of a different class and set, and who knew that the country had never been more satisfied or had more confidence in the government. These people took no part in the noise a few hotheads were trying to stir up to give themselves prominence.

All the population of Petrograd grew nervous. Officers told us a tremendous revolutionary propaganda was secretly being made among the recruits and reservists who were coming into barracks, and they were not able to discover who the agents were or to prevent their action. It leaked out also that Protopopoff, with Sturmer's consent and help, had tried to obtain 10,000,000 rubles from the funds destined to war uses, to expend without rendering account of it, that he had not succeeded in this because of the timely and energetic diplomacy of some of his colleagues, but being voted down and discomfited by them at a cabinet meeting, he had returned to the charge with a signed order from the sovereign, that 5,000,000 rubles was to be paid him unconditionally from the fund of which His Majesty disposed without government control.

This money was given over to him, and was supposedly used for arming the secret police whom Protopopoff was adding to. It was said he wished to provoke a revolution, so he could stamp it out and rise on a pinnacle of glory as the savior of autocracy; to be properly recompensed of course afterward; and thus there would be an excuse for any retrograde measures the government might wish to inaugurate.

Trépoff, at the staff, threatened to hand in his resignation at once, which would be followed by many others, if Protopopoff was not removed, as no decent man could serve with such a knave. He came back believing—as had Kyril-Vladimirovitch—that all would be as he wished shortly; but from his family I heard he had found the Emperor strangely absorbed, vague and detached; while from various other sources came the same strange report that he showed no power of will, and seemed to agree with the last person who talked with him, consenting to everything that was asked of him. It seemed quite uncanny; and certainly all the political life, at a time when so much energy was called for, seemed to stagnate. I had asked for an audience of the Empress before leaving for the Crimea, and was surprised to be "commanded" to go to her at five on a certain day, with my husband, because old Madame Narishkine had told me Her Majesty was not receiving except on business; and my request was made purely from a desire to show loyalty.

An Audience With the Czarina

I found that we were to go in together—my husband and I—to the imperial sitting room at Tzarskoe; and there was but one lady-in-waiting, who received us in a short walking costume and conducted us immediately to Her Majesty's door without undue ceremony. Her Majesty as we entered was standing, and was dressed in her costume of Sister of Mercy—all black, with the white collar and cuffs, and headkerchief. She had grown very thin in the six months since I last saw her; and her face having lost flesh, together with the simplicity of the costume, augmented her beauty vastly. She looked worn and sad, though, and very severe except when she smiled; then she was briefly illuminated. She was gracious and cordial; altogether charming; and spoke with energy of the sufferings of all the countries—Belgium, France and Serbia, and our own, especially in its Polish provinces; and of the absolute necessity of going on to the end and winning the war.

She kept us sitting with her for about an hour, and embraced me upon my arrival and departure, though she knew me for no friend of Madame Wiroboff. I imagined she wished to have us feel she was not for peace or for Germany, as she spoke with touching care of the poor people all over Russia, and of how generously they were giving toward the war charities. She made no criticism of anyone, and was gentle in word and gesture; and while with her I was convinced that none of the accusations of evil intention or of pro-German work on her part were in the least truthful; but that in spite of her fine brain and nature and strong will she had, through her illness, fallen completely a prey to the conspirators about her, who had by degrees separated her from all normal and truthful influence, and persuaded her that she was the only one who could save Russia, and that the way they suggested was the only manner in which it could be done.

They also succeeded in explaining away or hiding their own guilt, and in blackening to her eyes all who were not of their party. She never saw anyone at all who was not of this group. Her nervous pains and illness, the bad health of the young Grand Duke, her son, her difficulties early in her married life in understanding Russian society and point of view, her mysticism and that of the Emperor, had all been used by Madame Wiroboff to poison her mind completely against the people who should have been about her; and this woman had played on her best qualities, and through her pride made her victim feel abandoned, except by the conspirators. They dared now to do any harm; and they ruined their patroness in their own avidity for importance and power. Though it is impossible to uphold the policy the Empress protected or to express sufficient contempt for the people with whom she surrounded herself, I am sure that while doing so much injury her intentions and ambitions remained noble; and she seemed to me always as tragic and sorrowful a figure as those in the background were criminal.

The Emperor's fête day, the sixth of December—Saint Nicholas—the sovereign came home to Tzarskoe from the staff. It was hoped and expected His Majesty would on this occasion keep all his various and positive promises and remodel the government on decent lines. Otherwise it was known Trépoff would leave the cabinet, with several colleagues, probably all those whose honesty, loyalty and patriotism were being outraged, and who consequently would not consent to stay in bad company any longer. The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, elder sister of the Empress, and widow of the Grand Duke Serge—who had been assassinated while Governor General of Moscow in the 1905 revolution—arrived from Moscow on the morning of December fifth, to spend two or three days at Tzarskoe.

While her people were unpacking the baggage of the Grand Duchess that afternoon they were amazed to receive orders to cease this, and repack with all haste, as their mistress was returning to Moscow that same night. After a stormy interview, during which she had thrown herself on her knees to the Empress, the latter had answered her with great violence, defending the intentions and devotion of Madame Wiroboff, Rasputin, and also their political program, which Her Majesty had made her own. Finally she had ordered the Grand Duchess to leave the palace, not to return under any circumstances, and the latter was going.

The sixth passed. As usual, nothing occurred, and everyone gave up all hope now of improvement. It was seen that no matter what promises the sovereign might make they could not be carried out. The Duma had been closed, with an announcement—in which no one believed—that it would be opened again in January. Everyone was talking wildly, and anxiety and indignation had reached the limit.

When I arrived in the Crimea I found at first the quiet country life delightful by comparison with the capital's mental atmosphere. But soon I discovered that all letters from the north were severely censored; and the papers were allowed to contain so little concerning politics that the very scarcity of news made one restless. It was very disquieting to learn that the Grand Duchess Xénia, the Emperor's own sister, was no better informed than I was; and that her letters, even from the Empress-Mother, and from her brother-in-law, Nicholas-Mihailovitch, were constantly tampered with by the secret police.

Rasputin's Well-Deserved Fate

This seemed to indicate that everyone was subject to suspicion by the conspirators at court; and their group must feel very strong thus to insult personages so near the Emperor himself. Quite openly everyone talked of a probable uprising and assassination, brought on by the complete surrender of the Emperor into the hands of his wife and her friends; and we opened our papers in an ever-increasing fear of the news we might find in them. The Emperor's uncle, Paul Alexandrovitch, and his brother, Michael, both went back to Petrograd from the Crimea soon after our arrival there, to be nearer the center of interest; and the poor Grand Duchess Xénia planned a trip to her city home for the holidays.

I saw much of her in these dark weeks, and she roused all my sympathy by the weight of care she bravely carried, and her anxiety for the safety of her brother and family. She fully realized the dangers ahead, yet could do nothing to save those she loved. In fact, it was her own son-in-law, young Prince Youssoupoff, who opened the dramatic action of the revolution by killing Rasputin with his own hand, at a supper party given for that purpose in his Petrograd palace.

This hideous business, planned and carried out in cold blood, made a sensation impossible to describe, all over the country. Everyone breathed with relief at Rasputin's disappearance. Some openly hoped it would lead to a series of murders, including Madame Wiroboff's, Protopopoff's, and even their august protectress, as these crimes would finally rid the nation of tyranny, they said, and save us in the cheapest manner from a bloody revolution.

Some few optimists hoped that once their "prophet" was gone the clan of evildoers might fall to pieces and the Empress' eyes be opened at last to their sins; but it was just the opposite that happened. Rasputin had never been the brains of his party, but only a mask behind which the real conspirators had hidden themselves. His sudden death turned him into a martyr, as well as a saint, in Her Majesty's eyes; and the ex-"followers" made much of his remains, which were brought with great honor to lie in the chapel of the Tzarskoe Palace, where night and day the women of his group watched and prayed by them. Then he was buried in the imperial park, and a daily visit was paid the spot by the Empress, always with Madame Wiroboff, and sometimes accompanied by her daughters.

Meantime, Protopopoff announced with great presence of mind that Rasputin's spirit had descended on himself; and he constantly and suddenly exclaimed while talking to Her Majesty that he saw Rasputin leading her; or that he saw the Christ standing behind her holding out his arms in blessing, because she had befriended, protected and honored the saintly apostle Rasputin had been. These tales were current gossip and seemed to be founded on truths, as I received them from one of the palace ladies. She was upheld in her statements by a quite different source of information—one of Protopopoff's colleagues in the government.

The Czarina's Answer

Stories of the same variety were told me also by a court gentleman, frequently near the Empress; and crazy as they would seem it became possible to believe anything when one learned day by day of the path the sovereigns trod quite openly now. The Grand Duke Paul's son—the Grand Duke Dimitry—and the Grand Duke Nicholas-Mihailovitch were implicated in the Youssoupoff plot; the latter as an adviser and abettor, the former as having actually lent a hand in the performance of killing Rasputin and getting rid of his body. Both were banished from the capital immediately, Nicholas to his estates in the provinces, and Dimitry to the Persian Front, without any of his own household to accompany him and with Count Koutaissoff, named by the Empress, as his severe guardian during the long trip.

Both departed at once, and the Grand Duke Nicholas sent in to the Emperor his resignation, left His Majesty's suite, and removed his aiguillettes and uniform once and for all. This very able and brilliant man did not reappear in the life of Petrograd till just two months later, when his sentence expired, on the eve of the revolution; and during that dangerous period he held out a helping hand to many a poor imperialist, saving the lives of many, both in and out of the government, by his influence with the revolutionists.

About this time occurred several incidents which marked the turn the Empress' resentment took at the killing of her prophet. Princess Sophie Vassiltchikoff, a woman above reproach in word or act and of great name and fortune, who in the early years of her married life by reason of her position, beauty and intelligence was much associated with and appreciated by the young Empress, took it upon herself to make an appeal to the latter, and to open her eyes to the terrible harm to herself and the country Her Majesty was bringing about by protecting and encouraging so much evil. The Princess one day wrote a letter of some length, as from woman to woman, explaining the late events and their real causes frankly; imploring the sovereign to save herself, the Emperor, the dynasty and our great country from threatening destruction, by looking at her associates and protégés without prejudice, and judging their actions and ambitions as they should be judged. This letter was dispatched directly to the Empress by a trusted messenger. It reached its destination so safely that within forty-eight hours Princess Vassiltchikoff was banished from her Petrograd home to her estates, and her husband was ordered to resign from the

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ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

(Continued from Page 28)

Council of the Empire and his various positions in the government Red Cross organizations, and to go with her.

This charming couple were received by the populace in their provincial retreat with acclamations of gratitude and admiration; and they, like the Grand Duke, lived quietly in the country till the first days of the revolution, when they promptly reappeared in their old haunts at Petrograd.

Another marked case was that of Monsieur Kauffman-Turkestansky who, as one of the most distinguished members of the Council of the Empire and a leader in national Red Cross work, had for his diplomatic talents been permanently attached as representative of all the Red Cross organizations to the person of the Emperor at the staff. His years, fine record, absolute loyalty and great ability had given him an exceptional place among the officials at headquarters and in the sovereign's esteem; and he decided after much thought that as his rank and personal situation put him above suspicion he would throw all his weight into a protest to the Emperor. The only result was that he found himself degraded from all his honors at court, dismissed from the staff and, giving his resignation, he also retired with great dignity to the country.

These two departures from their midst raised much energetic protest in the Council of the Empire, and the sovereigns were so angered that shortly, by imperial edict, ten or twelve members who were suspected of harboring "liberal" opinions were summarily dismissed from that body and replaced by protégés of the Occult party. The president of the assembly was arbitrarily deposed, and in his stead Scheglovitoff was nominated by imperial edict to the position, and every possible arrangement was made to strengthen the support the Occult party hoped to find in the upper house of parliament in case of trouble. Admittedly Scheglovitoff had great talent; but he was so unscrupulous as to have been for a long time the main brains of the Wiroboff party, and to have hoped for the place of Prime Minister if this group was successful. The Empress had wished him to take this place on Stürmer's retirement; but for once someone else had dominated the situation for a moment, and Trépoff was named before she had reached the staff; so now, by way of consolation, her candidate was given the presidency of the Council of the Empire.

A Crumbling Government

Time after time Trépoff went to the staff during his short premiership, threatened to resign, and again pleaded with the sovereign—whom he hated to abandon—for definite action. Finally he gave his resignation, as none of the conditions promised him had been fulfilled during the month he had been in office; and Prince Galitzin, elderly and entirely respectable, totally ignorant seemingly of any difficulty in his path, also ready to do anything he was told, was shoved into the seat of Premier.

Count Ignatieff, who had made a reputation for himself as a most intelligent administrator in his Department of Education, and as having introduced several successful school reforms, which roused the hopes of all those interested in our people's educational improvement, now gave his resignation, following Trépoff's, and for the same reason—that he would not work with a cabinet in which Protopopoff held a portfolio, and in which the line of action taken meant the ruin of the country. The Emperor sent for him and did his best to persuade him to remain at his side, pleading the interest of the good he could do in the cabinet and the dramatic difficulty he, the sovereign, was facing at this crisis. Ignatieff had been known to the Emperor for years and had been treated always with an amiability shown to few. The Emperor called him by name, and they were of about an age and had many memories of old companionships in common; but Ignatieff remained obdurate now, and definitely abandoned the ship of state. Even after leaving he made much talk as to his reasons, for which some people admired him, while others criticized his lack of discretion.

Pokrowsky, ex-Controller of the Empire, had been recently transferred by Trépoff to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs vacant by Stürmer's departure. Though not a diplomat his experience at the economic conference in the summer and his Parisian early life and education made him familiar with some of the international questions. He was able, consequently, to fill the difficult place with success; and he was always considered a patriot, careful, honest and strong, and was equally esteemed by Russians and foreigners. He and Bark had resigned at Christmas, a week or so after Trépoff. Pokrowsky, I think, gave no reason, and Bark's was ill health. Unofficially everyone felt their real motive was the same as Ignatieff's. The Emperor called them to him and appealed to their loyalty, asking them both to remain in their places, at least till the end of the interallied congress, which was to be held about the middle of January in Petrograd, as in different departments they had each begun—in Paris and London—the negotiations that were to be continued and finished now. Sazonoff was to be their colleague in these sittings; and to the Emperor it seemed most important our Russian interests should remain in these same capable hands. Both the men were devoted subjects, and though filled with sorrow by the terrible situation in the government they felt in duty bound to save the reputation of Russia, *vis-à-vis* of her allies; so they both consented to withdraw their resignations for the moment, begging His Majesty to accept them, to take effect only as soon as the international conference should be finished. Meantime Bark made his remaining "officially" at his post conditional on his being allowed to count himself as if "on leave," motived by his failing health. This would put the routine work of his ministry and the occupancy of his chair at cabinet meetings in the hands of his assistant, and he would be free to attend only to the special questions that were momentarily of greater importance. At the end of December and beginning of January he had floated a large loan; and the public for the first time had mistrusted one of his measures, having lost confidence in a government that was reported as going to ruin, and where no minister wished to remain.

The Wiroboff Intrigues

I returned to Petrograd soon after New Year's, remaining there four weeks on business; and I was perfectly shocked at the changes I found. The cost of living was much higher. No one had any confidence in the future of the government. The general depression was extreme and very contagious as one heard the most sober and reliable people stating facts which did not seem believable but were quite true. The silence and the anxious faces of members of our court and government who were most loyal were perhaps the marks of coming downfall that struck me most. Officers from the Front and those of the Petrograd garrison were equally disturbed over the propaganda everywhere among their men. They feared uprisings, which it would be impossible to quell with the town troops; and also the contamination of any regiments that might be brought from the firing line to handle political troubles at home.

We believed the Grand Duke Nicholas' prophecy was coming true, and that our soldiers and people could not longer be forced to defend a government of which so much evil was commonly known. Long lines of the poor stood waiting hours to receive insufficient rations of bread and other necessities. The weather was exceptionally cold twenty or thirty degrees below zero and fuel was scarce. Everyone was suffering, and there were continuous strikes and great discontent. It was said openly this was the result of grafting by members of the government

Society's tongue was let loose, with all the barriers broken down; and stories, harsh and tragic, were told in every salon Some few of these may have been exaggeration, but most were unfortunately only too easy to believe, and many of them came to me at first hand. Madame Wiroboff had completely dropped her mask of humility except in the presence of the sovereigns, and she gave, I heard, official audience to all sorts of shady people, who were her cooperators or instruments She spoke openly of how she had done this or decided the other measure, and used the term of speech "We shall act about that as we see fit" as if she were at the head of affairs. She dared any arrogance, sure of her hold on the sovereigns now I took great pride in having for so many years avoided all relations with her, and of having never called upon her save the one time at the opening of the war, to ask for work officially.

Protopopoff had allowed all administration connected with the country's interior to slide, and occupied himself only with the secret police, into whose ranks he was enrolling every imaginable corrupt and rotten element, as only such would now consent to serve. Also, a whole department of his ministry was employed writing forged letters, which were sent to agents all over the country for remailing to the Empress. These epistles, written in primitive style, and with spelling and writing so incorrect as not to seem suspect, purported to be from soldiers and peasants. They assured Her Majesty of the profound and loyal devotion all the poor and humble elements of the people felt for her; and of their gratitude that she had joined hands with their saint, Rasputin, in reacting against the bureaucracy and liberals in favor of the old-time patriarchal, autocratic manner of governing. All these writers ended in lamenting the saint's terrible martyrdom and death, and in calling upon the Empress to honor his memory and continue bravely on a course that would draw to herself more and more the adoration of her subjects. Protopopoff thus encouraged his sovereigns to go toward the yawning precipice with unfaltering footsteps; leaning more and more on his advice and seemingly upheld by the vast majority of the inhabitants of their realm. Old Count Fréedéricksz, minister of the court, had at the risk of his situation tried to warn the Emperor and to speak against Madame Wiroboff again, as well as against her party. He was told by the ruler to go and speak himself to Her Majesty, and the old courtier had the courage to do so, but returned home quite broken in spirit by the indignation he had roused. He learned from her that she was convinced she knew much better than he who Madame Wiroboff was and what associates she had; that she, the Empress, would choose her own friends, and defend them only the more warmly the more they were attacked!

There were séances of table-turning more than ever at the palace, where Protopopoff managed to be constantly, either by his own request or by "command." Rasputin's spirit appeared to the minister and indicated by word of mouth the program for the government to follow. Thus the opening of the Duma was delayed until the middle of February; and only did it meet then because Protopopoff feared the threat made him, to the effect that if longer held off it would meet, with or without permission; and it would be the worse, then, for influences that had worked against it.

Plots and Counterplots

Attempts were made to injure all who were suspected of being against the conspirators; and rumors were put afloat that the Grand Duke Nicholas-Nicholaievitch was doing very badly in the Caucasus, where he was supposed to be constantly drunk, while the military and civil administrations were being put by him into the worst of hands. Spies were kept busy at Tiflis to watch the old chief, and his mail and orders were read and reported upon secretly; but nothing worked against him, for the simple reason that he was adored there as elsewhere, and all calumnies only enhanced his dignified ignorance of them and his double distinction of military success and uncomplaining martyrdom.

The days of the conference at Petrograd came and passed, and the foreign representatives returned to their homes with many delicate questions settled to the satisfaction of all parties, and greatly pleased with the reception given them. It seems amazing to me that men of such exceptional ability as several of those who were members of this mission should have remained blind to our interior situation, as their reports proved them to have been. Especially is it amazing when one considers that they had within consulting distance Sir George Buchanan and Monsieur Paléologue, both of whom had spent years among us and were perfectly informed as to all the occurrences and currents of the moment; knowing even all the gossip that was circulating. I imagine the two ambassadors felt very strongly about the various parties at court; for though they were always perfectly discreet in society each of them had confidants, and the latter were less inclined to keep secrets than were their principals. One diplomat's sentiments were exhibited by his wife to several people at this time. I myself, when calling one day on this lady, heard her speak of the difficulties of the times, augmentation in cost of living, and so on, and she went on to say: "But really, what can you expect when the party in power is a Germanophile party, led by a woman not normal, who is in the hands of the enemy and working for them? It is really terrible about the poor Empress, you know; and all those horrible creatures about her. I am sure if no one does anything about it there will be a revolution one of these days!" This last in a threatening tone, and settling her skirts with great energy.

As I was the wife of a general in the Emperor's suite I felt obliged to react to this speech, which sounded strange from the wife of an ally's ambassador to our court; so I responded with all due show of esteem: "Why surely, dear Lady ———, you don't believe all the gossip you hear? One must not, you know. We don't; as for instance there are rumors being floated that your husband was mixed up in Rasputin's murder; and we don't believe that; so you must not accept as truth all that the busybodies say of us Russians at court. We are not half so bad, really, as we are made out to be."

My hostess changed the conversation immediately, and we talked of the beautiful Order of St. Catherine with which the Empress had decorated her recently, and in which the ambassadress took great pride in spite of her criticism of the donor; and then we went on to other subjects. I frequently saw Lady ——— afterward, and we remained always on excellent terms, but she never referred again in my presence to the Empress or to her group at court.

Sir George's Daring Step

About this time I heard from a friend of Sir George Buchanan, to whom the latter had told the story himself that same day, that the ambassador had asked his government's permission to go to our Emperor and tell him of the state of things, asking His Majesty to break up the clan at court which was doing so much harm, and to invite the Empress to retire and rest somewhere far from the stress of the capital. He wanted also to beg the sovereign to do away with all the conspirators, and to meet the better element with liberal tendencies half way, pushing the war to a finish hand in hand with the Allies. Sir George told my informer he had underscored to his government the fact that many Russians had already done what he proposed to do, with no other result than their bringing about their own disgrace; and though he thought a protest from the Allies would carry more weight than from one of the Emperor's own subjects he felt his chance of success was very uncertain. In case of his failing, relations might be very strained between countries; therefore he did not dare act without orders. He had awaited the reply from England for some time. When it came it was that he would be allowed to act as he thought best; but he was to act in an unofficial capacity; and in case of failure the British Government would not uphold him. He had thought the matter over and had decided to try, knowing that he was going to tempt fate and probably pay the penalty by being dismissed from his great post; but he said he was old and ill, anyhow, and if success attended his act he would have done an enormous good to the Allied cause; whereas his failure meant only the sacrifice of his personal career. So he asked an audience of the Emperor, was received most graciously, and laid the whole case frankly before him. The sovereign had listened quietly, shown no sign of annoyance, and after some conversation had said good-by in the same even manner.

For days after hearing this tale we thought either that through the Foreign Office our Emperor would ask London to recall the British Ambassador for his presumption, or else—he being at last convinced by an outsider's attitude to the Empress—Her Majesty and a group of the latter's friends would be sent away to some health resort, leaving the political world to better hands.

But absolutely nothing occurred. Sir George remained in Petrograd till six months after the revolution, and the Empress and her party continued in charge till the end

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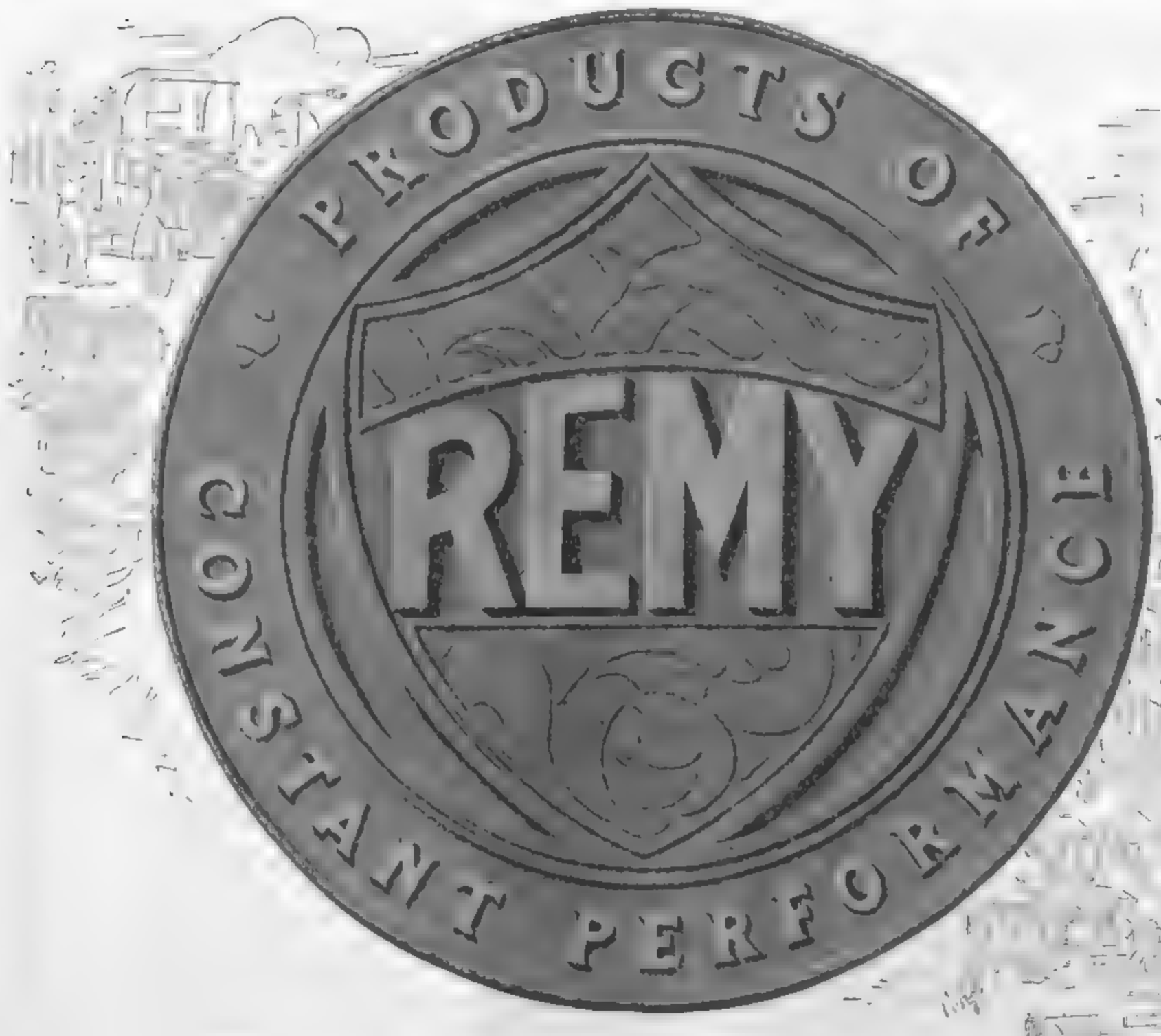

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of the old régime. Probably our sovereign by this time was so in the habit of warnings that he never gave Sir George's a second thought, and did not resent it in his own mind or even mention it to the Empress or anyone else.

All through January I heard that Sir George Buchanan was interested in the probable revolutionary movement, that he was seeing much of the liberals, and that English agents and money were helping in making a propaganda. I did not believe this, then, considering it to be one of the many rumors, each wilder than the other, to which the strained nerves of society gave credence. Greatly to my surprise, a full year later, I sat at an official dinner in Copenhagen next to a compatriot and intimate friend of Monsieur Paléologue, who had been in correspondence with the French Ambassador to Russia during the months preceding our revolution. Naturally our conversation turned on that period and I asked what had been Paléologue's opinion, and the part he had played in the events he had witnessed.

Monsieur —— answered that Paléologue had known of the brave effort of Sir George, and went on to say that Paléologue had written to him of this with admiration, since it was evident Great Britain's representative was risking his position on the mere chance of helping the good cause. That after this effort to separate the Empress from the government of Russia by sending her to the French Riviera—which was the place chosen so the French could see to her comfort, and she would be in safety—the roads of Sir George and Paléologue had separated, as France had considered her alliance was with the Emperor, and consequently her policy through her ambassador must be to stand with the autocracy, whatever its movements, without deviation.

"And England's?" I asked.

"England's?" he replied, and smiled. "Why, Princess, Sir George Buchanan, when he found himself unsuccessful in causing the Empress to depart, took the other road, probably feeling that the revolution would be the only salvation for our cause in the war. It was here that he and Paléologue separated, and saw things quite differently, acting from diverse principles. We were heart and soul for the Czar, and felt to uphold him was to our interest and the only course possible; though once the revolution was an accomplished fact we necessarily acknowledged the provisional government."

So much for the actions of the Allied ambassadors, as described by their friends.

Some Secret History

Milner, Dumèrgue and the others of the conference gave no sign of lacking trust in our words and the situation, either while they were there or after they returned home from Petrograd. Our Russian representatives must have been greatly relieved when the conference was over and the load of responsibility was taken from their tired shoulders, about the beginning of February. Then, to everyone's amazement, instead of resigning as they had announced their intention of doing, without explanation Pokrowsky remained in his Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and Bark, though seriously ill, returned to his desk in the office of the Finance Ministry. It was simply that both men were certain that within a few weeks they would see the terrible crash, and they felt their loyalty would not permit them to abandon these two important departments to strange, weak or treacherous hands at such a moment. Most of the ministers, I heard, were approached some time before the revolution by a liberal group, who thought measures must be taken to save our nation's honor in connection with the war. The Duma's members threatened, in case they were not called together or were dismissed, that for once they would not obey but would meet, voice public opinion and force an issue.

The commandant of Petrograd was demanding troops from the Front; and orders were published for this and that division to be sent to the capital. In each case the orders were contradicted, and others published for different units to replace those previously indicated. Among these my husband's division was actually entrained and its baggage and provisions loaded when it was told its orders were rescinded, and they were to remain where they were, on the Front in Southern Poland.

Everything was conducted in the most haphazard and disorderly fashion. Protopopoff's aids at the Ministry of the Interior resigned, and nothing was done to help the provinces, where railroads were scarcely working and there was great misery. Everything was tied up, and individual business, the army and the whole nation were suffering dreadfully. We heard that now Protopopoff scarcely left the Tzarskoe Palace, where the spiritism sessions continued. Quite openly people said: "It is not enough to have killed Rasputin, it must be the Empress also, and all her party; and there should be a proper guardian for the Emperor, with a responsible government!"

It got about that a palace revolution was being planned, where assassination would clear the way for a new era. Everything else had been tried, to no avail; and this was now the only remaining remedy.

"They seem there at Tzarskoe to be all demented," said a most quiet and loyal member of the cabinet one day with a sigh; "and they don't see they are going rapidly to their destruction. On the contrary, they grow dizzy, and hurry; pulling, dragging and pushing one another along."

And really one had the sensation of madness in looking at the situation. When I was leaving for the Crimea again at the beginning of February I said to Monsieur Bark: "I leave you still in power. When I return in April shall I find you so?"

News From Petrograd

He looked at me with an expression of great sadness, grown habitual now to his previously cheerful face, and said: "I should be glad to leave but cannot do so now. Something ought to be done, either one thing or the other, if the government is to survive, whether in autocratic or in liberal form. But nothing is being done, and everything is decided backward and forward. I fear you will soon hear bad news of us. I hope and pray not; but I feel it is very probable. You have many friends whom you will not see again when you return; and I am glad you are leaving for a quieter place and a safer one."

His foreboding was so dreary, and he seemed so sincere in the fear and regret he expressed, that it rang in my ears far on the road to the sunny southern land.

Again I found there the poor Grand Duchess Xénia, more than ever alarmed. I lunched with her immediately upon my arrival, and she made me give her all the details I had gleaned from every source, asking with emotion what I had heard of this one or how that one felt and stood? A few days later she, being unable longer to resist her desire, went north, remaining there through the week of the revolution.

My husband joined me for ten days, coming from the Front, while his regiment was put by in a small town back of the firing line to rest, recuperate and feed their horses. He reported that conditions in the army were very bad—fodder for the mounts and food for the men growing scarce; clothes difficult to obtain, even for the guard regiments, which were much better served than the poor men of the line. And he said also the feeling at the Front was an anxious one, and wild reports from the capital were coming out, making the people more nervous—both officers and men. Soon he departed for Petrograd, where he was to meet his mother on some business, the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh; and then he was to return to his command in time to go under fire again with it, on the fifth of March.

By telegram he arranged to stop at the staff on March first for an audience with the Emperor.

I had two letters from my husband, sent back to me as he went north to Petrograd; and then a dispatch stating his safe arrival. After that no news till Tuesday, when a telegram came saying all the family were well; and that my mother-in-law had moved to her daughter's, Countess Niroth's home. This seemed eccentric, as the Princess had had an apartment of her own at the Astoria during the whole winter. This was followed by daily wires from my husband saying all were well, and adding in one that my boy had moved to the Niroths' also, while Mike himself was detained in the capital.

By Saturday morning I was thoroughly disquieted. The northern papers had not arrived for several days past, and no news came save the reassuring telegrams as to the health of all the family, and recording the perplexing moving of the Princess and my boy from their normal habitations to my sister-in-law's. It was too mysterious; and I felt anxious at my husband's being detained in the capital, when I knew he meant to reach the staff on the first, and his regiment on the fourth. I became so puzzled that my nerves got the best of me, and I decided to make a day's expedition into Yalta, stopping on the way at the Grand Duke Nicholas' place, Tchaïre, to see its beautiful gardens and talk with his Imperial Highness' intendant.

We started early, and the drive through the beautiful morning calmed us. When we reached Tchaïre I was in better spirits; but the old intendant met me with an air as if he were going to weep, and said: "Has Your Highness heard the terrible news?"

I felt on the verge of fainting at this, and with visions of crimes and murder I asked impatiently what had occurred.

He said he knew nothing save that the telephone girl at Yalta told him the Emperor had abdicated, with the Czarevitch, and that Michael-Alexandrovitch was declared Emperor.

"And our Grand Duke?" I asked.

"Alas, I know nothing, Your Highness, but they tell me he is going to the staff again, to command; but our Emperor is gone; and I cannot understand! Perhaps it is worse than that! They know so little at Yalta."

My interest in the gardens faded, and we at once regained our carriage and started for our goal with the utmost rapidity. As we drove into the town people were buying sheets of telegraph bulletins, and then standing transfixed in the middle of the street reading them, so astounded that they seemed of stone, and we nearly ran over several who did not hear our driver's shouts to clear the way. Of course we stopped our trap; bought telegrams, too, and read the Emperor's last sad proclamation, from Pskof; his abdication in favor of his brother—of his own rights to reign, and those of his son. It was a beautifully worded document, containing no protest and no complaint, saying the act was for the good of the country and begging all officials, both civil and military, to remain at their posts and serve their country, defending it from the foe. Deep tragedy in the last words of adieu and blessing. I wondered if he felt relief to lay down his burden at last, and rest after so long and dreary a reign.

"Where do you suppose the Empress was?" said my companion, one of my sisters-in-law, who was excited almost to hysterics.

There followed in the telegrams an order to the Grand Duke Nicholas to go at once to the staff, and a telegram saying he had already left Tiflis; and there was evidence of a provisional committee in some orders sent from Petrograd to the local authorities, but without explanations. The Emperor's abdication was dated March first; and its being neither from the capital nor from the staff seemed incomprehensible. Why had the sovereign gone to Pskof, unless he had fled for protection to General Russky's headquarters? What was occurring in the capital and at Tzarskoe? Something dramatic or Mike would not have wired me so regularly they were all well. No one knew anything in Yalta, so perforce we awaited news with what patience we could; and meantime it was curious to observe the psychology of the people about with reference to the great event.

Hopes for the Future

The town, which had been the favorite residence of our rulers, and where they had built a magnificent white marble palace, where they had moved about among the people as they did nowhere else, and had naturally brought money into everyone's pocket—this town showed no regret, no word of pity for the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor's portrait disappeared from shop windows and walls within an hour after the reading of the proclamation, and in its place I saw by afternoon pictures of Michael-Alexandrovitch. Flags were hung out, and all faces wore smiles of quiet satisfaction.

"It was very bad; now it will be better," was the general calm verdict. The supposition of a constitutional monarchy was the accepted idea. Everyone rejoiced that the much-beloved Grand Duke Nicholas was back in his old place, and they commented on his courage and patriotism being at last recognized. Either the sovereigns were not mentioned at all, or some remark with reference to them that showed no love was lost; and I heard many say slighting things of Madame Wiroboff or Rasputin. Then the faces would grow soft again as people expressed pity for the poor children or sympathy with the old mother, "our Empress," for whom "it must be sad to live through these events!" It was a curious and eloquent contrast between their hardness toward the imperial couple and their human feeling for the others.

For the next few days we lived in a state of impatience for news, and anxiety for those we loved who were in Petrograd augmented constantly as the news came in. Letters from my husband, my mother-in-law, the Niroths and my boy, and letters and telegrams from a number of friends who had thought of me soon gave me first-hand and rapid information, which was supplemented later by what I was told. The letters were all forwarded me by messenger; so that after being deprived of all certain knowledge I was suddenly supplied with a feast of information and many details from actors or eyewitnesses of the occurrences in the north. In spite of my pity for some and my anxiety for others I was carried over this terrible period by my intense interest in the immensity of the historical facts, which lifted me above the actualities and the dangers of the moment to the wonder of what the future would bring Russia. As for our own personal fortunes they seemed to be greatly threatened.

It was also very curious how each character in the drama became intensely accentuated in the light of the new situation, and yet remained true to its primitive qualities and defects. It was so from the first to the last man or woman who played a part, beginning with the Emperor. The feeling that the revolution was a certainty of the near future had roused in some ministers a desire to resign and get out of the way; while others, who had already taken this measure, picked up their burdens again in haste, judging it dishonorable to abandon a sinking ship. I expressed surprise to Bark that in this he had not held to his decision, but had reattached himself to a banner he knew doomed, when he had the excuse of having settled his line of conduct at the beginning of the new year. He smiled at my argument, and said that he did not fear what might come, as far as he personally was concerned.

Bark Faithful and Plucky

"My reputation is what it is already, and cannot be changed much by a last act. I may be useful now, to the slight extent of preventing my department's going to pieces, when the expense of war and our obligations abroad and at home are so serious. Anyhow, in present times one man's life is of no importance. The only way to judge is to be very simple, sifting out the few really important points and holding on to them, letting side issues go. In my life my work has been the mainspring, and I cannot let go of it in the hour of upheaval. What honors and advantages I have enjoyed I owe the Emperor therefore I cannot leave him in the hour of his danger. It is a matter of work and loyalty, and not of political principles, to my mind."

I had no talk with Pokrowsky, but his acts proved he was of the same fine material as his colleague in facing the crisis.

The Emperor had come from his staff when parliament opened; but His Majesty did not visit the Tauride Palace this time; only was in reach of his ministers. All went quietly, in fact, people became nervous over the very calm, after so many threats had been uttered. They felt it was ominous. After some days had passed during which speeches from the discontented deputies filled the sessions, the Emperor decided on his return to Mogilef. Before departing he called his cabinet together. It met, with His Majesty presiding, on the afternoon of Thursday, February twenty-third.

His ministers in concert decided on a last desperate effort: and they talked frankly to the sovereign, explaining, with a heat of eloquence they had never reached before, the dreadful danger hanging over Russia. They spared no argument that might strengthen the cause they advocated—some from a desire for their own safety, some because of their political principles, and some from pure devotion to their ruler. So long they spoke and

fervently that before the Emperor left the council chamber he had promised them he would sign two edicts before his departure for the staff: one granting the responsible ministry which the Duma was demanding; and the other—to be offered as a free gift from him if the first seemed not enough to quell the storm—was to be an edict bestowing a constitution upon Russia! This last was an almost unhoped for concession.

The orders were given for these two edicts to be written out in due form and brought that evening to Tzarskoe for signing, and His Majesty bade his ministers good-by, leaving them with the sensation that at the eleventh hour the ills of our much-abused country were to be healed; that the Duma would soon be carrying with themselves the terrible weight of the responsibility, which up to now had been only upon their shoulders. They could now trust to Fate that the first act of the new era would be Protopopoff's departure from their midst.

When His Majesty returned to the palace he naturally told of the great decision taken, and that he was giving way in this to the ideas of his cabinet and the Duma, upheld by his own convictions. A dramatic discussion ensued, and lasted all evening. Protopopoff, who had come with the papers to sign, being of their party, reenforced the Empress in her violent denunciation of the folly of men who gave such counsel to their masters.

Should it be said in history that Nicholas II weakly gave way to the pressure of a lot of cowards who wanted him to sell his birthright and his son's? Could he think of it—he who had inherited his great throne and the autocracy intact?

His Majesty listened, answered, and listened again, while the Minister of the Interior spread out his program before him. It was easy to believe that what always had been must be always.

The people were with the throne, and had no desire to govern, but loved the old patriarchal system with a Little Father at its head. Did not the Empress receive daily hundreds of letters from peasants and soldiers all over the realm assuring her of their felicity, their devotion and admiration? She and the Emperor still believed these to be real proofs of fidelity from their people, and did not know they were productions of one of the departments under Protopopoff's orders.

A Fatal Mistake

If there was a revolutionary movement it would be local to the capital, and the Minister of the Interior promised to handle it alone, with his own police, reenforced by the city's garrison. His Majesty could go to the staff with a quiet mind and fear nothing, leaving all the situation here to his devoted servant. The Empress could give any necessary orders, and all would go well.

She now used all her talents to reënforce the policy advocated by her protégé; and before morning the two promised edicts, prepared that afternoon, had been destroyed and replaced by a signed blank put unconditionally into Protopopoff's hands; and the permission was given him to tell his colleagues at his own time of the sovereign's change of mind. Then His Majesty departed for the staff, as planned, the following morning.

That day, Friday, there were strikes and bread riots in some of the outer suburbs of Petrograd. The former had been occurring for some time; but now, with the dragging of the winter and the increasingly intense cold, the workmen were growing ugly; and the crowds of poor who stood for hours in the street waiting their turns to buy insufficient bread were ready to show violence at the slightest opportunity.

Saturday there was more trouble, and it grew nearer to the center of the town and included some encounters with the police, and shooting. The ministry believed all would soon be well, and were secure in the imperial promise, supposing the edicts which were to mend matters would be published that evening or the next morning.

Sunday, the twenty-sixth, appeared in the papers an imperial proclamation over the Emperor's signature, but not that which was expected. This one dissolved the Duma! The latter in closing its session twenty-four hours before had announced the following one for Tuesday, the twenty-eighth.

Everyone was thunderstruck! The ministers, all except him of the Interior, were completely astounded, and for a moment without comprehension or explanation of what had occurred. To plan and prepare a measure so wise, and then follow it by this act, was dementia; and without warning too!

That day there was a heavy, angry silence. In the streets no tramcars, almost no sleighs or autos in circulation, and few walked out. In various directions shooting was heard, and sinister rumors floated threatening law and order; yet nothing could be done. Rodzanko and the members of the parliament were deeply disturbed. They had heard from friendly people associated with the ministry a suggestion of the success that had attended the cabinet's protest on Thursday; and the satisfying message from the throne was hoped for as the last possibility of preventing a revolution by putting in the wrong the secret agents who were fomenting disorders—and who were supposedly either German agents or those of Protopopoff. If they could have so managed to bring about a responsible government in association with a liberal Duma all the well-disposed elements, even of the working and soldier classes, would have upheld it. And now this proclamation, spelling defeat for all their hopes, came on them like a thunderbolt! To mend things seemed past praying for, and the Duma, like the cabinet, felt trapped and sold to the enemy. If there were any conversations that day among leaders they were of a private nature; and, as far as the public knew, Sunday passed in a dull and heavy depression, while the storm clouds rolled up, to break into the worst tempest the nation had ever known.

The Beginning of the End

My husband reached Petrograd that day, and was amazed and greatly distressed by what he saw and heard. On his arrival he was obliged to walk across town from the station to his club, where he took up his residence, with the faithful Davidka in attendance. They had found no means for carrying bags at the station. No one knew what the next hour might bring forth in the sorely tried city; and coachmen and chauffeurs feared life on the streets. At his club also he found everyone anxious and nervous beyond description. No one knew what would happen to-morrow; it was said the garrison was contaminated, and General Engelhardt, the commandant, was at his wit's end, though he showed himself brave, and made the most of his slender resources for defense; for which attitude officers under and about him admired him greatly.

"It is the beginning of the revolution," everyone said, and waited with true Slav fatalism!

Monday morning, the twenty-seventh, it had come. The town was in an uproar; public buildings were burning; there were encounters in the streets in every direction between the still loyal troops and the revolutionists; wild shooting on all sides. The cabinet met, and having news from the staff that General Ivanhoff was arriving by special train with eight hundred picked St. George cavaliers—soldiers decorated for some unusually brave feat in battle—to take command as dictator they limited their business to putting out from their midst, by unanimous vote, Protopopoff. I think this must be the first time in history a minister has been dismissed by his colleagues. Then they wrote out their resignations, to be sent collectively to His Majesty; and to take effect as soon as possible; which could not be, however, till they were accepted, according to Russian tradition. During this session at the Marie Palace there was fighting in several adjacent streets; and on the St. Isaac's Place in front of the palace a vast surging mob made a demonstration, demanding that Protopopoff "the traitor" be handed over to it. The latter, who was so bravely "going to stem the torrent of any public demonstration," broke down completely under the indignation of the men he faced at the meeting. Cringing he begged their protection as the mob approached; and he tried to hide in various parts of the building, weeping, and finally losing his head completely and fleeing in a motor to the house of Madame Wiroboff's other protégé, the Persian doctor. Here he remained until late in the week, when, the revolutionary government being formed, he threw himself on Kerensky's mercy, coming to the Tauride Palace.

The other ministers one and all remained calm, went, after their morning's work, on foot through the streets to their homes, and returned for the afternoon session in the same manner; or else remained at the Marie Palace for luncheon.

My husband met Bark near the club at noon, and took him in there for a few minutes to avoid the bullets flying about, while the minister told him news of the cabinet's resignation. Each of these men afterward said to me how cool the other had seemed; and each admitted that circulating on the streets that day—with troops firing volleys up and down, revolutionists firing wild shots from revolvers, rifles and machine guns mounted on motor trucks, and the secret and ordinary police firing from the housetops and windows—was far from a pleasant pastime.

The Hotel Astoria, opposite the Marie Palace, was shot at and sacked on Monday by the mob. My mother-in-law, who was living there, luckily escaped with her maid and small dog, to the home of my sister-in-law, a few blocks off; but all the windows of her rooms were smashed, and I counted later twenty-seven holes in her walls where bullets were lodged. The ministers at their session on Monday afternoon decided they could do nothing in the present crisis, and that their only duty now was to remain at their ministries till they should be relieved by the sovereign's order or forced by the revolutionists to leave. They hoped this might not occur, but within two days nearly all had been arrested. The Duma had met early Monday morning, spontaneously, in extra session. The members were drawn doubtless by a common anxiety, and the desire to confer upon what measures, if any, could be taken to restrain or direct the troubles. Many deputies had hoped and wished for a revolution, perhaps planned it; but all of these had desired a dignified palace performance, kept well in hand, and managed by their own group with a well-disciplined and grateful nation to uphold them, and applauding Allies looking on. They were not ready yet, and were shocked and frightfully upset over the dangerous situation developing.

Mobs of workmen and regiments of soldiers poured into the Tauride Palace and garden, purporting to be friends of the Duma, there to uphold it; but their wild shouts and violent behavior showed them to be unreliable and highly inflammable, ready for anything. Rodzanko and other leading men met and discussed the situation. Then they acted with consummate adroitness and presence of mind. They made speeches to the populace, using their eloquence as never before to quiet the wild elements, who threatened to swamp them, and who had now settled in permanent session in the Catherine Hall—the great ballroom of the palace. Kerensky, the socialist, was drawn into their group; and with his then sincere, patriotic enthusiasm he undertook the task of quelling the bedlam in the Catherine Hall. He managed this amazingly well, and that the Duma was not massacred it owed to his eloquence.

Affairs Approach a Crisis

Rodzanko, in spite of the injury he and his followers felt had been done them, telegraphed in most respectful form to the Emperor, giving him the history of events in town, urging the extreme danger, and asking for instructions. This telegram went over the Emperor's private wire, was taken down by the operator at the staff, and delivered instantly to General Woyeikoff's secretary, Colonel ——. The latter said that he took it in person to Woyeikoff, who decided it was not worth while delivering it to His Majesty and agitating him! Probably he had been instructed by Protopopoff. Life at the staff went on that day in the usual quiet and monotonous routine.

The Empress in the evening spoke to her husband directly by private wire from Tzarskoe, saying that from the palace she could see a fire or two in Petrograd, and that she heard there were some insignificant disorders there, which the police were handling capably. She was pleased to think Ivanoff would soon arrive to take command; and then she went on to give her husband news in detail of the children's health and the palace life. Madame Wiroboff and her confederates had not seen fit to disturb their mistress with the truth, if they knew it, any more than the Emperor at the staff was favored with information of what was happening! That night the two sovereigns were probably the only people in their neighborhoods who slept, unconscious of danger.

Tuesday the revolution was at its height, and everything was up in the air in the capital. Rodzanko's telegrams, of which he sent two more, were terrifying in their note of warning; and he said it was now too late to do aught but face events; and that not having received orders he would act on his own responsibility.

Woyeikoff was at last frightened, and took all three telegrams—after the arrival of the second on Tuesday—to His Majesty. The latter read them, was silent for a moment, staring at them and at Woyeikoff uncomprehendingly. He said he did not understand how this could be, when Protopopoff and they all had assured him there was no danger.

Then perhaps it dawned on him that those in opposition to his favorites had had truth on their side. A sharp exclamation of anger escaped him; and peremptory orders followed in a voice which made Woyeikoff move rapidly, as if driven by a whip.

"If Orloff had been here this would not have occurred," heard the favored Woyeikoff; and what hurt his pride more was that others heard it too.

Did His Majesty think of the ill-treated Grand Duke also, and his trusty sword, which was now no longer near to protect him? With rapid preparations the imperial train was made up, and the sovereign started for his capital within two hours, early Tuesday evening. He expected to arrive there on Wednesday morning, March first, and wanted to go straight to Petrograd and face parliament and the people; but his advisers begged him to go first to Tzarskoe, summon the cabinet there; and just before starting, an anxious wire from Her Majesty called him there also, for her protection; as she said, the population of that suburb was making demonstrations, and the situation in town seemed acute, while Rodzanko had not answered the order she sent him to come to her at Tzarskoe and discuss what should be done, and she heard shooting in the capital, and saw masses of flames.

The Imperial Train Stopped

The Emperor took with him only his immediate household for the trip, Woyeikoff in command, of course; and orders were given by wire all along the line to clear it and let them through with utmost rapidity. The night was young yet, when Woyeikoff was awakened by the train master, anxious because he found he could not reach Petrograd by the usual quick route, the line being blocked ahead. He wanted orders. Woyeikoff, roused to their danger and the importance of gaining time, had the train switched to another longer road, which was clear; and retired to bed again, bitterly thinking that the change meant the loss of several hours, and that they could not be at Tzarskoe now before late the next afternoon.

Wednesday morning came, and the train ran into the station at Pskof, where it was definitely stopped. The officials at this station informed Woyeikoff they had orders from the chief of transportation not to let this train proceed farther. I believe it is not on record how the commandant of the palace translated this curious news to his imperial master; nor what the latter said of such a situation.

General Russky, who was in command at Pskof, presented himself to take the sovereign's orders. He was sent to telegraph over his staff's wire to Rodzanko, in the Emperor's name, asking for news, and telling of the actual predicament of the imperial traveler. Russky came back to say that the president of the Duma had formed a provisional committee, which was trying to handle the situation in the capital, and that he had already sent two deputies to meet His Majesty. They would reach Pskof that evening to confer with him.

Till their arrival the Emperor spent the time partly in walking on the station platform, from which the public was not cleared away but stood about watching him. He also talked with the Empress by private wire. Her Majesty gave him descriptions of what she saw from her windows. She seemed courageous and cool, and was mainly preoccupied by the condition of her children, who were all down

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Where Good Tires are Vital

As the fighting front is neared, values increase a thousand fold. There is no margin for error.

There is no room for men or material not tested and true. American efforts have commanded admiration in France because they are the result of American character and methods at home.

Motor equipment from the United States has nobly met emergencies in the war zone because it was honestly made to endure long, hard service in ordinary everyday work.

The usefulness of your motor car at home also has increased in war times, and your equipment should be purchased with extreme care.

Your tires should be United States quality.

They meet alike the demands of thrift and dependability.

There are five United States treads —'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'.

The first thing is to be certain of getting United States reliability and you will have no difficulty in selecting the right type to suit your car and your driving.

Also Tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth that Makes United States Tires Supreme.

United States Tires are Good Tires

US — United States Rubber Company and Associated Companies

WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

"Somewhere on the Pacific Coast" there [illegible] were recently confronted by the problem of moving [illegible] guns each a distance of seven [illegible]. After several attempts and [illegible] truck succeeded the [illegible] made the haul successfully.
—*Motor for April 1918*

A five-ton overload on wood wheels

The truck was designed and built to carry only five tons.

But it transported four of these big ten-ton guns without a hitch.

The wheels were of wood—and when called upon to do more than they were *rated* to do—they were fully equal to the task.

This instance of the inherent *over-strength* of the wood wheel is spectacular—but not exceptional.

Every day, tough, resilient wood wheels are carrying tremendous overloads without strain or damage.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
105 NORTH 13th ST. PHILADELPHIA

Note the Wood Wheels EVERYWHERE

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with measles, one of the little Grand Duchesses and the young Czarevitch being seriously ill.

That evening late the expected deputation arrived from Petrograd. It consisted of Goutchkoff, afterward Minister of War; and Schoulgine, editor of a very brilliant paper in Kief. General Russky accompanied them and remained in the imperial salon carriage during all the historical interview. It was the first time in the life of Nicholas II he had received anyone who had not dressed in full uniform, civil or military, before entering his presence. These men came as they had been on their trip, and indeed they had probably not redressed since Monday morning, when they had gone to the Tauride Palace.

In attendance on His Majesty were old Count Fréedérickszz, minister of the court; General Nariahkine, head of his military bureau; one aid-de-camp, and probably General Woyeikoff. The Emperor received the envoys with calm, and when they were seated asked them to state their business. They did, first reciting the history of events since the imperial departure on Friday morning and telling how just now they had left the capital in an uproar of battle; the government powerless, since nearly all its members were arrested; the mob in the street ready to burn and sack the city; and the troops, now having all passed over to the revolutionists, leading in the disorders. They said the Duma had met and formed a provisional committee, being unable to hear from the Emperor; and that this handful of men were now struggling to bring chaos to an end and find a solution to the many difficulties. Ivanoff and his followers had been stopped and their train not allowed to enter the city; and there was no knowing what might happen to Her Majesty and the imperial children, or to the country, unless the sovereign made up his mind to the only step left to him now, that of abdicating the throne, allowing the Czarevitch to replace him, with a regency of a nation's choice.

The Emperor listened, showing no anxiety, regret or surprise. At the end of their speech he declared he refused the succession for his son, not wishing to separate himself and the Empress from their boy. He said he would abdicate his rights, with those of the Czarevitch, in favor of his brother Michael.

The deputies consented to this and gave him a paper to sign, which had been prepared beforehand on these lines. With no show of emotion the Emperor took the paper given him and moved into the office next to his salon, leaving all the company behind him. In a few moments he returned with a typewritten sheet in his hand, presenting it to the deputies to read, and asking if it was what they had wished. Upon hearing their affirmative the sovereign put his signature immediately to the document, with the same self-possession; and the paper was countersigned by Count Fréedérickszz.

As he handed the proclamation to Goutchkoff the Emperor asked the deputies what he should do now for the moment. They told him that he was entirely free to return to the staff if he so desired.

This plan was carried out as soon as his unwelcome guests had departed. Amazing calm had been the Emperor's attitude. Helpless in the hands of conspirators till now, the Emperor was apparently equally unable to resist these new dominating spirits; and he neither protested nor complained at his fate, nor showed the slightest desire to defend his inheritance. On the contrary, he gave in at once without argument; and did with precision as he was instructed. He seemed to be entirely content to feel he might now lead a quiet life, and was to be free from his burden of state affairs; and it never occurred to him to order these deputies arrested or make any other demonstration. A symptomatic detail is the fact that though he again conversed with the Empress by special wire from Pskof after the departure of the Duma's deputation and before his own, the Emperor did not mention to her the fact of his abdication.

At the staff the Emperor had left the supreme command to General Alexéeff—his chief of staff till now—and he did not take the command again or return to the palace he had occupied in Moghileff. He remained on his train, which was drawn up near that of the Empress-Mother, who had joined her son from Kief on hearing the news, to offer him the comfort of her presence and affection.

Four days they spent in this manner, the Emperor enjoying entire liberty, driving about the town with Her Majesty, and dining or lunching with her or she with him. Woyeikoff tried, without success, to abandon the sovereign and get himself transferred to the suite of the Empress-Mother, which he considered would be safer. Finally this unfaithful servant fled, and was arrested near Moscow and brought to Petrograd, to be interned in the fortress of Peter and Paul, by the revolutionaries.

One of the Empress-Mother's gentlemen-in-waiting told me in detail of these sad days they had spent at the staff; of the gentle bravery of the great lady and her tender solicitude and self-control; also, of her son's inertness in the face of the changes he could scarcely ignore. At church he heard the service read, with his name and those of his family left out; but he made no sign. At meals the conversation went as usual.

The fourth day it was announced to him he must consider himself under arrest and must proceed to Tzarskoe with a deputy of the Duma who had come to fetch him as his guardian. With the same inconsequence he heard the sentence, made his adieus to his mother and to his own suite, and departed for his palace of Tzarskoe without a word of regret or a wave of his hand to the tender aged figure in black, who with a breaking heart stood alone and watched his train disappear in the distance.

On this trip he was accompanied only by Prince Dolgorouky, who had been for years his companion and of late had been made marshal of the court, and who had asked permission to share the sovereign's fate. The Duma's representative and a military guard completed the passengers of the special train. He had heard of the arrest of his wife, and had since then been unable to communicate with her, but His Majesty seemed to feel no anxiety for her any more than for his own fate; and everyone who saw him wondered if he at all realized the danger of their situation. On his arrival in Tzarskoe he was driven in a closed motor through the streets, filled with untidy signs of the revolution, with people and soldiers crowding and at liberty.

Arrived at the palace, in spite of the fact that both sovereigns were now prisoners they were allowed to see one another tête-à-tête. There must have been a tragic interview when they faced one another and contemplated the hopelessness of their situation, together with the reasons that had caused the drama. But one of Rasputin's predictions had been that if anything happened to him disaster would overcome the imperial house. Perhaps his patroness still believed in her prophet, and possibly she explained to the Emperor that the death of their inspirer cost them the throne. Perhaps the fallen autocrat, on the other hand, explained to Her Majesty that there had been other reasons for the disaster.

At any rate, a day or two later Kerensky, who was Minister of Justice in the newborn provisional government, came to the Tzarskoe Palace to ask of the Emperor some needed information and papers. He was cordially received by the imperial prisoner in the latter's library, and they were seated, smoking and discussing some detail, when Nicholas II said: "I regret so much that I have never met you until now. It would have helped me greatly if, during my reign, I had known men like you, and had been able to introduce such elements into the government."

Just then the ex-Empress walked into the great room silently. Kerensky rose at once, and the ex-Emperor presented the socialist to his wife. The minister kissed her hand, and drew up an armchair for her near His Majesty's.

"You need not offer me a seat in my own palace," she said; and stood in continued silence by her husband's side.

Her proud spirit was far from broken, and soon the new government felt obliged to separate the couple, allowing them to meet only at meals, and with a revolutionary officer present to watch them and follow the conversation.

"She is too strong, and he is too weak," was the explanation when I asked why the new government had taken this measure.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Princess Cantacuzène.

MERCHANDISE AS PROPAGANDA

(Continued from Page 8)

original cover. In the great majority of instances it was accepted by the purchaser as the real thing. He discovered that he had been "done in" only when he began to test its much-vaunted lathering qualities.

The cleverest piece of substitution, however, that came to my knowledge in Holland relates to the blades of one of the best-known American safety razors, which has enjoyed an immense sale on the Continent. Its name is almost as familiar in Holland as it is in Illinois. With the clamping down of the blockade the supply of genuine blades was cut off for some neutral countries, especially Holland. Thousands of Dutchmen had these razors, but they ran out of blades. Again the German found a way to meet their requirements, this time in a fashion that reveals imitation at its best—or I should say at its worst.

As I write I have before me the original blade, the German substitute and their respective wrappers. At first glance you cannot tell the blades apart. In size, identification marks, edge—in fact in every detail they seem to be identical. On close examination you find that the German imitation is made of inferior metal, that it is not cut so true as the American, and that the numbering and lettering are slightly different. Both have the words U. S. A. Patent. The German, however, has a different patent number. It also bears the letters D. R. P.—which stand for *Deutsche Reich Patent*, Royal German Patent—and a spurious patent number that looks like the real American number. Likewise it is stamped *Bté France*—patented in France.

Even more ingenious is the wrapper, both on the blade and the little box, which holds the usual lot of a dozen blades. On the original wrapper and box is the picture of a man's head. The German imitation is an exact facsimile—picture and all—of the American and Canadian package, except that it gives the countenance a distinct German cast. He does not appear to like the advertising he is getting, because he scowls in the lithograph. The one concession that the German fakers have made to decency is that they have omitted the words Made in U. S. A. from the wrapper and box.

I took the precaution to show the blades and wrappers to the London agent of the razor company, and she at once pronounced them clever imitations. In fact no genuine blades have been shipped into Holland for more than two years.

The Germans did not put their imitations on the market with their usual *flair* of saving the trade day. Knowing the penalties they were incurring, they planted them at first. They advertised in a few newspapers that some of the blades were available. I found upon investigation that the articles were manufactured at Solingen, which is the German Sheffield, and distributed from Oldenzaal, a small town on the Dutch-German frontier. This explained the whole business. No further inquiry was necessary.

Run the roster of German substitution in Holland and you uncover choice "English" sauce that was mixed in Stuttgart; imported Turkish cigarettes rolled in Hamburg; American typewriter ribbons made in Frankfort; and so on down the line.

Behind all this clever imitation is a big idea: By making these substitutes for the real American and British articles inferior in quality and therefore unsatisfactory to the consumer the Germans expect to break down the faith in the original products. This will then enable them to push their own goods, which will be cheaper in price. In the event of any prejudice against German goods, which is unlikely in Holland, they only need to employ the printing press, turn out facsimile labels or stamp their wares Made in Holland.

The Germans will not be caught napping. They will have too much at stake when the war is over to take any chances. In Holland, as in Spain, they are buying up factory sites, acquiring stock control in manufacturing enterprises and setting up shop generally—all with a view to being able to produce goods on alien soil as soon as peace dawns. In Spain they are assembling great masses of raw material and keeping it under lock and key in warehouses. This is impossible in Holland because of the scarcity of materials.

But traffic in imitations is only a small part of the German economic penetration in Holland. In spite of the war a big business is carried on in genuine commodities. This discloses another kind of Teutonic jugglery. Let me illustrate with bicycles.

More bicycles are used in Holland per capita than in any other country in the world. It is safe to say that one million machines, or one for every six inhabitants, are owned there. Women shop, go to church, pay their calls on bicycles. No Dutch household is complete without one. It is said that one reason for the widespread sobriety in Holland is that the men must stay sober in order to remain on their wheels. Most of the paths border on the canals and the slightest slip plunges the rider into slimy water. Be that as it may, the main fact is that, being the land of bicycles, it needs an immense amount of bicycle accessories.

Before the war many British and some American wheels were used in Holland. To-day Germany is doing her utmost to capture that trade. A concrete example will show how the business is obtained and also nailed down for the future. A bicycle dealer in Amsterdam, unable to get rims from England, sought a German dealer.

"Yes," replied the German; "I can get you a thousand rims, but you must sign a contract with me to use only German rims and German wheels after the war."

The Dutchman had to have the rims or shut up shop, and he signed the contract. It is a common occurrence.

Here is another case that shows the German inroads into Anglo-Saxon trade. An Englishman living at The Hague wanted to buy some toys for his children. At the shop he asked for British-made goods.

"I have a few British dolls," said the proprietor; "but a fine line of German toys."

Then he explained: "If I want toys from England I have to get them through the Netherlands Overseas Trust, which requires a deposit of money, on which I lose interest; a delay of many months, with the chance that I cannot get the goods at all. On the other hand a postal card to Germany brings what I want in a week."

A serious situation developed with films. A certain American camera is almost as well known in Holland as it is in the States. Like the safety razor that I described it is a staple. The Dutch own thousands of these cameras and they need large quantities of roll film. When the exports of films from America ceased the Germans saw a great chance to exploit their wares. Before the war they were content to leave this branch to the Americans. Now they launched a whole new industry in roll film and flooded the market. All the film comes from the well-known Actien Gesellschaft Für Anilin—the great German dye trust known as the "Agfa." The Germans have also built up a new trade in cameras, in which they have imitated all the well-known American makes in everything but efficiency and cheapness.

The irony of the film situation is that the American company spent a fortune popularizing amateur photography in Holland, and now the Germans get the benefit of that expensive educational campaign.

While I was at The Hague the agent of a leading American maker of cameras and supplies went to see one of his largest customers, who asked: "Would you like to see my stock?"

"Yes," was the reply.

He was shown a large wareroom packed to the ceiling with German cameras and film packages.

"Do you blame me?" he asked.

The American was bound to admit that he could not.

Then the Dutchman continued: "If I had depended upon the Allies for a stock I should be a pauper. I have a big business; I must keep it going. After the war I must, in honor bound, help the people who help me now."

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"America's First Car"

HAYNES

26th Successful Year

MANY regard the automobile as of recent origin. That the Haynes is in its 26th year of continuous success often evokes surprise.

An 1893 Haynes is exhibited by the Government in Washington as the pioneer American automobile.

An 1897 Haynes, in our possession, is still capable of fifteen miles an hour.

Other nineteenth and early twentieth century Haynes continue to roam the roads to this day.

Modern Haynes cars reflect the same trustworthiness. Thus is the foundation of Haynes success being broadened for that ever-widening circle of satisfied Haynes owners.

Haynes "Light Sixes" and "Light Twelves" are available in open cars, Fourdore roadsters, coupés, sedans and town cars. Catalog on request.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

40 South Main Street Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 37)

To give you some idea of how the Germans are making hay in the film business let me quote some prices. The cost of roll film for a certain small American camera in Holland was fifty cents in Dutch money; the German film to-day of the same type costs a dollar and five cents. American cinema film—which the Germans are now making in large quantities—was twenty-four cents a meter; the German brand brings sixty cents.

This leads naturally to the operations of the great German film trust, whose activities in Holland are full of significance for America and England. Early this year all the leading German film-producing companies such as the Decla, the Eiko and the Oliver concerns—they produce and distribute the principal pictures and topical reviews—were merged into a huge company. The Agfa makers of raw film were also tied up in the enterprise. Thus manufacturer, producer and distributor were allied. As usual with German big business, the government came across with a fat subsidy and became a partner.

The trust at once started an intensive campaign to corner the exhibition-film business in all neutral European countries. A special drive was made in Holland. The methods are not unfamiliar to persons who have studied the operations of certain monopolies. The main purpose is to flood these neutrals with complete programs—comedy, tragedy, topical reviews—thus preventing the theaters from using any other films. Since few films except propaganda pictures have found their way into Holland lately from the Allied countries, there was an excellent opening for the young giant. The trust is also leasing and operating its own theaters, including some in Holland.

The trust offers films at a low price, but on condition that the exhibitor use only its product now and after the war. If he does not accede to these harsh terms he must, in the great majority of cases, close his house. Happily a British company has entered Holland for the express purpose of combating the German octopus.

Germany's Price

It is easy to see the immense influence that the German film trust can exert. There is no propaganda like the motion picture because, like music, it speaks the universal language. The film combine therefore can covertly exploit German ideals of life and war, advertise Teutonic industry, get over the peace plea, and in numberless ways shape and influence the neutral mind.

The more you probe into this German economic penetration the more you realize the extraordinary efforts that Germany is making to maintain the integrity of her outside trade even in the midst of a war that is menacing her imperial existence. Often you hear uninformed people say "Germany is taxed to the limit to meet her own requirements in steel and iron." Yet she manages to send Holland machinery parts; boilers; iron tubes; agricultural implements, such as plows and harrows; bicycle parts; cables; electrical fittings and insulators. In Rotterdam a British merchant was in urgent need of asbestos. On inquiry he found that the only place where it was available was in a German shop whose supply came regularly from Germany.

In many districts in Germany it has been necessary to tear up the local railway lines to meet military necessities elsewhere. There has been a real hardship in maintaining rolling stock and roadbed, due to the colossal wear and tear of troop and munitions transport. But despite this need she has sent and continues to send rails, railway material and even some rolling stock to Holland. The quantity is not large, but it is enough to convince the Dutch that the Germans are willing to help them.

Germany is also shipping all manner of merchandise into Holland. The list includes clothing, collars, clay, cement, thermometers, chemicals, gypsum, asphalt, potash, scientific apparatus, lenses, retort carbon, magnetos, cooking utensils, books, sulphate of magnesia, hardware, woodenware, typewriters, shoes, perfumes, paper, and even small quantities of copper, which she so vitally requires for her war work.

Do not get the idea that Germany is pouring out these articles with an altruistic hand. There is a string tied to every sale. The German salesman is part of an immense system dedicated to the sole task of building up Germany's after-the-war trade fences. He plants goods only where they will take root and sprout good-will. Every order during the war must produce a harvest of orders when the war is over. The German motto, like that grim maxim in the famous Japanese play, is "Nothing for nothing is given here." This is why the German merchandise going into Holland is playing two separate and distinct parts.

The suave German traveling salesmen—and I saw them everywhere in Holland—will book an order for anything. All make the same speech. It is as if they had been trained in a huge school of salesmanship with a standardized system. The usual line of conversation is something like this:

"We are very glad to book and fill your order to the best of our ability. In fighting the whole world Germany is undergoing a severe drain on all her resources. We have little, but we will share it with you. On the other hand, America and England—especially America—have abundant supplies of everything, yet they will not help you. You can always count on Germany."

Of course, this makes an impression on the Dutch merchant, and though he cordially dislikes the *mof*—the Dutch synonym for boche—he is not likely to forget what is happening now.

A characteristic evidence of the German economic mailed fist in action is revealed when you look into shipbuilding in Holland. A certain shipbuilding firm at Rotterdam wanted to purchase some material from Germany.

"Very well," was the reply. "You can get what you want, but you must sign an agreement that your ships will not be used in the Entente interests for five years after the war."

The firm had to have the material, and it signed the contract. Well may the Dutch merchant or manufacturer say, in paraphrase of a classic remark, "Beware of the Germans selling goods!"

With copper, Germany is improving the shining hour. Woe to the Dutchman who seeks it from her. Any manufacturer in Holland can get a reasonable amount from the Germans if he will stipulate that the product will in no way fall into the hands of America or England. If he has had the slightest intercourse with the Allies he is penalized by paying—what happened in several instances—fifty times the price paid by the individual who has done business exclusively with Germany. In the light of Germany's pious protest against the proposed economic boycott as formulated at the Paris Economic Conference in 1916, this blackmail is rather amusing.

Though Germany let loose a tirade against the Allied black list, she herself practices that same procedure. She has a black list which contains the name of every Dutch firm that trades with the Allies. They receive no raw materials or merchandise from Germany under any circumstance.

Good-will Cheaply Bought

It is typical of the German that the moment he permits the Dutch merchant to get goods he makes all possible capital out of it. You can hear the boche salesmen talking in loud voices in the restaurants about their ability to do business in the midst of a great war. In this connection I am reminded of a sample of German generosity that was widely press-agented in Holland.

For some time prior to Christmas last year there was a gasoline drought at Copenhagen. All motor vehicles reposed idly in the garages. The Germans needed some good-will in the Danish capital, so with a great flourish of trumpets they sent the community—as a Christmas gift—a supply of gasoline that enabled the Danes to do some joy-riding at the glad Yuletide. But they exacted a record price for it. German philanthropy is always capitalized and commercialized.

First aid to this close-knit economic penetration is the huge propaganda machine that Germany has erected in Holland. Nowhere have I seen the Teutonic exploitative agency more in evidence or more efficient. It covers the little country like a blanket. No one escapes its observation or its effort.

The German propaganda was well organized long before the war. As usual it began with German "kultur," though it was then spelled without the bloody "k." The German academic influence dominated the Dutch educational institutions. German philosophy could do no wrong. Just as soon as Germany decided that the time was at hand to remove the mask and plunge the world into war, she started work in Holland in earnest. Herr Von Kuehlmann, late German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was German Minister to The Hague. He launched a publication called De Toekomst—The Future—consecrated to the glorification of everything Germanic. He employed Dutchmen as editors, however. This paper became the voice of Germany in Holland.

With the outbreak of war the German agents poured into the country. Rotterdam became the nest of the whole espionage movement, though the box office was at the legation in The Hague. Holland was at once organized, just as Spain and Sweden are organized. Every merchant suspected of trading with the Allies was put under surveillance, his mail was opened and his movements watched.

The moment a citizen of an Allied country puts foot upon Dutch soil he is shadowed. I thought it was bad enough in Spain and Sweden, but in Holland I found it much worse. All the time that I lived at The Hague I was dogged by a German. He lived at my hotel. As soon as I ventured forth he was seized with a desire to go out. His espionage was in no way annoying, but I always had the sense that a pair of beady Prussian eyes were on me. It got pretty tiresome.

Social Penetration

"Keep everything valuable on your person," was the warning I received in England. I did not need it, because the rifling of baggage by German agents in Spain had taught me something of their methods. In Holland, however, it goes farther. In Spain the spies only examine documents; in Holland they steal them. No lock is safe. A British newspaper correspondent at Amsterdam told me that he had two special locks put on his bags. Yet the Germans opened them and took away a valuable report.

This pilfering is possible because many of the porters, waiters and other servants in the Dutch hotels are German spies. The same is true of the Spanish, Swedish and Swiss hostelries. These gentry show great solicitude for the guests from Allied countries; they are particularly concerned about your mail and telegrams. If they discover anything that they consider of interest or value to their masters they photograph it at once. A complete photographic apparatus was found in the room of a waiter in a Rotterdam hotel. It was especially adapted for the photography of documents.

With regard to the anxiety that these spies have for the welfare of the papers of guests, the following incident is illuminating: A certain British newspaper man resided at one of the leading hotels at The Hague. He got into the habit of giving his press dispatches to the waiter on his floor to file at the post office. He found on several occasions that they were not delivered. Upon investigation he further discovered that every scrap of paper that he had given this man had been copied and sent to the German Legation.

As elsewhere, every German in Holland regards himself as an anointed agent of his Fatherland. Most of them are operating under special instructions, and each has his particular task. All seek to placate and flatter the Dutch in every possible way. Occasionally they betray themselves. Two of them were riding on a street car in Rotterdam. One handed over a ten-cent piece and asked the conductor to keep the change, which was two and a half cents. It is a common practice in Holland to fee conductors, in fact everybody. The other German pocketed his change, whereupon his companion turned on him swiftly and said in German "Remember our instructions. Give him the change." It simply meant that these agents were out to do everything possible to obtain the good-will of the natives.

Germans are joining Dutch clubs, thus continuing the social penetration which is part of their propaganda game. Others have intermarried with the Dutch. A little thing like matrimony never stands in the way of the achievement of the German desires.

In Holland the German prisoners of war—thousands are brought here in exchange for British prisoners—become part of the propaganda and trade campaign. All are studying Dutch, Spanish or English. They do the same thing in the prison camps in France and elsewhere. It simply means that though rendered incapable of fighting further in the physical war they are preparing for the peaceful war after the war. It is also typical of the German slant of mind to find that hundreds of German officer prisoners are enrolled as students at the Dutch universities at Leyden and Utrecht. On the other hand only one British officer has done likewise.

One favorite medium for propaganda and general service to the empire is more difficult for the German in Holland. I mean naturalization, the cloak under which he carried on his deviltry in America so successfully. Every naturalization in Holland requires a special Act of Parliament. In addition, the applicant must have resided five years in the country.

This indicates that Holland does not take kindly to the process, and rightly. Shortly before I arrived in the Netherlands twenty-six Germans were naturalized, but after considerable opposition. The feeling of the country toward the performance was expressed in a cartoon published in one of the papers. It showed the Minister of Justice addressing the newly made Dutch citizens and using the words of the Dutch hymn, "Holland's blood flows nobly free from foreign taint." The new citizens, however, are holding up beer steins and singing Deutschland Uber Alles, while the shadow of the Kaiser broods over the background.

Of course, the German rumor monger is always on the job in Holland. He can precipitate an Allied crisis in record time; likewise he can put the Dutch in imminent danger of an invasion from the British on a moment's notice.

Wherever you find the German propagandist you also find the professional peace advocate. In Holland he revived the moribund Anti-Lorlog—the Anti-War Society—and made it a thriving organization solely to create a sentiment that would bring about a German peace. I found that whenever I talked with a pro-German in Holland he immediately bewailed the fact that the Allies would not consent to gather round the green table with the Central Powers and take stock of the situation. So many of them used the phrase about the green table that I am sure they were all trained in the same school.

Camouflaged Banks

All this propaganda bears directly upon the trade situation. Nor is it confined to Holland itself. A powerful machine is in operation in the Dutch East Indies to create unrest among the natives, overthrow Dutch power and put those treasure houses under German rule. Germany will need a vast colonial empire after the war, and her greedy eyes are upon the overseas domain of little Holland. A Dutch sea captain told me that he heard Germans in Java boasting of the day when the island would be theirs.

Evidence is not lacking of an intensive German campaign in Java as well as in Borneo and Sumatra. In the huts of the Mohammedan natives you find the pictures of the Kaiser and the Sultan side by side; in the abodes of the Buddhists the combination is the Kaiser and the Mikado.

The Dutch attribute all the uneasiness and frequent uprisings among the natives of their East Indian possessions entirely to German intrigue. As in Turkey, the natives have been told that the Kaiser is a Mohammedan and that under German rule they will have complete equality.

Germany needs powerful banking connections to bulwark her ramified commercial and espionage system in Holland. Credit is the backbone of business. In every country therefore she has at least one outstanding financial stronghold. Invariably it is the principal agent of that vast and sometime sinister institution, the Deutsche Bank of Berlin, citadel and paymaster of the German worldwide economic penetration. To camouflage this stewardship it frequently happens that some unimportant German bank sets up a dummy branch in a neutral land. But it is the Deutsche Bank that exerts the influence, always operating through some well-known local concern.

In Holland the Rotterdamsche Bankvereeniging has nominal assets of more than $60,000,000, and other assets far greater. This huge enterprise exercises a far-reaching political and financial authority. It has correspondents or close relationships wherever the symbol of exchange

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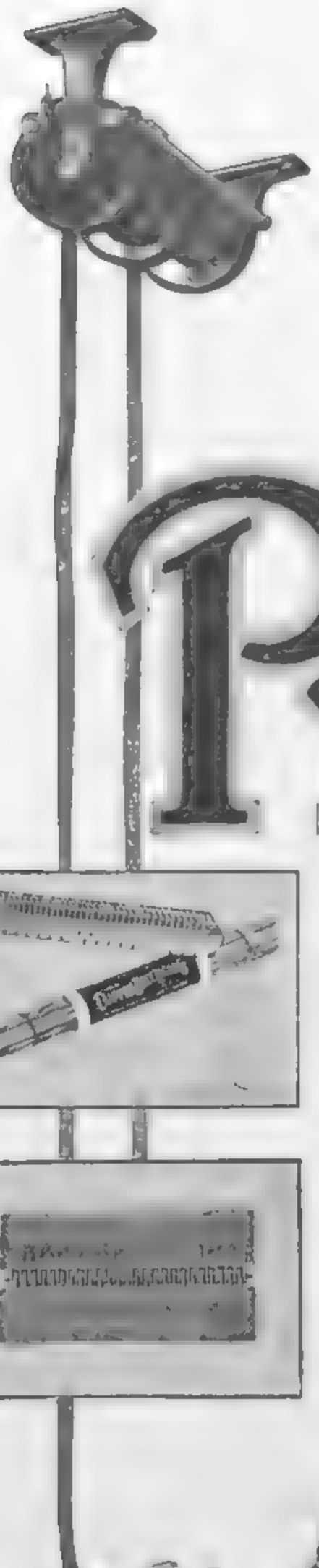
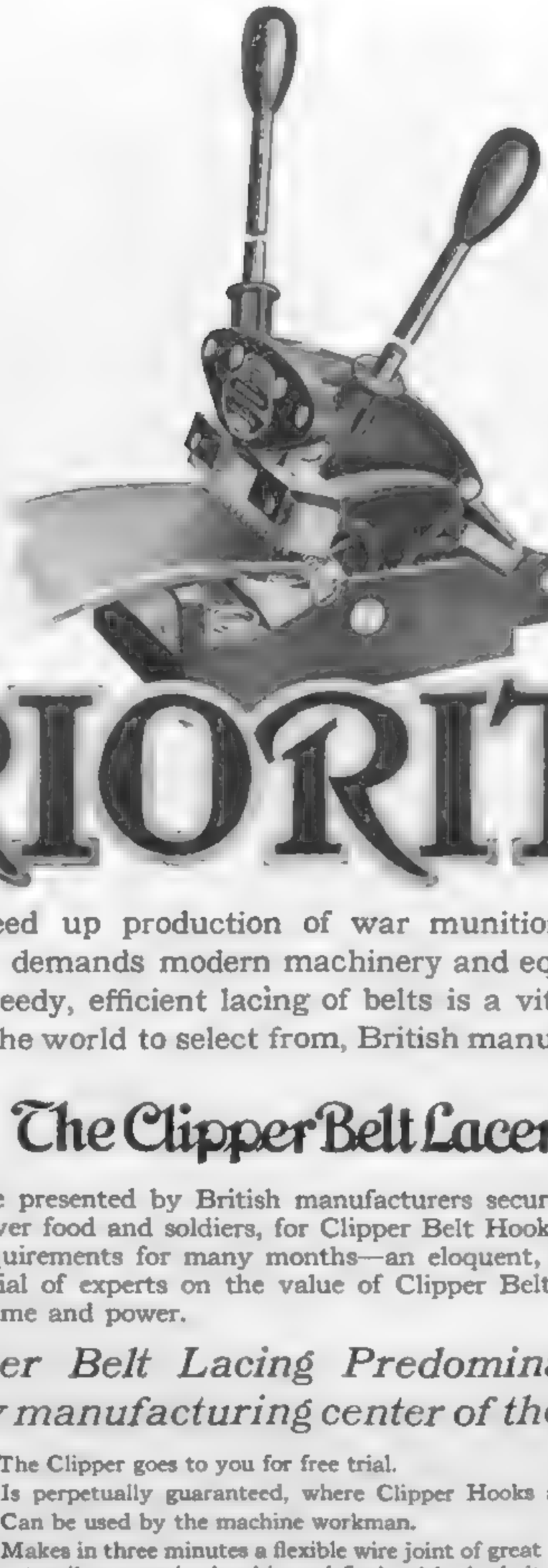




PRIORITY

To speed up production of war munitions Great Britain demands modern machinery and equipment. The speedy, efficient lacing of belts is a vital factor. With the world to select from, British manufacturers chose

The Clipper Belt Lacer

Evidence presented by British manufacturers secured priority orders over food and soldiers, for Clipper Belt Hooks, covering their requirements for many months—an eloquent, convincing testimonial of experts on the value of Clipper Belt Lacing in saving time and power.

Clipper Belt Lacing Predominates in every manufacturing center of the world

The Clipper goes to you for free trial.

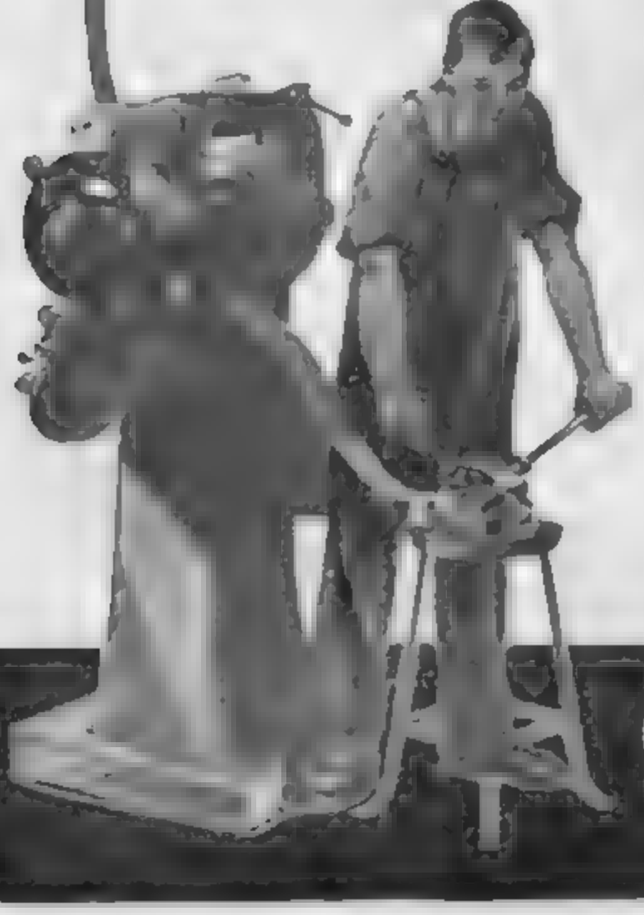
Is perpetually guaranteed, where Clipper Hooks are used.

Can be used by the machine workman.

Makes in three minutes a flexible wire joint of great tensile strength, durable and flush with the belt on both sides.

The American Museum of Safety gave the Clipper the only gold medal for metal lacing ever awarded.

Some mill supply dealer in every city sells the Clipper.



Clipper

TRADE MARK-REGISTERED

Clipper Belt Lacer Company

Grand Rapids, Michigan

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passes. In Scandinavia, for example, it is tied up with the Den Danskelandsmansbank; in Switzerland with the Société de Credit Suisse; in Italy—nor is it surprising—with the Banca Commerciale Italiana, and last but not least in Berlin with the Deutsche Bank. It has representatives in London, New York, Madrid, Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro—in fact everywhere.

It began modestly as the Rotterdamsche Bank. To-day it represents the consolidation of a dozen strong institutions, including the National Bank, the Dordtsche Bank, the Holland Bank of South America, the South Netherlands Trade Bank, and other banking houses, all dedicated to the task of colonizing Dutch business.

Like the Banca Commerciale Italiana, it is a master merchandiser and likewise a creator and speeder-up of industry. It is represented in the ownership or conduct of exactly forty-six different commercial, shipping or financial concerns, which range from the great Netherlands Trading Society to the Guano Trust and include such immense corporations as the Holland-America Line and the Netherlands Colonial Petroleum Company. Indeed it would be difficult to find some phase of Dutch industry that it does not touch in some way.

The Rotterdamsche Bankvereeniging founded the Russo-Netherlands bank at Petrograd. When the ordinary Dutch banker wanted to go to Russia before the peace he had to proceed by way of Scandinavia. When the Rotterdamsche Bank people went to Russia they were given a short cut through Germany.

Dominating this great institution is William Westerman, who for all practical purposes bears the same relation to his bank that Giuseppe Torplitz does to the Banca Commerciale Italiana. I talked with him in one of his many offices. It happened to be at The Hague and located in a fine old stone building in the Mauritzkade, which means that it was on the Maurits quay. He is big, broad, shrewd and not unkindly, with keen twinkling eyes and a very agreeable personality. There is no mistaking his power the moment you meet him. He is the type of man who dominates a room. He sat in an office that might have been the salon of a palace. The high Jacobean ceiling was a work of art; charming pieces of Japanese and Chinese porcelain stood on the massive carved wood cabinets; there was a general atmosphere of good taste. It was not different from any of the Dutch throne rooms of finance, shipping or big business generally. This environment at once invests a commercial transaction with distinction.

Westerman and His Career

In Westerman you find an example of the self-made Dutchman. To understand his rise you must know that in Holland commercial caste is strong. To achieve financial greatness at home you must be born to it. If you start below stairs in trade and do not leave the Netherlands you remain below stairs all your life. Hence every Hollander who was born poor and who has risen to eminence has had to make good elsewhere first. This is why the whole line of multimillionaires who to-day control the Dutch business situation climbed the first rounds of success in the Dutch East Indies. Many began as clerks with the Netherlands Trading Society, which is the East India Company of Holland and which has extensive branches in Java, Sumatra and Borneo.

Westerman's father was a poor stationer in Amsterdam. The boy had to go to work as clerk in a bank in his early teens. Later he picked up knowledge of foreign exchange in an arbitrage office. Realizing that he had no future at home, he did what so many of his colleagues did, packed off to Sumatra, proved his ability and came back to be assistant manager of what was then the Rotterdamsche Bank. The general manager died, and he stepped into his shoes. He saw at once that to be powerful the bank needed more capital and likewise international connections. He inaugurated a series of consolidations at home and treaties abroad which resulted in the immense institution that he heads to-day.

The Rotterdamsche Bankvereeniging, like a few other banking concerns in Holland, not only has special telephonic privileges with Germany but has leave from the Imperial government to carry on uncensored communications with the Deutsche and the Dresdner Banks and Disconto Gesellschaft, all of Berlin.

The general feeling to-day is that the Westerman bank is the principal German financial connection in Holland, though the Amsterdamsche Bank—another powerful institution—also maintains the closest relations with the financial powers that be in Berlin. When I asked Mr. Westerman about his German connections he smiled and said, "We must do business with the whole world, and we are not at war with Germany." One thing is certain: All the Dutch banks are making elaborate preparations to cope with the after-war trade, especially the German.

The intrenching of the German in the Dutch financial systems has still another big value. After the war Germany will move heaven and earth to restore her credits. One of her main tasks will be to rejuvenate the mark, which at the time this article is written had depreciated fifty per cent. German pride will want to see the mark swing back to its old value. This can be achieved only through the medium of a great business backed up by an immense gold reserve. Holland will be one of the places where Germany expects to recoup through large loans and likewise the annexation of huge stores of the precious yellow metal. Holland in turn will be in an excellent position to assist, because she has piled up a gold reserve of more than 700,000,000 guilders, or about $350,000,000—quite a tidy sum for a little land.

The Erdman-Hethey Failure

The course of German finance in Holland has not been altogether smooth sailing, as the famous Erdman-Hethey failure showed. Erdman & Hethey was a firm of stockbrokers in Amsterdam. Both members are naturalized Germans, and their principal clients were German. They had a habit of buying a long line of shares in a Dutch company. When they had piled up a considerable holding they would send a representative to the head of the concern and say: "We have a big lot of your stock. We are entitled to a voice in the control of the company. If you do not let us in of your own accord we will force you to do so."

In this way the Germans got a foothold in scores of large Dutch industrial enterprises. These tactics became so bold and so drastic that many Dutch corporations altered their by-laws so as to take sovereign control away from the annual meeting of stockholders and vest it in the board of directors, which must now be composed entirely of Dutchmen.

Erdman & Hethey built up an immense business and became known as the most daring speculators on the Amsterdam Bourse. They specialized in the shares of the Dutch East Indian companies, particularly those producing sugar. The reason was obvious. Much of the sugar and other products of these East Indian companies goes to British possessions. By getting a control of the output it could be diverted to German uses.

Before long it became known that they were acting for what is known in Germany as the Fuersten Concern, which means the Princes Syndicate. This is one of the famous Teutonic business groups, and as the title implies is composed entirely of princes of the bluest blood. The leading spirits are Prince Hohenlohe and Prince Schaumburg. In Germany, I might add, royalty does not despise commercial connection. This is shown by the fact that the Kaiser himself is sponsor and a heavy stockholder in the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd Lines, the potash trust and various other enterprises which have received imperial subsidies.

The Fuersten Concern is an important factor in German business. It owns the Esplanade Hotel in Berlin, and up to a few months before the war was proprietor of one of the largest department stores in the German capital city. It now began to plunge heavily on Dutch colonial shares, always operating through Erdman & Hethey. The general impression in Holland was that the German princes were seeking to acquire a control that would facilitate the export of Dutch colonial products into Germany.

All the while Erdman & Hethey were buying heavily and specializing in what the Dutch call "prolongation operations"—otherwise plain old-fashioned American margin trading. No one had concern for them because it was known that they had the millions of the Fuersten Concern behind them. When the crisis arose with Germany over the Limburg railway—an episode that nearly brought Holland into the war—all stocks slumped. The Fuersten Concern refused to stand by Erdman & Hethey, and the inevitable crash came. They failed, owing 19,000,000 guilders. There was a tremendous stir in the market; a panic impended, and the Amsterdam bankers had to raise a fund of 10,000,000 guilders to bolster things up.

At once the great mystery in Holland was "Why did the German princes let their brokers down?" One explanation was that Erdman & Hethey had exceeded their instructions and speculated too wildly. Another was that if Holland was forced into the war on the side of Germany she would instantly lose her colonies. Most of the bankrupt firm's speculations were in colonial stocks, which would at once dwindle to nothing. The German princes did not want to take any chances, and stood from under. Whatever the reason, the failure cleared up the atmosphere, for a time at least, of one kind of German financial intrigue.

Take the other side of the picture, which is the Dutch investment link with America. When you realize that at one time Holland had nearly $50,000,000 in United States Steel Common alone, you get some idea of the way her money has been put into our securities. Glance at the financial page of any Dutch newspaper to-day and you will find at least a hundred "Yankees" quoted.

The Dutchman is a born speculator. As one Dutchman expressed it to me, "We Dutch like to take a financial chance with music accompaniment." By "music" he meant the thrill and hazard of the ticker. A Hollander will sell anything that he possesses, except his family, on the chance of buying it back again at a lower price.

This accounts for the fact that his money has wandered so far afield. Holland has loaned money all the way from China to Peru. She has millions in Chinese and Japanese loans, in the Dutch East Indies, and in most of the Central and South American states. Her holdings in Russia, to her present sorrow, have been larger than in any other country with the possible exception of the United States. More than sixty Russian loans are held in Holland.

Our chief interest, however, is the American end. More than two hundred of our stocks and bonds are listed in Amsterdam. It is customary on the Amsterdam Bourse to deal in bearer shares. Dutch holders of American railway and industrial securities therefore receive their stock in the name of one of various administrative officers, who transfer the stocks dealt in on the exchange to their names and then issue their own certificates "to bearer." This plan protects the Dutch holders against forged certificates, and makes trading on the Bourse simple by substituting a local transfer office for the home office of the company. It also provides a place in Amsterdam where dividends may be promptly collected.

Yankee Plums and Lemons

Analyze the Dutch investments in America and you find that they have made some real killings. In the sixties, for instance, Holland bought Chicago & Northwestern seven per cent bonds at sixty-five. She likewise bought Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and Northern Pacific round twenty-five. She was also a large buyer of Union Pacific and Santa Fé shares after their reorganization and when they were quoted below twenty-five. Still more fortunate was the purchase by many Dutchmen of Steel Common when it was down to eighteen. Thus huge fortunes have been made on "Americans" at various times. On the other hand, many Dutchmen have bought Yankee lemons.

You can never tell the length of a Dutchman's purse by his personal appearance. I am reminded of this by an incident that happened one day at Amsterdam. I was going to lunch with the owner of one of the largest Dutch newspapers, himself a heavy investor in American securities. Pointing to a rather shabby-looking man he said: "That man owns more Steel Common than almost any other individual in Holland."

Then he made the following illuminating statement: "You seldom see a Hollander wear a diamond shirt stud; in fact you nowhere find a less ostentatious or flashy people than ours. Showiness is not a national fault. On the contrary we equal the Scotch in sobriety and lean toward the Oriental instinct for hoarding. Most Dutchmen are better off than you would suppose from their looks, and when they die their heirs when dividing the estate are more likely to be agreeably surprised than the reverse."

The question that chiefly interests the Dutch financial world now is just what the trend of its investment will be after the war. The possibility is that it will become more national in character—that is, stay at home or seek the field of her own colonies, where the opportunities for the employment of capital are large. On this point a well-known Dutch financier expressed himself to me as follows: "I shall be surprised if we again put our money abroad on the old large scale. One reason is the heavy taxation in foreign lands. Your Dutchman hates paying taxes once, let alone twice. Perhaps the borrowers by necessity will exempt foreign lenders from income taxes or they will make up for the taxes by offering securities at a low price."

This allusion to taxation leads me to mention an interesting discovery I made in Holland with regard to the Dutch ownership of our securities. Every holder of an American stock or bond there has received notice to pay the full American income tax on his holdings. With those who are heavy holders of stocks it is a serious matter. I heard more than one Dutchman say, "The moment that the dollar gets back to normal I shall dispose of every American security I own." The American diplomatic representatives at The Hague have taken steps to secure some relief in the matter.

The reference that the Dutchman I have just quoted made to the dollar calls for explanation. It is only when you go to a neutral country like Holland that you discover—and with a start—that the proud prestige of American money is dimmed. Before the war our dollar was worth two guilders and forty-eight and a half cents in Dutch money. Now it brings only one guilder and ninety-five cents. It is due to the almost complete cessation of commercial relations between the two countries. This is one of the many reasons why American exports should be resumed at the earliest possible moment.

The Dutch Oil King

Holland has one financial link with America which deserves a little chapter all its own, first because of the economic importance of the bond, and second by reason of the dominating personality through which it is expressed. I refer to petroleum and its Dutch king, Henry W. A. Deterding, who by common consent and with one possible exception ranks first in the Netherlands gilded gallery.

To the average American this is an unknown name, but down in Wall Street and on the stock exchanges of London, Paris, Chicago, San Francisco, Petrograd and elsewhere it has a sort of magic glamour. Likewise in that towering temple of commerce at twenty-six Broadway in New York, where the Standard Oil Company holds forth, it is feared and respected, for Deterding is the only man who has fought that company to a standstill and brought it to terms. His story is as fascinating as any romance of self-made American millions.

Deterding is the son of an obscure Amsterdam sea captain. Four generations of his forbears ranged the seas, but he was destined for trade. He started as a messenger in a local bank and worked his way to a chief clerkship. At twenty-two, when he saw no further advancement in sight, he went to Java in the service of the Netherlands Trading Society. At once he showed such marked executive and organizing ability that in a year he had made himself conspicuous. "Deterding has a great future," became the familiar remark.

Opportunity now knocked at the young man's door and he was ready. Early in the nineties August Kessler—half German and half Dutch—incorporated at The Hague The Royal Dutch Company for the working of petroleum wells in Netherlands India. This is the concern now universally known as the Royal Dutch. Its original capital was only $500,000. Yet from that modest beginning has developed the mighty world-wide corporation buzzarked by billions which contests with the Standard Oil for the petroleum stewardship.

Kessler had a big vision, for he saw the possibilities of a great native oil development. He set up his headquarters at Batavia. In casting about for a bright young man to help him he heard of Deterding and engaged him as inspector. Deterding at once displayed an uncanny instinct for the oil business. He knew just where to drive a

well or set up an installation. When Kessler died, in 1896, the youthful inspector succeeded him as general manager. At that time the Standard Oil Company controlled the oil trade in China and the greater part of the Far East. With limited means and equally limited facilities Deterding began to contest that supremacy, and succeeded.

Gradually the Royal Dutch developed in scope, wealth and power. The oil conquest of the Dutch East Indies complete, Deterding turned to Russia and Rumania. But he labored under the handicap of inadequate transport so vitally necessary in the petroleum trade. Then he achieved a master stroke by forming a union with the Shell Transport and Trading Company, of London. This concern had a picturesque story. It was founded by Marcus Samuel—now Sir Marcus Samuel, Baronet—who began as a humble oil dealer in London. His father was a dealer in Japanese curios, mainly shells, in East London. Marcus had the large outlook of his race. He perceived that there was a big profit in transporting oil from the Near East in competition with the Standard, who enjoyed what amounted to a monopoly on the business. He started the Shell Transport Company, named sentimentally after the chief article in which his father traded, and equipped a fleet which now became an annex of the Deterding interests. About the same time Deterding made an alliance with the Rothschilds and took over the Asiatic Petroleum Company. The son of the Amsterdam sea captain was now a mighty factor to be reckoned with, and a battle royal with the Standard started.

There is no space here to tell the whole story of that struggle, much as I would like to do so. The German chapter, however, will illustrate the Deterding method. Up to the first decade of the twentieth century the Standard had the German oil trade bottled up. It sold about 80,000 tons of benzine there a year, which was a big item for those days. Deterding determined to get some of that business. He went to Germany, looked over the field and decided to set up a plant at Düsseldorf. Here he had the Rhine as a waterway, which was an important item. Then he picked out a live German and asked him to sell oil.

"But the Standard has all the contracts," was his immediate reply.

"Then it is your job to get some of them," demurred Deterding. "Make contracts at any price."

The German followed instructions and disposed of a carload of oil in a short time. The German dealers swallowed the price bait. Before long the Royal Dutch had cut so deeply into the Standard's German business that they were glad to make an agreement to divide the business.

The same procedure happened in China, but only after a bitter price war. Everywhere Deterding battled with the Standard on its own ground and got more than a foothold. Consolidation—that mother of trusts—became his passion, and he drew round him a group of concerns whose capitalization reaches many hundreds of millions. The Royal Dutch-Shell became the parent or holding company, the Batavia Petroleum Company the producing end, the Anglo-Saxon Oil Company the shipping agency and the Asiatic Oil Company the distributing medium. Such is the line-up of the European and Eastern machine.

Deterding now reached out for America. In turn Mexico, Venezuela, California and Oklahoma came into his oil domain. In all these places he organized companies, put down wells, built pipe lines and set up shop generally. To-day the sun never sets upon his business. He is in truth the Dutch John D. Rockefeller. In manner he resembles the late Henry H. Rogers, who could have a big hearty way with him when he chose.

Deterding rules his realm from London, where I have seen him in action and in repose. He sits at a flat-topped, fan-shaped desk in a modest room in the rear of a fine building in "The City." At work he is a dynamo of energy reminiscent of E. H. Harriman on a busy day. From his office radiate private wires that reach everywhere. This plump, animated man with keen black eyes and white hair, who, like most Dutchmen, speaks English perfectly, knows what is happening throughout his far-flung empire. With him knowledge is power.

Analyze his methods and you discover that they are exactly the opposite of those of the Standard Oil Company, that flourished before publicity applied its probe. He explained them to me one night after dinner as he sat smoking a fat black cigar and blowing rings into the air.

"My theory in building up the Royal Dutch," he said, "has been to create goodwill. My motto is Live and let live! To crush a rival is to make an enemy; to buy out a competitor at a cheap price is like hiring a good man at a small wage. It is bad business, because it creates discontent. If consolidation is necessary, make it worth while for the concern you need. It then becomes a real partner."

Such is the creed of the Dutch Crœsus. His only rival is A. G. Kroller, who exerts the same power at home that the oil king does abroad. He, too, is one of the self-made, for he is the son of a carpenter of Haarlem. He has the conspicuous distinction of being the only member of the Dutch financial autocracy who did not get his start in the East Indies. He started as a clerk in the great shipowning and merchandising house of Wm. H. Muller & Co., whose interests reach from Berlin to Buenos Aires; married the daughter of the head of the house, and is now in supreme command. He represents what a combination of the beef trust, the International Mercantile Marine, the Bethlehem Steel Company and a firm like W. R. Grace & Co. would mean in the United States. He has represented the German Government in practically every big business deal that it has made in Holland. He owns The Fatherland, which is the leading pro-German organ. Through him the Hamburg-American line sold recently its immense holdings in the Holland-America Line, first because it needed the money and second because without German taint the last-named company will be useful to Germany after the war.

I could continue this list of Dutch captains of capital for a good while, and tell of men like C. J. K. Van Aalst, head of the Netherlands Overseas Trust, whose real job is managing director of the vast Nederlandsche Handel Maatschappy—the Netherlands Trading Society—in which most of his colleagues served their apprenticeship; J. T. Cremer, the Marshall Field-James Stillman of Holland, who helped to build up that society; H. Colijn, head of the Batavia Oil Company and the mate of Deterding in prestige and fortune; and all the rest.

What is the American commercial opportunity in Holland? When all is said and done this is the really important matter. Before we take a look into the future we must glance at the past. You find that, as in France, Spain and other countries where we overlooked big business chances, we intrusted our affairs to the hands of agents who were either German by birth or pro-German in tendency. Whenever possible they diverted trade to the Fatherland.

In the second place we had no direct cable connections with Holland. Before the war all overseas communication between the United States and the Netherlands came by way of Emden or London. In either case every American trade secret filtered through the agents of our competitors. The Emden route was nearer and cheaper, and this means that the bulk of it passed under German scrutiny.

Another handicap was the fact that, like England, we had no bank in Holland. We had to operate through German institutions or banks in London, and in terms of the mark or the pound sterling. Already England has set about to rectify this mistake. Her financial outposts in Spain will inevitably be followed by similar enterprises in the Netherlands.

All this means that if America is to hold her own in Holland after the war she must have a direct cable, American trade representatives, and, if possible, her own bank. The wide holdings of our securities by the Dutch would alone justify the latter step.

The Dutch are alive to their post-war opportunities. Through the influence of M. W. F. Treub, Minister of Finance, a new economic party has been created to organize and conserve the business of the country. It means an era of economic statesmanship. The Netherlands Export Society, formed to equalize war profits and try to put some check on excessive trading with the Germans, is another evidence of this growing appreciation. Still a third is the lately enacted corporation law which prohibits aliens from holding preferred stock in Dutch corporations. This is a direct blow at German control.

Holland realizes that with her colonial possessions she can play an important part in the fierce struggle for raw materials, which will be the vital phase of the war after the war. These colonies produce tea, coffee, rubber, sugar, copra, quinine and oil. With such products she can dicker for coal, steel and machinery. Thus the Dutch East Indies could become a sort of economic complement to the United States. The shipping seizure led to direct communication between Java and the United States. It will only need speeding up with peace.

But there is no sentiment in business. Holland, as I have had occasion to remark before, is not a philanthropist. She is proguilder first, last and all the time. We must show her that we want to help her. You have seen how the Germans are supplying her with goods and making that operation contingent upon business after the war. Our only chance is to get busy now—pour commodities into the country and counter the Teutonic offensive.

The Germans have converted merchandise into propaganda. We can do likewise.

—Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Marcosson on the Dutch war situation.

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

Nightwear for All the Family Under This One Quality Brand

THIS year many patriotic families will sleep in heatless bedrooms, relying for warmth and comfort on these cozy, downy Brighton-Carlsbad sleeping garments. All those who are looking for utmost quality in their sleeping garments, specially processed material, ample size, careful workmanship and the little refinements of design which give fullest protection and perfect slumber, will do their buying under the guidance of this blue label. Brighton-Carlsbad, whether for men, women or children, whether in gowns, pajamas, Pajunions or sleepers, always has this identification mark.

More, this is a time to look for it. For now that everything costs so much more, value becomes doubly important. With the cheap, poorly made nightwear of former years costing three times what it used to, it becomes genuine economy to buy Brighton-Carlsbad at 50c or 75c more and be sure of quality and durability.

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On pajamas and pa- and ankles cannot work up and bind in crotch.

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Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear is notable for its comfort features—the "scaled" measurements; the full size throughout, giving utmost protection and warmth; the roominess across bust, hips and knees; the full sleeves and armholes; the flat, twin-needled seams—and scores of other points that add strength, life and sleeping comfort to the garments.

But of equal interest is Brighton-Carlsbad *style-smartness*. All of Brighton-Carlsbad *517 styles* for men, women and children are unusually modish in cut and design. Compare their distinctiveness and grace with *what you used to have to accept* in sleepingwear. Note the pictures here. Then see the nightwear itself in your dealer's store.

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Sleeping garments are made to *wear*. You can't judge their desirability as they lie folded in the box or on the counter. Ask your dealer to *unpin and unfold Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear* and spread it out before you. Judge for yourself the comfort, satisfaction, value and style hidden within its folds. The Brighton-Carlsbad label in blue is your safe buying guide—doubly important this year. Look for it.

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If your dealer hasn't what you want, send for our "*Nightie Book*," showing styles, so he can order what you require.

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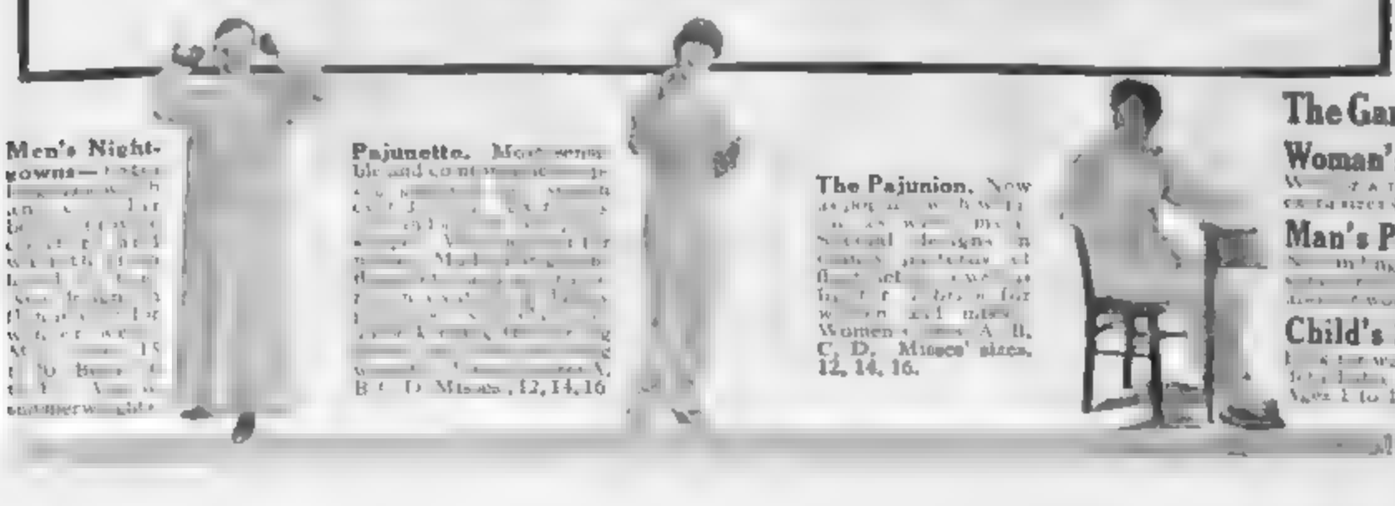
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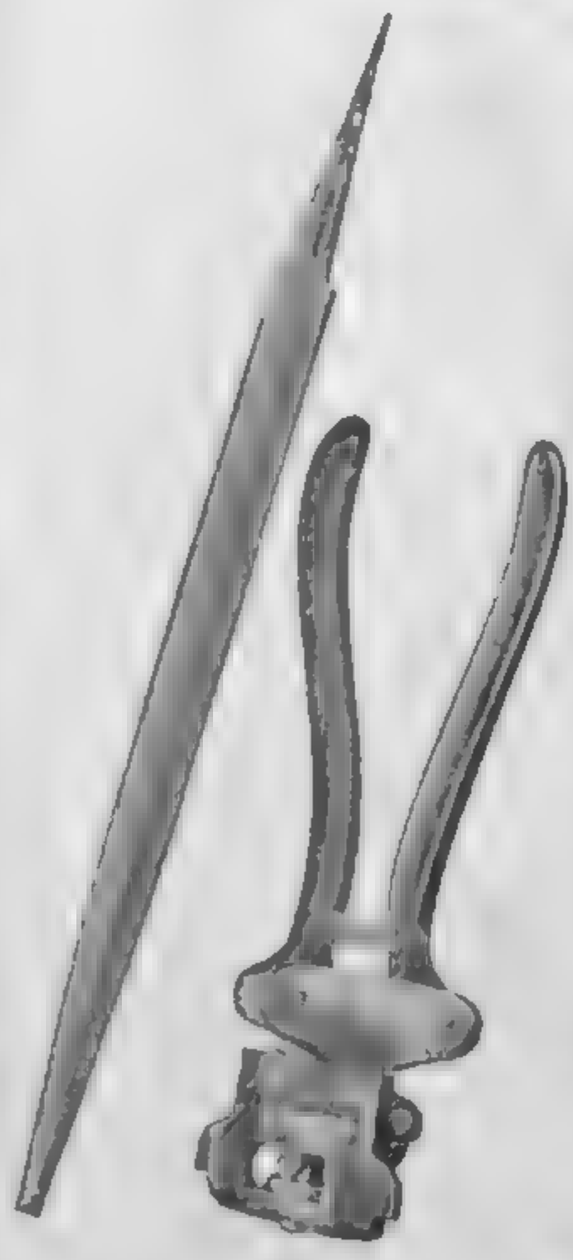

Keep them properly filed and set. Use a Disston Slim Taper File and a Disston Triumph Saw-Set. These first-class tools, used every little while, will save the time and energy you'd need to put a neglected saw back into good condition. Don't use a poorly made saw-set. If you do, you'll risk crimping the blade or breaking the teeth. That means shortening the life of your saw by excessive pointing to get back the teeth. You can get the Disston Slim Taper File and Triumph Saw-Set from a hardware dealer in your vicinity.

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DISSTON

SAWS AND TOOLS

The Poor Little Freshmen

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

MURDER MYSTERY

MAN FINDS BLOOD-SOAKED COAT AND CAP HIDDEN IN BRUSH ON HILLSIDE ABOVE EAST EDGE OF UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

PATHWAY BETWEEN BELLEW HALL AND OAK GROVE SHOWS EVIDENCE OF TERRIFIC STRUGGLE. BLOODSTAINS FOLLOWED UP OAK WALK TO WHERE BLOODY CLOTHES FOUND HIDDEN

HORRIBLE MURDER SUSPECTED

IN RUMMAGING among some papers that for two or three years have been lying in a remote compartment of my desk I came this morning upon the above heading, clipped from a local newspaper. To those not cognizant of the facts it would seem strange that so sensational a bit of literature would interest me, a staid professor of Greek and Latin in our university. Few would suspect that it intimately concerned me; that I was, in fact, the unhappy nucleus about which revolved the exciting events that for a long time shattered my peace of mind and threatened my high position as a member of the faculty and an irreproachable unit in the fabric of our best society.

But such was the truth. The danger is past and I no longer live under the sword of Damocles. However, I still view a sophomore with instinctive abhorrence; and whenever I observe a freshman coming my way I avoid him, feeling indubitably the same sensations that the superstitious feel when confronted by an evil eye.

A Most Admirable Blow It Was. It Met the Chin of the Larger Sophomore, the One Who Had Banged My Nose Into the Gravel, and Made It Bleed

We were at breakfast one morning, my wife Azalea and I. My wife was busy with her mail and her coffee. I viewed her splendid Hebelike proportions across the table and sighed. My wife heard the sigh and looked up with a question in her eye.

"I wish I were larger!" I said, answering the unspoken interrogation.

Azalea smiled. "It is not bulk but stoutness of heart and the quality of one's muscle that make a man," she said wisely. "Do you remember how the great brute Garbey knocked your hat into the gutter?" she proceeded. "Do you not recall that, recognizing your ignorance of pugilistic things, you went down to Professor Kid Meloney's boxing establishment and learned how to fight? But do not forget that you had all the necessary qualifications to begin with. All that remained was for you to learn how to use them—just as you would learn how to apply a rule in mathematics. And once you had learned, you knocked the Garbey creature into the gutter where once he had knocked your hat! My husband may be a small man—but he is a fighting man!"

I was tremendously flattered. Had my wife praised my erudition or dilated upon any of my mental achievements I knew I should have been agreeably excited. But—and here I was forced to be honest, though reluctantly—I knew in my soul that no such praise could have placed me upon such a proud pinnacle of exaltation as this mention, made by my helpmeet, of my physical prowess.

And then it came to me that education, wealth, beauty, refinement—all the splendid pillars of the edifice that our civilization has been thousands of years in building—these crumble in a twinkling and become as nothing when the elemental chooses to rise and demand precedence! Even I, who love beauty and peace and music—I, too, was of the common clay! I, too, could descend in one moment of spiritual cataclysm and feel the movings of the ancient Adam! For when the primitive calls, our greatest pride is, after all, the pride of our thews and of our ability to contend with and overcome our fellow creatures. But let me not digress.

I was just beginning upon my three-minute egg and milk toast when my wife looked up from her mail. "Cousin Edgar is coming to enter the university this year," she announced.

Now I had heard mention of Cousin Edgar at various times, but I vaguely remembered the fact. He was the son of my wife's uncle, and it seemed to me I had been told that he was a boy of rather delicate physique, timid withal, and with an inclination toward poetry. Indeed as my mind went back and remembered these things it recalled also that there was a picture of the boy in my wife's room—a sad-looking youth with long curls falling upon thin shoulders. "Cousin Edgar is not strong," I heard Azalea saying. "I fear he will find campus life a hardship until he attains his growth. I have heard that the sophomore class is very rough toward first-year men."

"Cousin Edgar must come and stay with us," I said warmly; for any member of my dear wife's family is most welcome in my home.

Azalea looked at me and smiled a tender smile. "The dear boy!" she said softly. "I knew he would say that!"

Again I felt a glow of quite absurd pride. She had referred to me as dear boy! That I, a mature dignified man of twenty-seven, at home nowhere outside the world of ancient languages—that I should be exalted at the appellation of boy!

How the human soul loves to be flattered, even though it knows it is being flattered! For flattery is a sugared pill and every creature loves the taste of it. Ah, the heavenly flavor of sweet sophistries when they fall from the lips of one you love! But again I digress.

II

AZALEA herself went to fetch Cousin Edgar from the train; consequently I did not meet the boy until dinner, and even then our conversation was limited to the few brief words of greeting, for my mind was deeply engrossed with a monograph upon which I have been working for many years. However, my wife and Cousin Edgar spoke together freely, and at intervals I came out of my abstraction long enough to note that our young kinsman's bearing seemed excellent, as befitted one of good family reared in an atmosphere of refinement and breeding.

His curls were no longer in evidence, but he still wore a rather immature, childish look, I thought, hardly compatible with his years. He was an undersized youth and appeared about fifteen, though naturally he was older than that. His eyes were soft blue and melancholy, with the appealing quality that one observes in very timid creatures. His nose was abbreviated, and there were freckles sown about the base of the organ. His legs and arms were long and thin.

When dinner was over Cousin Edgar excused himself politely and went out into the rose garden. Whereupon I wandered into the music room and seated myself at the piano, following my usual custom. I remember I was wandering absently through the bright melodies of Grieg, thinking of my monograph, when Cousin Edgar came into the room and approached me.

"I beg your pardon, Cousin William," said the boy, "but there was a mutt in your garden. I took a stone and leaned it against his slats and he beat it."

"A—a what?" I asked.

"A mutt," replied Cousin Edgar seriously. "He was putting one of your roses on the Jasper when I saw him. A yellow mutt with a bushy tail."

Bewildered I followed this extraordinary youth down into the garden. He pointed out a place beneath my favorite Jacqueminot where something had indeed been digging. I was indignant.

"I fancy it must have been a dog, Cousin Edgar," I said; "I have been sorely annoyed by a collie belonging to Professor Chandler, who lives just across the street. A dog undoubtedly, and not a—er—a mutt."

Cousin Edgar regarded me with his sad serious eyes. "No doubt you are right, sir," he said.

"This collie," I said, "has a most remarkable propensity for digging. I fear he has injured several of my choice roses."

Cousin Edgar was assisting me in restoring the earth above the lacerated roots of my beloved Jacqueminot. "It's a measly shame!" he said warmly. "If I ever catch him here again I bet I'll cure that mutt of coming over here!"

Again mutt! Evidently Cousin Edgar still held to his own convictions, in spite of his polite acquiescence with

my views. I went back to the house and entered my study, where I sought through many books of reference, searching even in the list of animals long extinct, but in the end I was obliged to acknowledge myself beaten. Nowhere could I find the word "mutt."

Just when I had arrived at this lamentable conclusion I heard a most terrific uproar arising from the garden and rushed forth upon the veranda barely in time to see Professor Chandler's yellow collie disappearing round the house, filling the air with yelps of fright, a tin can attached to its tail. Even after the animal had quite vanished from my view the noise of its going continued to be heard, what with the poor brute's outcries and the banging upon the pavement of the tin can, which apparently contained pebbles. Cousin Edgar came up the steps and his melancholy eyes uplifted to mine with cheerful friendliness.

"I fancy you will have no more trouble with him, sir," he said confidently. "That mutt will think twice before he comes back to this garden!"

Mutt! Evidently Cousin Edgar meant the yellow dog, which I had seen departing so zealously. And then it came to me that the quaint word was merely part of the vernacular of youth—"slang," as I have heard it termed.

"Upon what do you base your deductions?" I asked, for I was incredulous. The beast had outgeneraled me so long, you see.

"Well," said Cousin Edgar, "if I had had one can of rocks tied to my tail I'd never come back for another one!"

I marveled at the shrewdness of the boy's reasoning and returned to my study, pondering deeply. To this young mind "mutt" meant "dog." The word was not English. It was not any language, so far as I could determine in my disturbed mind. In the end I abandoned the effort to solve the problem—abandoned it tentatively.

Now this chapter may seem another digression, but truly it is not; for it is an epitome of the boy's character—of the boy himself as he appeared to my eyes. It is also a striking example of what occurred daily during the long period of our constant association.

Cousin Edgar's speech was a mystery to me. I grew to be very fond of him, and he of me. Nevertheless, to this day I feel that never in the world shall I understand him.

Of course I realized ultimately that youth has a vernacular all its own; that the very young cannot speak the language of their elders, spattering their conversation with meaningless words and phrases, which to them seem pregnant with meaning. The thing came to me as a revelation and it was as interesting as it was perplexing. For never before had I been brought into intimate contact with the natural language of boys. All my life I had lived apart. Even in my youth I had had no youthful playmates. Most of my life, indeed, had been spent in a world of study, where I read and heard the purest language only.

To me a word is a thing of legitimate and ancient origin, having roots and variants and a venerable place upon the pages of our literature. But this "slang," the vernacular of the young—whence does it come? And by what strange process does the immature mind endow it with the power to express meaning?

I do not know. Perhaps the young, being closer to the great source of being from which we all have come—perhaps they respond mysteriously to atavistic impulses that we older ones cannot feel; hear subconsciously the whisper of forgotten lips and speak here and there the language of races long vanished from the earth, leaving behind them no written word. Perhaps. I do not know.

III

IT WAS along toward the end of the first week following the opening of the university when Cousin Edgar appeared at dinner with a black eye. I was moved to question him regarding it, but received no definite enlightenment. On the next evening his other eye was black also, and his lip cut. Still he made no allusion to his misfortunes; and we, who knew something of the student's code of ethics, ceased to importune the boy.

However, we gained an inkling from Cousin Edgar's conversation later on.

"The sophs at this university are sure one bunch of roughnecks," he observed one evening, apropos of nothing that I could see. "Roughnecks, every one of them!" he repeated.

Now I fancied myself a keen observer, and I knew that in my long association with the university I had never, to my knowledge, remarked any student possessing a neck of abnormal roughness. Many necks had come under my observation exhibiting plenteous manifestations of boils and pimples; frequently, also, I had perceived sunburned necks that later peeled most uncomfortably; but these things were common to the male youth, and I could see no relation between the boils and sunburn aforesaid and Cousin Edgar's invidious remark concerning roughnecks. However, not wishing to advertise my ignorance I pursued the subject no further. Later I decided that the term "roughneck" applied, in the vernacular of youth, not to the condition of the cervical region but in some unique manner to the state of one's temperament. Reasoning progressively I arrived at the conclusion that Cousin Edgar was being severely hazed by certain members of the sophomore class.

A few days later, as we walked home from the university together, Cousin Edgar took occasion to repeat his conviction that the sophomores were roughnecks.

"I find that it is a tradition in this place," he said. "As far back as the history of the institution extends the sophs have been manhandlers; and this year's bunch is a little bit worse than the limit.

"It wouldn't be so bad," he complained, "if they would be content to give a fellow a good stiff hazing and let it go at that. But when they keep it up day after day—well, it doesn't seem ethical, someway. A fellow can't study. Besides, they haze at night too. It's worth a freshie's life to cross the campus after dark!"

Cousin Edgar, it will be noticed, made no reference to any wrongs suffered by himself at the hands of the sophomore class. This, I gathered, would not have been ethical either. But his bruised face and swollen eyes spoke emphatically. I sighed. I recalled that I had felt strong resentment upon the occasion of my own hazing, many years ago. I remembered how I had marveled then that one's welcome into our great institution of learning and refinement should take the form of mauling and maiming, treatment that fell but little short of mayhem and manslaughter. While I pondered these things Cousin Edgar walked along caressing his battered nose and thinking deeply.

"This guy Napoleon was a great little man, wasn't he?" he burst out presently. He had a way of breaking into speech at the most unexpected moments.

"A great man, truly," I agreed, "though not a man of peace."

"He won with his head, didn't he?" pursued Cousin Edgar thoughtfully.

"He was a great strategist," I conceded, though reluctantly, for I do not admire Napoleon.

"Some brainy old kid!" said Cousin Edgar with growing enthusiasm. "He wasn't as big as some of the other Johnnies; but oh, boy! How he could start things!"

We were now outside the campus and walking along the street. As we passed the flamboyant sign above the door of Professor Kid Meloney's School of Physical Culture I smiled as I thought how many times I had stolen clandestinely therein, learning how to become a buster, so that I could bust the brute Garbey, who had knocked my hat in the gutter and insulted me in the presence of my dear wife. My reverie was interrupted by Meloney himself coming suddenly round a corner and nearly colliding with me.

The good fellow was delighted to see me, though plainly ill at ease and embarrassed, now that he knew me as a member of the faculty, and not the mere grocer's clerk that I had appeared to be while taking my boxing lessons surreptitiously at his school. I, too, was embarrassed; for I did not wish that Cousin Edgar should hear that I once had been in a fight, fearing he might disseminate the information among the members of his class. It is not good for a university professor to obtain unenviable notoriety. However, as I found later, I was needlessly alarmed in regard to Cousin Edgar.

The professor was a most decent sort; nevertheless, I was glad when he left us; for I doubted if the associations he represented were good for the stripling who accompanied me.

We had proceeded for perhaps half a block when Cousin Edgar next spoke. "Did not your friend the professor once hold the middleweight championship of the West?"

"I—er—I believe I have heard so," I replied. I did not like to arouse the boy's curiosity further.

Cousin Edgar looked back several times, and I thought his eyes made note of the sign above Professor Kid Meloney's door; but I could not be sure. I deftly turned the conversation to a contemplation of Greek verse—a subject in which I found this young mind wholly deficient.

I am sure the boy was not guilty of gratuitous discourtesy, for he was a well-bred youth; but after I had recited a verse of more than ordinary sonorous beauty I began enumerating the names of the great poets; and suddenly in the very midst of the sacred list Cousin Edgar interrupted.

"Roughnecks!" he exploded vehemently. "Every one of them roughnecks—and nothing is too bad for them!"

I was shocked. But immediately Cousin Edgar apprehended his gross breach of good breeding and apologized most contritely. His mind, he explained, was still upon the sophomores; and contemplating the bruised young features of my weak kinsman I could but sympathize.

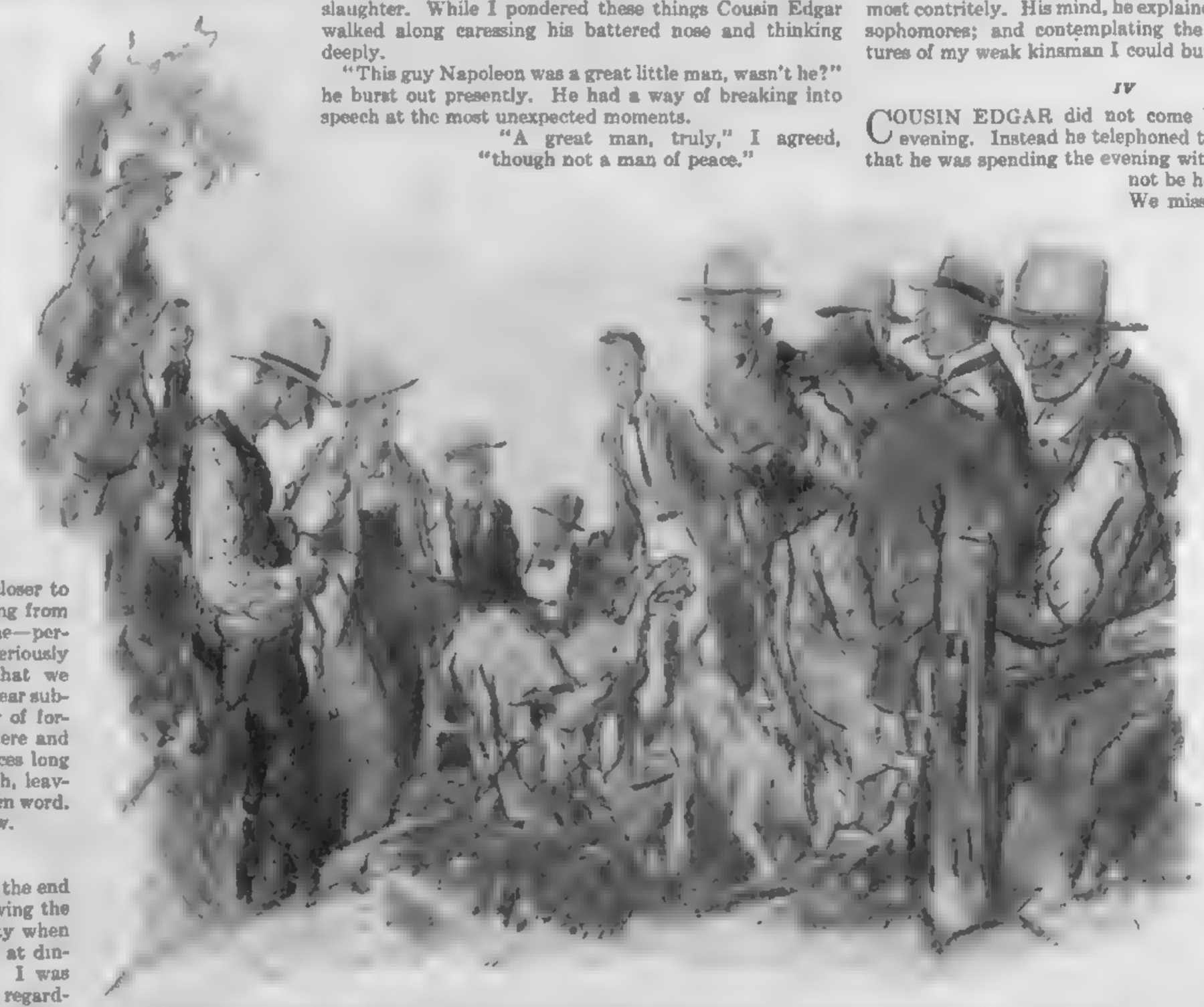
IV

COUSIN EDGAR did not come home the following evening. Instead he telephoned to Azalea, explaining that he was spending the evening with friends and might not be home until quite late. We missed him exceedingly when we sat down to dinner, for he was indeed a lovable boy; besides, his remarkable language was a never-failing source of interest.

After dinner I went back to the university, for I wished to do some stencils outlining the Greek course. Always I made my own stencils, unless the janitor, who was my friend, came in, when we worked together. I liked to work in the evening, for then there would be no interruptions.

Arrived at Bellew Hall I went first to the cloakroom upstairs to hang up my coat and hat. I then proceeded to the basement, where my friend the janitor had fitted up a snug room for

(Continued on Page 49)



"Uncle Tom's Cabin Stuff Was a Bloomer," Cousin Edgar Announced. "I Was Up There and Saw It Pulled Off"

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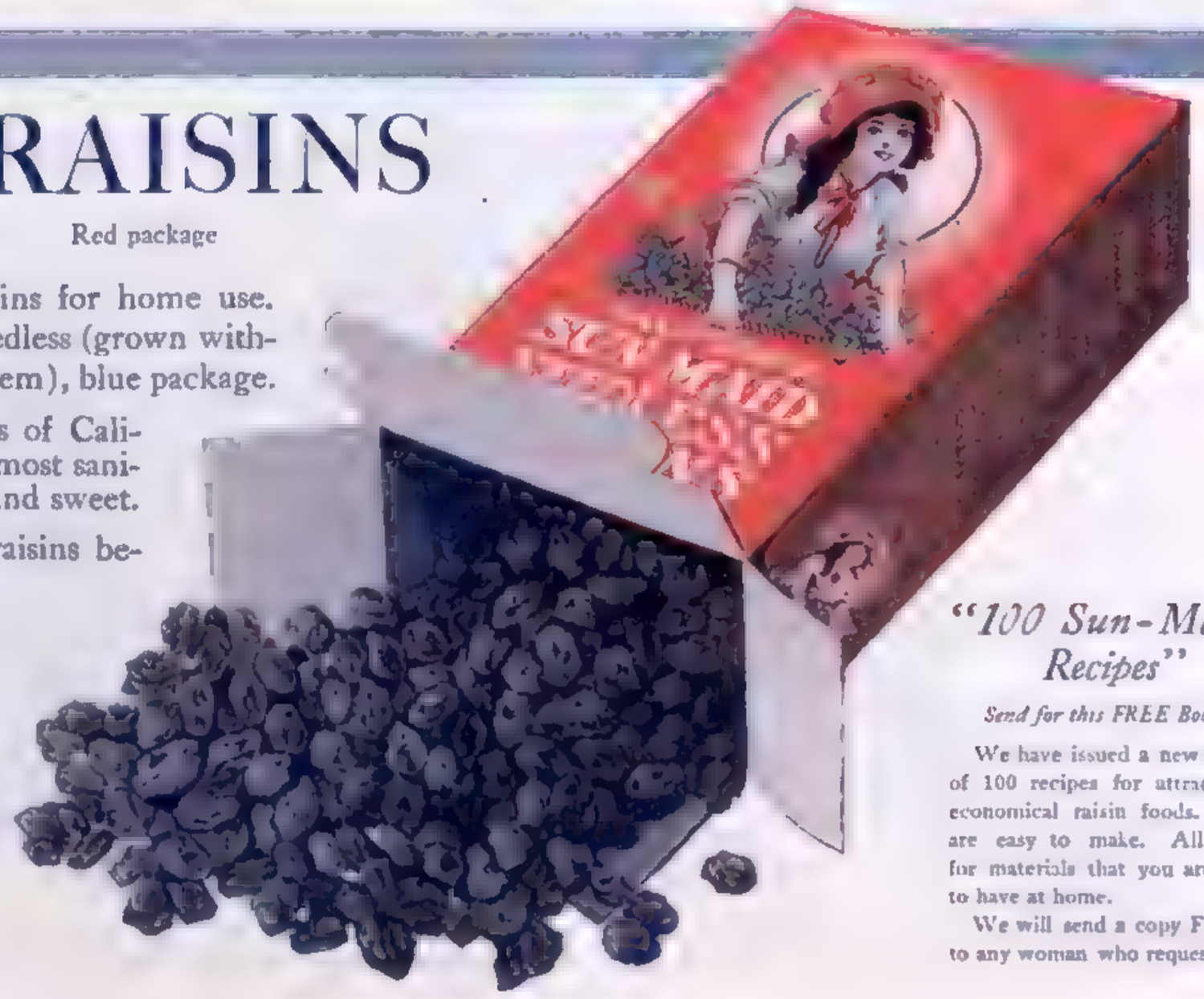

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(Continued from Page 46)

me. I could not find the janitor, but I expected him momentarily, for several times I thought I heard him working about the building.

Two hours later I finished my stencils and went up to the cloakroom for my coat and hat. To my dismay, however, I was unable to get in. Quite unaware that I was in the building the janitor had locked up and gone home!

I went back to the basement and after diligent search discovered a coat that evidently belonged to my friend the janitor. It was a ridiculous garment, being of an ancient style once known as Prince Albert, much worn at the elbows and otherwise showing itself possessed of great age. Looking about again I found a small cap, which barely covered the back of my head. These things, when I put them on and surveyed the effect in the dusty mirror, gave to me a startling appearance and I wondered if I had the courage to go home in them.

The coat was very tight in the shoulders; but it made up for this paucity by the length of the tails, which reached quite below my knees, and it hung upon me—I am a small man—like the coat I once observed draping a grotesque scarecrow in a farmer's field.

However, I had little choice. The night was cool. Moreover, to go upon the streets without coat or head covering was obviously not to be considered.

Dressed in this strange garb I at length left the basement. As I came up and stood upon the sidewalk I looked across the football field to where the gymnasium building was ablaze with lights. I remembered then that this was the night of the freshman reception. The recollection brought vividly to my mind my own freshman reception, long years ago; for on that occasion I had been caught and unmercifully hazed.

As I turned to go up to the wide pathway that leads down between Bellew Hall and the Oak Grove I noted that a group of figures lurked at the corner. It came to me that it would not do for me to exhibit myself to university men wearing such an undignified costume; so I faced about, passed round the lower side of the hall and struck into the Acacia Walk, which intersected the main walk leading to Bellew Gate.

Gaining the walk safely I continued my way, keeping sedulously in such shadows as were cast by the acacia trees, thankful that so few people were stirring abroad. As I approached Bellew Gate a group of young men turned in from the street. They, too, were keeping well in the shadows and seemed to be moving with furtive trepidation. I was interested in their behavior—so interested that I entirely forgot my desire to avoid notice. Small men they were, mere boys apparently. I counted rapidly. There were eleven of them.

As I came up opposite they paused and shrank back still farther against the shrubbery. And then I saw in the indistinct light that all wore the meager little caps that in our university are the distinguishing mark of the freshmen. Beyond the caps, however, there was nothing to identify them. Their body attire was nondescript, suggesting the usual street garb affected by the poorer classes of the South Side. And then, as I was about to pass on, one of their number spoke.

"Hey, bo," he said in a husky voice; "where's de gymnasium at?"

I pointed out the lights of the gymnasium, glowing upon the hill beyond Bellew Hall. "You are freshmen, I perceive," I remarked.

"Dat's it," agreed the spokesman. "We're on our way to—to de ——"

"To de freshman reception," another finished for him. And then the party edged timidly away from me and started on.

I now understood fully. These were poor boys from the South Side; boys who had been reared quite outside the circle of refinement and culture. Their speech betrayed their origin—as well as their attire. Poor little freshmen. Struggling beings, yearning for education and the beautiful things of the soul, they were setting their eyes toward the high goal, but venturing with fear and trembling.

And then it flashed across my understanding that their evident timidity was due to the fear of sophomores! My heart grew hot with indignation as I thought upon the arrogant brutality of the bullies who had made the nights upon the campus so full of terror that no freshman dared walk beneath the venerable trees without skulking like a thief! In that one brief illuminating instant I had determined upon my course. I would escort these poor little freshmen safely across the campus.

"Follow me, young gentlemen," I said, and without further converse turned back and set off at a brisk pace toward Bellew Hall, past which the path led toward the gymnasium. I had quite forgotten the outlandish coat and cap I wore, for my mind was engrossed with the wrongs of the poor little freshmen. The eleven followed, rather reluctantly, I thought. As we proceeded I heard them conversing among themselves in hoarse whispers.

"Who's de fresh fish?" asked one.

"Gawd knows!" answered another. "He looks like a stable cleaner but he talks like a highbrow. We better stall along awhile and see what happens."

"But maybe he'll spill de beans!" insisted the first.

"Lay off, I tell you!" whispered his colleague. "Remember you're a freshman. Don't be a roughneck!"

"You're a hell of a freshman yourself!" sneered the doubter in a tone of much acrimony. "But don't blame me if he spills de beans!"

I was shocked, for such language seemed sacrilegious and well-nigh incredible, uttered by timorous beings who were for the first time setting foot upon the sacred soil of the great institution that was to mold their lives anew and shape the triumph of their future. However, I reflected that they probably spoke the only language that they knew, the language of the tenements. So I continued on in silence, the shrinking freshmen following and maintaining an irregular muttering, through which I frequently discerned the voice of the pessimist, still firm in his conviction that I would spill the beans.

Now I could perceive no member of the party who seemed to be carrying beans. Nor could I apprehend the cause of their uneasiness. I am possessed of a reasonable amount of dexterity; and in any event I kept far enough ahead of them so that such beans as might have been conveyed by the party stood in no danger of coming into perilous juxtaposition with me. Why, then, the inordinate anxiety concerning the legumes? And further, why were they taking beans to a freshman reception and guarding them with such meticulous solicitude? The thing was most remarkably perplexing.

It was a wonderful night. The moonlight fell upon the red sandstone gravel of the pathway, fantastically filigreeing it with the shadows of the interlacing boughs of the trees. At the top of the walk, toward which we were tending, the famous Oak Grove came down the hillside and met the noble outlines of Bellew Hall. Above the grove the stars twinkled dimly in the superior light of the moon.

But I could not at the time appreciate the beauty of the scene, for I was still absorbed in turning over this matter of the beans. It came to me finally that doubtless this, too, was part of the boyish vernacular and, like Cousin Edgar's, meant something entirely foreign to its apparent meaning. When I arrived at this conclusion and awoke with a start I found that we were passing along through the deeper shadows that lay between Bellew Hall and the impending oaks of the grove. On the same instant I remembered the supposititious sophomores whom I had seen lounging at the farther corner of the great building.

One swift glance assured me that they were still there. They had not observed us yet, however, and I was very glad; for I was filled with an earnest longing to get my charges away from the dangerous vicinity as quickly and noiselessly as possible. I was not dressed to maintain my dignity; and dignity alone could hold back a crowd of determined hazers, operating under cover of the night. Moreover, I now realized with cold horror that, dressed in my little cap and my ridiculous coat—being a small man—I, too, might easily be mistaken for a freshman temporarily! Hurriedly I cast about seeking the surest way out of the difficulty.

From where we stood the Oak Walk led up through the grove to the upper boundary of the campus. By day this was a beautiful pathway; but now it was dark and gloomy under the trees. I was hesitating whether to choose the walk or turn my convoy about and retreat ignominiously by the way we had come when I heard my freshman whispering again.

"Dat's them!" I heard from the same hoarse voice. "Remember you're freshmen, youse guys!"

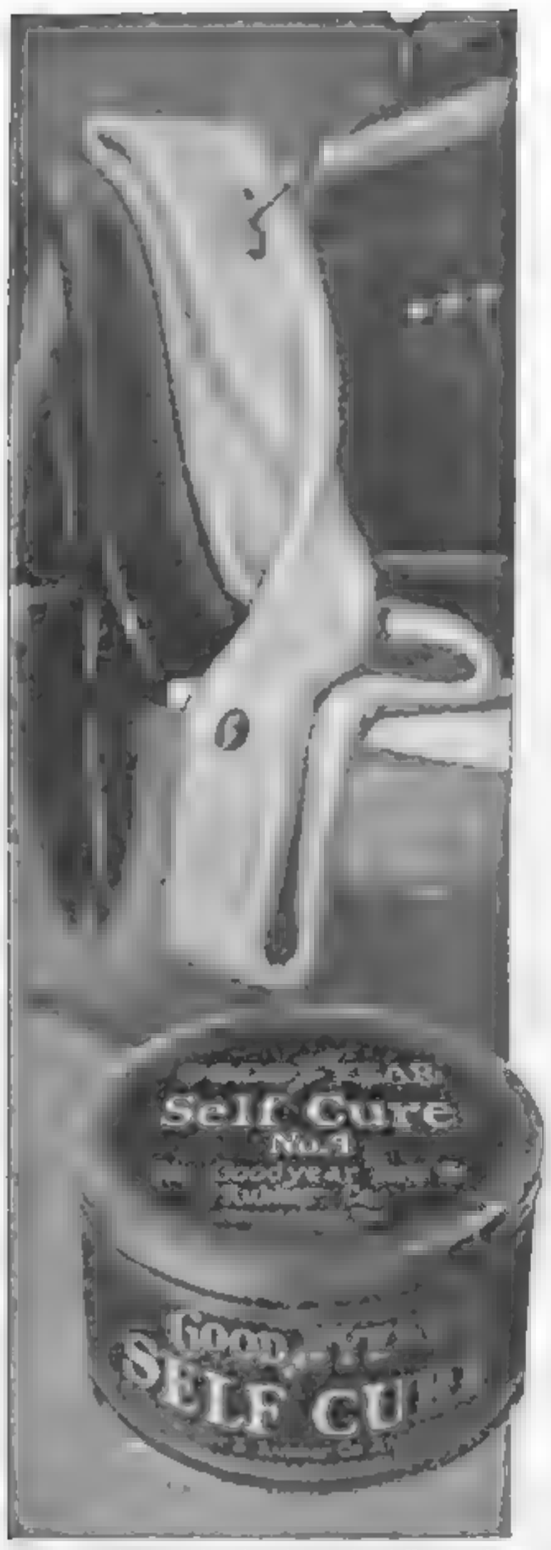
I whispered to my protégés to follow; but just as I had taken a step in the direction of the friendly darkness of the walk out in the dense gloom of the grove a boyish treble uplifted itself in a shriek that seemed to my perturbed senses the shriek of a siren.

"Freshmen! Freshmen!" it screamed. To my distracted mind it sounded vaguely like the boyish treble of Cousin Edgar; but I had no time to consider the absurd thought further, for at the shriek the score of sophomores sprang up as though galvanized; and before I could gather my distracted wits together the entire company was upon us.

It was a terrible affair; yells, blows and the thud of falling bodies filled the dark space beside the dignified wall of noble Bellew. I could not see what was happening to my little party of devoted freshmen, for I was busily employed in my own behalf. Two of the lustiest of the sophomores chose me for their victim. One of them bestowed an earnest buffet upon my head, felling me to the ground. Both great louts thereupon flung themselves upon me as I lay upon my stomach, mauling me sorely and grinding my face into the dusty gravel, causing my nose to bleed copiously. When this happened the ancient Adam, of which I believe I have previously spoken, rose within me and I was filled with a white rage. I uplifted myself from the ground, with both young men clinging to me and striving to pull me down again.

It was at this supreme moment that I remembered the Walcott. The Walcott, as Professor Kid Meloney explained when he taught it me at his school of physical culture, is essentially a blow for little men to use when assailed by men much taller than themselves. I may explain that the Walcott is a long uppercut

I Dared Not Return Home by Way of the Streets; Therefore I Made a Wide Circle Across the Hills Above Town



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which, coming from the knee, combines the evident virtues of an ordinary uppercut with the well-known puissance of a full-arm swing, particularly as at the moment of impact the arm straightens and gathers behind it the weight of the entire body.

I repeat the air was full of dust and curses and wild shouts and the sound of weeping, above which uproar I was vaguely conscious of my own voice rising in frenzied shouts of "Desist! Desist!"

And then almost of its own volition, following mechanically the instructions of Professor Kid Meloney, my closed hand executed the Walcott.

A most admirable blow it was. It met the chin of the larger sophomore, the one who had banged my nose into the gravel and made it bleed. The unfortunate youth performed an involuntary somersault and struck the earth with a resounding thump. Coincidentally the other sophomore strove earnestly to break away from me and go his ways, uttering meanwhile strange words.

"Lay off!" he shrieked. "Beat it! It's a frame!"

Again he made superhuman efforts to depart, but in this enterprise he experienced extreme difficulty, for I was now clinging to him, engaged in a mad endeavor to bite his ear—such being the insane state of my mind, due to the excitement under which I was laboring, coupled with the movings of the ancient Adam previously referred to. In a moment, however, he wrenched free and I pursued him closely as he fled up the dark Oak Walk.

Perhaps twenty feet up the walk the fugitive tripped over something and fell with a mighty grunt; but he was up again in an instant; and as he resumed his flight I kicked him with great ardor and cursed him bitterly. But the next moment I, too, tripped and fell, knocking my forehead against the ground with a violence that stunned me for some minutes.

And then instantaneously, it seemed, the noise was gone and a great silence prevailed. While I lay there blinking stupidly at the dust cloud that rose from the field of battle and billowed upward through the dim radiance of the moonlit tree tops, out in the deeper shadows of the grove sounded a stifled cackle of boyish laughter; and once more the absurd thought drifted hazily through my numbed brain that it seemed like the boyish laughter of Cousin Edgar.

When I had in a measure recovered my faculties and the fires no longer coruscated in my eyes I sat up and felt about for the obstruction over which I had stumbled. I found it at last, a stout rope stretched across the path between two trees, at the height of perhaps twelve inches above the ground. While I marveled over this new development I contemplated the scene of the late combat below me.

Many forms bestrewed the ground, lying inert and shapeless in the gloam. They did not interest me, for my head ached and my nose throbbed. It had bled all over my face. My coat, too, was saturated with the fluid. Mixed with the dust I knew it must have made of my appearance a most unpleasant prospect.

I rose and proceeded stealthily up the Oak Walk. I had no definite destination. All I knew was an intense desire to get far away from the place. Like some fugitive criminal I skulked until I arrived at the boundary of the campus, where I crawled through a hole in the hedge and entered the brush that grew upon the hillside. Here I divested myself of the blood-soaked coat and cap, concealing the gruesome articles beneath a clump of brush.

Still I dared not return home by way of the streets; I was now in even worse condition to endure the scrutiny of the public, for in the moonlight I could discern large splotches upon my white shirt front, splotches that I knew to be blood. Therefore I made a wide circle across the hills above town, until I reached the approximate vicinity of my home, where I dropped down and continued my journey by way of an alleyway.

I shall not review in detail the difficulties that attended my efforts to enter my domicile unobserved by my family. Suffice it that I finally attained my own room unnoted, save by Professor Chandler's dog, which happened by, bent doubtless upon some nocturnal errand of its own, and which, laboring apparently under the impression that I was a burglar, bit me upon the leg as I crawled through the kitchen window.

At last, however, freshly bathed and attired in clean white pyjamas, I lay in my bed. And here, relaxing from the strain of the terrible evening, while my nose throbbed and swelled yet larger, I allowed my mind to wander back over the experience through which I had just passed.

Where, I thought, were my poor little freshmen? Was there a human possibility that they had escaped unscathed? Alas, I could see no hope! The wretched doubt grew to dismal certainty as I contemplated it; and mingled with it came another poignant thought that added fresh pathos to the untimely disaster that had overtaken my timorous charges.

Had I indeed led them into calamity? Had it been this dread contingency that the pessimist of their company had so persistently suggested? Alas! The more I contemplated it the surer grew my conviction that it must be so! Undoubtedly I had spilled the beans!

V

THE day following the events of the last chapter was a Saturday, and neither Cousin Edgar nor I had any Saturday work on that day. I went down to breakfast, feeling dark misgivings, for I had not yet devised a story that might wholly explain my swollen nose and scratched features. However, as I entered the breakfast room Cousin Edgar solved the distressing problem for me most admirably.

"Good morning, Cousin William," he said. "I heard that the sophs had been tying ropes across the campus paths last night. Did you stumble over one of them too?"

I was tremendously grateful to the boy. "I regret to say that such was my misfortune," I replied. "I fear I bruised my nose sadly."

Azalea comforted me with loving sympathy and I was very happy and relieved. As I glanced toward Cousin Edgar it seemed to me that the left eyelid of his serious gaze dropped slightly; but in a moment I felt sure I had been mistaken; for once more my young kinsman's face was sadly serious.

"Awful roughnecks, those sophs," he said, and went on with his breakfast.

At this juncture James came in with a newspaper extra, which had just arrived. I glanced at the sheet and my heart turned cold. Leaping from the front page was the sensational heading with which I have opened this history.

"Early this morning," ran the article beneath, "a passer-by noted signs of a fierce struggle upon the walk between Bellew Hall and the Oak Grove. Bloodstains were all over the scene and the ground was torn as though by desperate feet.

"From this spot the bloodstains led up the famous Oak Walk and through a hole in the hedge. A few feet beyond the hedge the man found a coat and cap, both covered with blood, hidden carefully beneath a clump of brush.

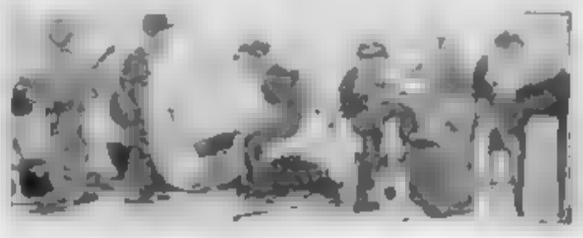
"All the indications seem to point to a murder mystery. The police department is now on its way to the scene and later developments will undoubtedly be full of sensational interest."

My wife was horrified. Cousin Edgar ate on with the callous indifference of the very young. "To think," shuddered Azalea, "some poor man killed under the very shadow of noble Bellew!"

"I hope it was a sophomore!" remarked Cousin Edgar, and reached for another muffin.

I made but an indifferent breakfast. My imagination was busy far afield. I could imagine the police examining that thrice accursed coat and cap, seeking for a clew. How sincerely I deplored my success in discovering the awful garments! Better that I had come home with no garb at all! Better a thousand times pneumonia and bronchitis and even the ribald jeers of the rabble at my unclad appearance!

Through the succeeding hour I waited in sick dread. And in my mental travail I clung closely to Cousin Edgar. Why, I do not know, save that I seemed in some mysterious way to derive comfort from the presence of one who was not, like myself, perturbed. When I heard the newsboys outside my door crying another extra I



looked at Cousin Edgar; and as though his understanding had been touched by some telepathic communication of my brain he rose silently, went out and returned with the later paper.

But it brought me no comfort. Far from this, it sent me into a panic of dread that I found very difficult to dissemble. For this is what the headlines said:

"POLICE BAFFLED!

"Trail ends at the Bloody Coat and Cap! Officers Announce that Bloodhounds are being Taken to the Scene! Chief of Police Confident Will Soon Have Murderer in His Grasp! Five Thousand Excited Searchers Scouring Hills!"

The paper dropped from my nerveless fingers, and I stared up toward the brush-covered hills, seeing not them but disgrace and social ruin. Cousin Edgar regarded me anxiously.

"Are you ill, Cousin William?" he asked solicitously. "Is there something that I can do for you?"

I gasped several times before I achieved speech. "A cup of weak tea, Cousin Edgar," I said then faintly, "with three drops of sherry and a lump of sugar!"

Cousin Edgar provided me with these things, then went out. He was gone a long time. I sat on alone, feeling the sick dread of the condemned criminal who awaits the march to the gallows. How the roses and the songs of birds mocked me! And the glad sunshine! I wondered dully where Cousin Edgar was.

And then my heart bounded once and stood still. Far away had sounded the clear, bell-like note of a hound's voice! A few moments later another joined in, and then a third. Directly the hills resounded with the clamor of canine voices! I collapsed in my chair, my eyes fixed upon the point where I was sure the pack would emerge over the nearest ridge. I was lost and wished for merciful death.

For perhaps a full minute the din continued; then it ceased abruptly, nor did it begin again. However, I dared take no hope from this phenomenon, but sat on, my hair itching at the roots and a feeling of intense nausea tearing at my stomach.

After awhile Cousin Edgar sauntered in wearing an air of cheerful indifference.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin stuff was a bloomer," he announced. "I was up there and saw it pulled off. Bloodhounds may be hokum for sausage or Simon Legree stunts—but as honest-to-gosh manhunters they're plenty cheesey."

I did not in the least understand this remarkable speech of Cousin Edgar's but I gathered solace from the boy's tone. In some remote way I felt that the peril had passed me by. I could not have explained it, save on the basis of psychological phenomena, and indeed I was too shaken to go deeply into the matter at the time. Apparently I was saved, and I was thankfully willing to accept the fact without argument.

VI

THE days went on. The great campus mystery had its season of interest, and then the papers gradually abandoned it entirely. At last I began to breathe freely and to entertain the hope that my share in the deplorable affair would remain a dark secret forever. I may add here that the hope was fully realized.

One evening I was lying upon a couch by the open veranda window, dozing peacefully after a wonderful day full of California sunshine and the songs of birds. Above the impending hills a glorious moon was shining and the perfume of my roses stole sweetly in from my garden.

Presently Cousin Edgar came upon the veranda. With him was a classmate, between whom and Cousin Edgar was a rare friendship, such as one sometimes sees existing among the young. The two youths seated themselves just outside my window, quite unconscious of my close proximity. Indeed, I could have put out my hand and touched either upon the shoulder.

"It was like this," said Cousin Edgar, evidently continuing a conversation just begun. "I'd been studying the history of old Nap. Great kid, old Nap, wasn't he? Little bit of a shrimp, but he knew how to get somebody else to do his bruising for him, all right. Great on the thinking parts, but side-stepping the real rough work. I don't expect he could have licked a

(Concluded on Page 53)

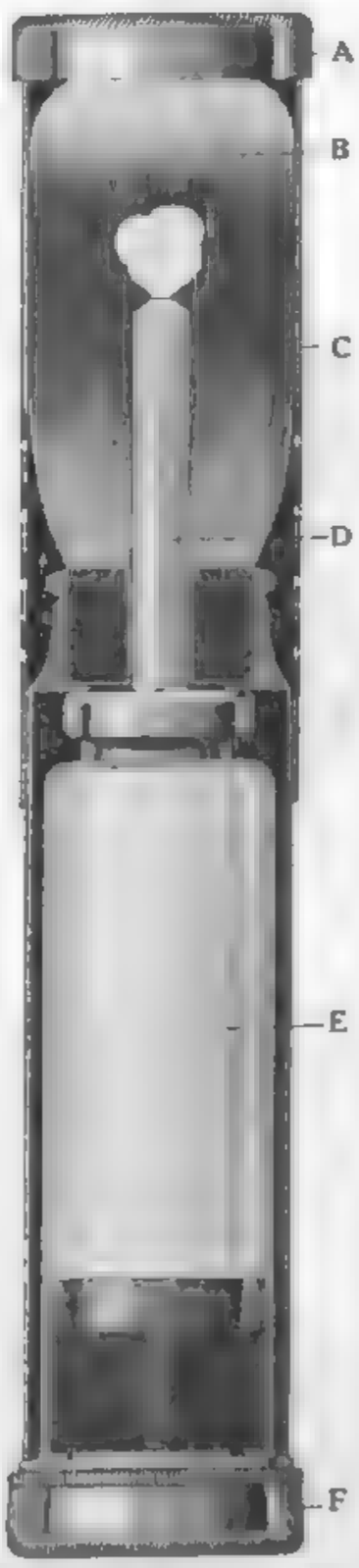
Simply dip in water—

Then turn the cap—

Then apply, and the lather is ready.

A Self-Lathering Brush

The Latest and the Greatest Shaving Aid



Phantom View, Actual Size

A—Removable Ventilated cap for guard.
B—Genuine Rubberset Brush
C—Between shaves the Telescope Handle forms a wet-proof top.
D—Cream delivered to the bend of the bristles through soft flexible rubber tube.
E—Warner Shaving Cream Cartridge filled with Mennen's Shaving Cream
F—Feed Cap. Turn for instant lather at heart of brush.
Every part of the Warner Fountain Shaving Brush is patented—here and in foreign countries

Now comes the Warner Fountain Shaving Brush, with the soap in the brush, to complete your shaving outfit. It comes in a compact metal case—soap and brush together. The soap is in the handle, in a tightly-sealed container.

Turn a cap, and a bit of soap spouts into the heart of the brush. Just enough soap, and in just the right place. There is no waste, no mussiness. You are ready for instant lathering.

When you have shaved, enclose the brush by slipping up the telescoping handle. Then the damp brush can harm nothing, even in your grip.

It remains ever-ready, a perfect lather in a perfect brush. A turn of the thumb combines them. The lather is always identical. It is formed *inside* the brush, so it doesn't drip. The brush pays for itself in soap-saving. And it lasts a life-time.

Use it once and you will wonder how you ever got along without it. It is so quick, so convenient, so luxurious, so sanitary. You would not return to the old mussy methods for ten times what this brush costs.

A Fountain of Soap Is Inside

The Warner Fountain Shaving Brush is a five-year development. It has been perfected by the ablest of experts. Every detail is right. The brush is a Rubberset, with long, soft bristles which can't come out. That is guaranteed. The brush part is removable for occasional sterilization.

The soap is Mennen's Creamy Antiseptic Soap—the perfect shaving soap. It comes in cartridges which are constantly self-sealing. When one runs out you simply insert another. Each cartridge has cream for 60 shaves at least.

Everything has been done to make this in all ways the greatest soap brush in the world.

To Get It At Once

Many dealers now have the Warner Fountain Shaving Brush. If yours hasn't it, don't wait. Send us $4.00, and we will mail it to you under guarantee. Buy one for a soldier or a sailor at the same time. There is nothing that he needs more.

Ready to Put Away

Warner-Patterson Co., 918 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago
(Successors to the Warner-Lenz Co.)

WARNER FOUNTAIN SHAVING BRUSH
"everything but the razor"

The latest A. P. Warner product—made by the inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer and the maker of Warner-Lenz.

A large RUBBERSET Brush combined with MENNEN'S Shaving Cream so it instantly lathers itself. Price $4.00 complete. Extra Soap Cartridges 35c each.

ORDER COUPON

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 918 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

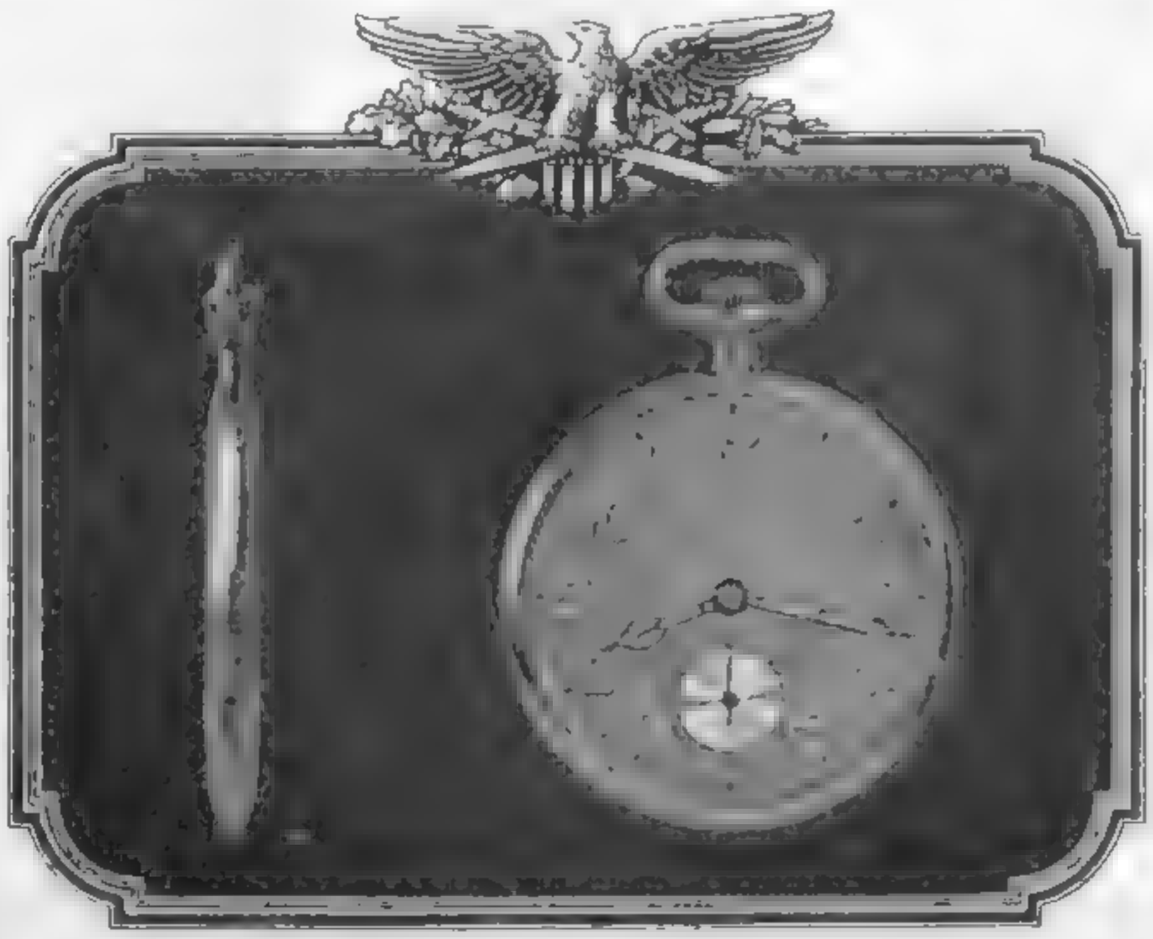
Enclosed find $4, for which send me a Warner Fountain Shaving Brush with cartridge of cream under guarantee of satisfaction

*Name*___

Address

City *State*

Dealer's Name



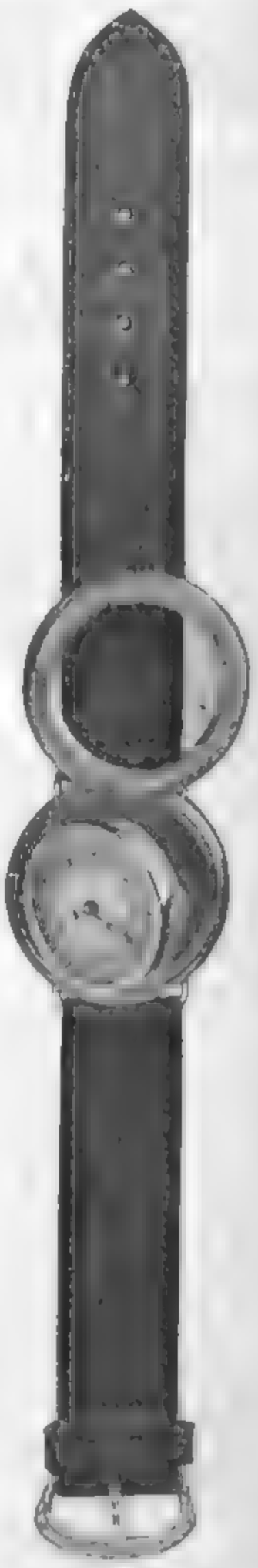
GRUEN Military WATCHES

The Gruen military pocket timepiece

Unusual durability is assured by the shortness of the Gruen Verithin balance staff and by the protection of a double cap inside of case

The thinness of this Gruen Verithin model, which makes it slip easily under the belt, and the patented platinized radium dial for night reading, are two advantages that will appeal to the army officer. It meets the highest timekeeping requirements.

Price, in a plain-backed, 14-kt gold case, $75 to $250. In an ultra thin gold filled case, $50 to $60.



THE TWO WATCHES EVERY OFFICER NEEDS

The wrist watch for convenience—the pocket watch for accuracy

EXPERIENCE in the present war has shown, declare military experts, that the officer needs two watches.

For ordinary use, a wrist watch that meets Government requirements is recommended because of its convenience. But for those movements when safety depends on seconds, as when advancing under barrage fire, a pocket timepiece of extreme accuracy is essential.

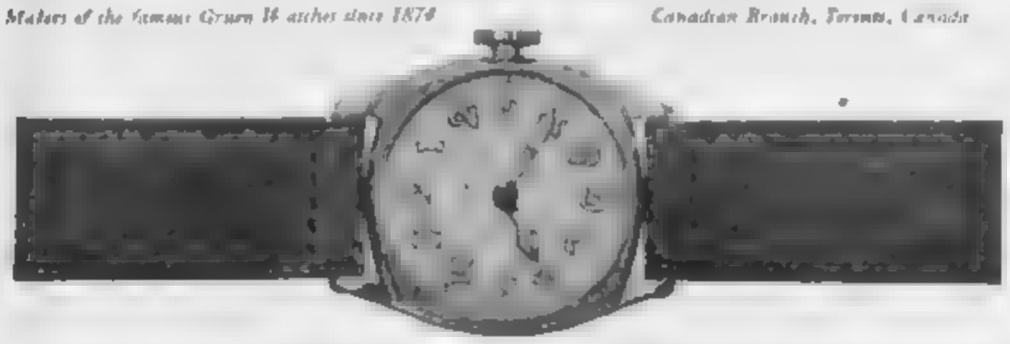
The watches illustrated on this page have been especially designed for the army officer by the Gruen Watchmakers' Guild.

The Gruen Watch is obtainable only through one of 1200 Gruen jeweler agencies—the best in every locality—to whom the sale of Gruen Watches is confined. Duplicate repair parts to be had through these agencies at all times.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS' GUILD

Dept. B-4, "Time Hill," Cincinnati, Ohio

Makers of the famous Gruen 16 inches since 1874 *Canadian Branch, Toronto, Canada*

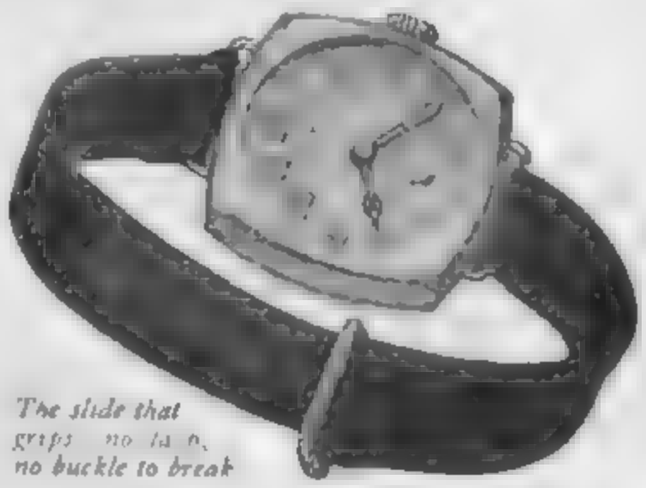


M97R—14-kt solid gold, $50.00
M95R—Sterling, $30.00

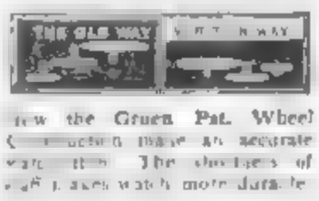
Above, 15 jewel adjusted movement, square case, [illegible] dial, non-breakable crystal, pigskin strap

The Gruen military wrist watch

Illustrated to the right is the Gruen Military Wrist Watch, shown with the *Liberty Khaki* Quick Action Strap, described to the right. A sturdy watch with the famous Gruen military movement. (With leather strap if preferred.) Round and square cases. Solid gold, $50 to $200. Silver, $16.50 to $55.



The slide that grips—no holes, no buckle to break



[illegible] the Gruen Pat. Wheel [illegible] make an accurate [illegible] watch. The [illegible] of [illegible] makes watch more durable

Moisture-proof military wrist watch—Gruen patent

This newly patented watch is the latest Gruen achievement. Its case is within a protective case with a patent hook to prevent dropping it when winding. No crown nor joints for water to get in. Double glass, non breakable on outside. Bezel of outside protector case screws down tight. Pouring rain in a trench, sudden immersion, as in fording a stream, cannot affect this watch.

Inside the inner case is the celebrated, strong Gruen military movement with luminous dial. In silver, $35 to $85. 14-kt gold, $65 to $150.

Liberty Khaki Strap

(For [illegible] watches)

This strap (patent applied for) per[illegible] case (from the [illegible] that grips." In washing [illegible] watch can be [illegible] read[illegible] to wrist in a few seconds. *Can be applied to any wrist watch.* See illustration [illegible] wrist watch to left. For [illegible] reading [illegible]. Price 7[illegible]

Above: Note the usual outside winding stem fits inside the protective case.

No washer or waterproofing material in protective case to wear out or deteriorate

Owing to war conditions, prices subject to change without notice

Concluded from Page 50

jack-rabbit himself; but when it came to matching brains against beef, believe me, kid, that little wop was there like a fox!

"One day I was going along the street thinking about Kid Bony, when I ran into Meloney. You remember about old Kid Meloney? Used to be middleweight champion of the West. Old bird's got a school of physical culture now. Teaches 'em how to box, you know. Well. . . .

"After I'd met the Kid I thought about Bony some more, and then I got the big idea. I went downtown and hunted up Meloney. We had quite a spiel together, and in the end I slipped him a hundred iron men that I'd saved out of my allowance. The Kid went out on the South Side and rounded up eleven featherweight pugs. . . . What? Sure! Take a little man, dress him up in a freshman cap and he'll look the real McCoy. Eleven of 'em. Get it? All right. Well . . .

"No, not regular champs, ya poor fish! Semi-pros, all of them. Fight for two dollars and a handout. Pork-and-beaners, you know, prelim scrappers; see? But they were there with the goods, all right. A ham pro is better than half a dozen green fighters, and even a feather who knows the game can put two or three sophs on the Fritz—especially if the soph roughnecks go into the scrap expecting an easy mark. Sure.

"Kid Meloney didn't want to do it at first. Afraid he'd get in Dutch. New game, you see, and he was scared it would get in the papers and put the yellow sign on his physical-culture school. But when I told him I was a friend of —— That is, when I told him I was a friend of a friend of his, why he fell for the chatter and staked me to the eleven, just like I told you. He drilled 'em so they went through the part like clockwork. Mighty decent old bird, Kid Meloney. Do anything in the world for a friend. . . .

"Who was my friend? . . . Ah, Clarence, weep not—but thou shalt never know!"

Cousin Edgar laughed, a smothered cackle of boyish mirth. I strained my ears to hear more. I knew I was eavesdropping; but my curiosity and my anxiety to hear the end, in the hope that by it I might understand the beginning, held me quiet.

"Me, I was planted safely up in the umbrageous when the thing was pulled off," giggled Cousin Edgar. "Ringside seats and all that stuff. I saw it all; and oh, boy! After it was over and my phony freshmen were far away, chasing the survivors across Bellew Field toward town the walk in the shadow of the hall was covered with sophs! Looked as though there had been a shower of sophs round that spot!

"Well, I thought it was all over, but ——

"Say! I forgot to tell you that some outsider got mixed in the scrap and fought with my freshmen. How he got into it I don't know; but he was there, and he certainly was a bearcat! After the rough house was over I saw this little man sneak up the Oak Walk to the east edge of the campus. He was groggy and seemed to be covered with blood. I followed him and saw him crawl through the hedge and plant his gooey coat and beaner in the brush. Then I got cold feet and beat it home.

"As I said before, I thought that was all of it, but it wasn't. Not any! Next morning I saw in the newspaper extra that they were going to put hounds on the trail! I thought of my little bearcat fighter right away; and 'Love of Pete!' I says to myself. 'Here's where they get that little fightin' fool, sure!' I was scared stiff, believe me, old kid. Then I thought of my old friend Nap and wondered what he would have done in a crisis like that. And again I got the big idea—and I didn't get it a minute too soon, either, for I got to the scene just in time to plant a quart of red pepper where the hounds would get it good. . . ."

Once more Cousin Edgar paused to indulge his smothered cackle.

"Ever see a hound snuff up a noseful of red pepper?" he went on at length. "Take it from me, Percy, one sniff of that stuff and he can't smell a wagonload of dead rats for a week! Every one of the pack threw a fit and beat it, while the crowd of coarse spectators gave them the loud hee-haw!

"So that's the mystery of the bloody clothes. And believe me, old-timer, there hasn't been another hazing to this day! You watch! Follow the first soph you run across; and when he spots a freshman—no matter if the freshie is halfway across the campus and going the other way—you'll see that soph tie himself in a knot getting away from there!"

"But who was your friend that you spoke about to Kid Meloney?" persisted the other boy.

Cousin Edgar waited some moments, and then all he said was this: "Naughty, naughty! One more crack like that and I'll slap its li'l' wrist!"

Here I made a slight involuntary movement, which must have been heard; for both boys slipped quietly from the veranda and disappeared. With their going I was left to grapple with the mystery once more. I had heard it all, yet no part of it could I understand.

"Iron men," "brains against beef," "prelim scrappers," "phony freshmen," "pork-and-beaners," "ham pros" and the "real McCoy"! Could any mere mortal understand these things? And by what process was a sophomore placed in the condition of Fritz?

I of course gathered dimly that it was of the encounter at Bellew Hall my kinsman spoke; but couched in that awful vernacular of boyhood how could I gain a clew? Kid Meloney was concerned, but how? "The loud hee-haw," "wagonload of dead rats"—and what, in heaven's name, meant "gooey coat and beaner"?

All these things chased one another in a mad whirl through my brain, and out of the inchoate mass of unreason I utterly failed to gather one thread that might lead me from the labyrinth. For, as I have said before, it must be that youth speaks the language of atavism, the speech of dead races long vanished from the earth, leaving behind them no written word.

When Cousin Edgar went home for his vacation I accompanied him to the train. We had become fast friends, even though between us lay the impassable gulf of speech For I could not understand all of Cousin Edgar's vernacular, and Cousin Edgar could not apprehend the wonders of Greek and Latin verse. Indeed he confessed as much to me upon one occasion.

"They're all right for a scholar like you, Cousin William," he said frankly, "but to me they sound like a keg of nails rolling downstairs."

To resume: We were standing in the station when the train jolted into motion. Cousin Edgar held out his thin boyish hand.

"Good-by!" he said. And then bursting forth with his usual startling abruptness: "Cousin William, when I come back for the next semester—will you teach me how to fight?"

Panic, horror, indignation and a thousand kindred emotions froze me speechless and immobile. Cousin Edgar's sad serious face was cleft by a sudden swift grin, which disappeared as suddenly as it came, and once more I observed the phenomenon of that faintly flickering left eyelid.

"Don't worry, sir!" he said confidentially. "I'll never spill the beans! I'm proud to know we've got a real fighting man in the family."

He swung aboard the rapidly moving train and disappeared. Still in a daze from my conflicting emotions I looked after the departing train with staring scandalized eyes.

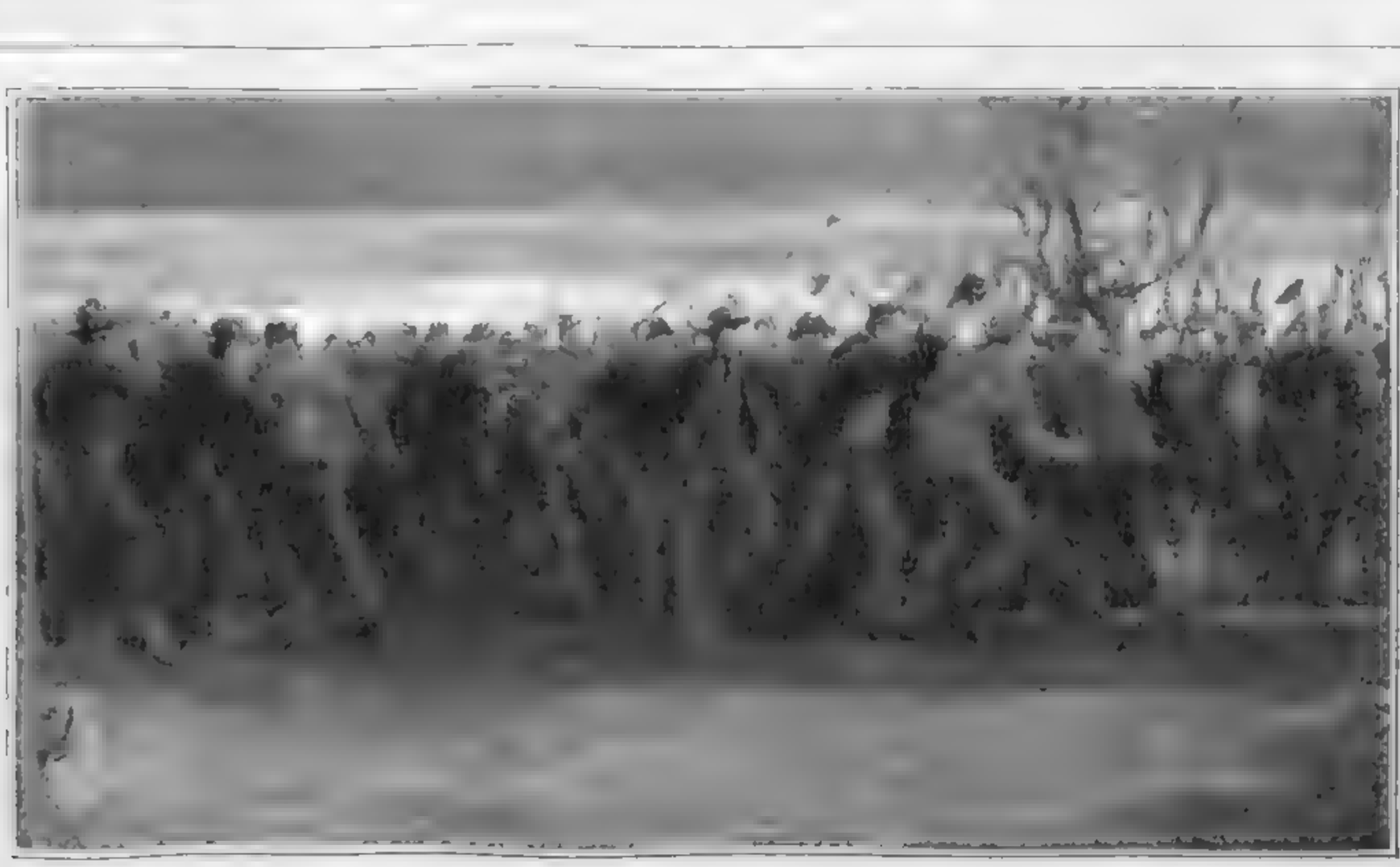
A fighting man! Ridiculous! How dared he! I must write to the boy's father.

Then guiltily I became aware that I would not. Above the flutter of my shocked dignity, even above the uneasy speculation as to how much Cousin Edgar knew, I felt the elemental surge to the surface and demand precedence. I sighed. Then I threw back my shoulders and—yes, now that it is among things past and gone, I must confess that I—swaggered.

It was the thrill of exaltation that every man must feel who receives an encomium upon his physical prowess; the primitive passion that has descended to every male of every species, the legacy of the ancient Adam, which may not be denied.

Moreover, I knew that Cousin Edgar's observation was not flattery, but sincerest truth. I might be small, but I was a man! Azalea herself had said so.

I threw out my chest and turned once more to the world. I was a man! Let no man presume to lay hand or tongue upon me; for should he dare do so, beyond the peradventure of a doubt I should spill the beans and place him upon the Fritz.



Hands Across The Sea

The Anzac

YOU Boys, whose hearts beat time to the tramp of soldier's feet, and you Mothers, who take deep pride in the appearance of your Boy—*attention!*

Here is a miniature of the slashingly dashing Uniform worn by the famous "Australian Anzacs." It's as good-looking as Douglas Fairbanks and as picturesque as a Western ranger.

Made of Wool Khaki, with short pants, a narrow belt of self material, 4 pockets, shoulder straps, turn-back link cuffs, a roll collar that can be buttoned to the neck and a pleated back.

[illegible]

set that tells all about the Heroes of the World War and illustrates the flags of our Allies in *actual colors*

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
806-808 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Samuelpeck Clothes
The Standard of America

Cut your own hair

IT'S as easy as combing—with the Ucan Safety Hair Cutter—a wonderful new invention which is going to be as universally used as the safety razor.

Specially honed hair cutting blades are held firmly on each side of a regular comb. You comb your hair and the blades cut it—a little at each stroke so you can get it just the right length.

Saves time and money—and keeps you looking trim.

U- CAN

Soldier boys over here and over there—cut their hair with Ucan. Send one to your boy at the front.

U- CAN

Business men, farmers, mechanics and all who want to save time and money—cut their own hair with Ucan. It is good business investment.

U- CAN

Mother cuts her boy's hair with a Ucan and keeps him looking right all the time.

From your dealer or direct from us

$2.00 in Khaki Kit **$2.75** in Wooden Box

Money back if not satisfied

Get your Ucan Now

UCAN SALES CORPORATION
1058 Woolworth Building
New York

First grade proposition for progressive dealers—get a line on Ucan always gets an immediate response wherever it goes—[illegible]

Ucan Sales Corporation
1058 Woolworth Building, New York
I am inclosing herewith—check—money order for $2.00—$2.75, for which send me Ucan Safety Hair Cutter—in khaki kit—in wooden box. I understand you will return my money if I am not satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Fight Was Off

THERE was once in lower Illinois a noted beagle hunter by the name of Colonel Redmond, a gentleman who came up from Kentucky, and who till the close of his life remained of independent fashion of thought. Colonel Redmond was wont to go to town or city accompanied by several of his little dogs, for he was very fond of beagles. In case he missed any from his heels he was certain to pause and wind his horn until the aforesaid absent ones came again to heel. The jeers of the multitude in no wise affected him.

Colonel Redmond was a mighty man in the land, and even stronger than he looked, which was saying much. It is reported of him that once while riding along the highway he was accosted by a fellow citizen, truculently minded, who announced that he was there for the express purpose of whipping Colonel Redmond at once and thoroughly.

"That's all right," remarked the latter, descending from his horse. "I won't deny any man on earth that pleasure, suh. But first let me set my horse one side, so he won't get huht in the encountah."

Whereupon, so runs the tale, Colonel Redmond reached his two great hands under the body of the horse, lifted it, carried it across the road and set it down, grunting, at the edge of the ditch. When he turned round he could see nothing of his challenger except the dust of his going.

Wild-Bird Calls

THE note of the jacksnipe is practically always one of alarm—a hurried Scaipe! Scaipe!—which is best imitated by a sudden kissing sort of suction on the back of the hand or the palm of the hand; a noise that at least some hunters can make very successfully. Once in a while, if this note is produced, a snipe that is pitching high overhead will decoy to it. He fancies that somewhere down on the marsh below him there is a snipe feeding, or one which has been feeding.

It is not by any means a universally or even widely successful form of calling. There was once a duck hunter whose boat was pulled up on a piece of bog not more than half an acre in extent. He killed sixty-five jacksnipe on that little piece of mud in one afternoon; and they all came in from high overhead. He simply sat in his boat as though he were waiting for ducks and shot them as they came. He said that sometimes he tried to call them, and thought it was successful. In all likelihood the birds had found feed in that particular spot and came there without much regard to the call.

There are commercial calls for use in decoying shore birds or some of the plovers. They are usually made of a bell muzzle of horn, with a little horn or bone mouthpiece. You can learn to operate these; but perhaps you can almost as easily learn to imitate the call by the unaided whistle.

One of the best plover hunters shot for the market on the Western prairies, his usual game being the golden or black-breasted plover. He could utter so shrill a whistle as to be heard for a distance of half a mile, or perhaps more, down wind; and it was rarely that a passing flock heard his whistle and did not turn to his decoys. He used tin decoys, which he set out in front of his blind, just as a duck shooter does his work.

The one best bit of advice to give any man who is trying to deceive the keen sense of hearing of any wild game is to study repression. Do not call too much. One call too many—even one unnecessary Twit-twit!—will send a flock of turkeys scurrying away unseen. The same is true of the overstrenuous duck caller; and, indeed, of every other appeal to the hearing of wild game.

The Eternal Feminine

THE Blessed Damozel looked out
O'er her garden plot at even;
She had been working like a slave
Since quarter past eleven.
She had three blisters on each hand
And those on her feet were seven.

Her smock, ungirt from clasp to hem,
Was somewhat soiled and torn;
Her heavy flat-soled garden shoes
Rasped on her tender corn,
And her hair, a-falling down her back,
Looked messy and forlorn.

It was a hopeless garden patch
That she was looking on;
Though spuds had sprouted here and there,
With weeds 'twas overrun;
On the north side of a high fence—
It hadn't any sun.

She scowled and pouted, then she said,
Less sad of speech than mad,
"I think the mean old things might grow!
It really is too bad!
I hate this gardening anyhow,
It is a silly fad!"

She tried to smile, but all in vain.
(I knew her secret fears:
Her next-door neighbor's plot was fine—
She dreaded taunting jeers!)
She ran upstairs to her own room
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

—Carolyn Wells Houghton.

A Patriot

ABOU BEN MEANY, may his tribe decrease,
Awoke from dreams of those he meant to fleece,
And saw upon the post of his twin bed
An angel with a curly golden head,
A-scribbling in a little red-bound book.
"Cutie," said Abou, after one brief look,
"What is your dope?" The vision giggled low
And said: "I write down names of those, you know,
Who give big sums to war-relief funds—see?"
"You do?" said Abou. "Have you listed me?"
The vision dimpled as she answered: "Not!
I only write down those who give a lot."
"Oh, well," said Abou, "never mind that now—"
The vision took leave, with sarcastic bow—
"But—hold on—write me down as one, I say,
Who never knocks the Red Cross, anyway!"
The vision disappeared. But those who look
Upon the pages of that little book
That lists the names of good Americans
Will find Ben Meany in the Also Rans.

—Carolyn Wells Houghton.

Cautious John

MR. ROBERTS, a banker in a Western town, was very bald, and was in the habit of wearing his hat in the bank during business hours as a protection from flies in warm weather and from cold breezes in winter.

Every week a negro employee of the bank presented a check and drew his wages. One day, as he was putting the money in a worn and greasy wallet, the banker chanced to pass by, and asked:

"Look here, John, why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank and keep an account with us?"

"Well, sah," replied the negro, leaning toward the banker and gazing curiously at the Panama hat he wore, "I's always afeard. You see, sah, you look like you was always ready to start somewheres."

Men of the Great Triune

UP TO the front-line trenches
Where the brunt of the fighting falls,
And back to the last cantonment
Where the summoning bugle calls;
Wherever there's need of a brother
To carry the fighting tune,
In the war of men and angels
Go the men of the Great Triune.

To war with the darkling powers,
Courageous and clean they go.
They carry no arms in the battle,
But the things that count they know.
They know when a word's in season,
When a friendly hand is a boon;
To serve and be glad in the serving
Is the creed of the Great Triune

In the name of the Master of Manhood,
Who taught that man is divine,
Spirit and mind and body,
They hold the supporting line.
Till the world that sits in darkness
Shall walk in the light of noon,
They will wear the triple chevron,
Defending their faith Triune.

Faith in the far-off vision,
The truth of the mystic plan
Where love and reason and valor
Meet in the perfect man.
On the Road of the Marching Morrows,
By the light of a setting moon,
Come up with the Sun of Morning
The men of the Great Triune.

—Bliss Carman.

Vaguely Familiar

ESTHER was the new cook at the Hamiltons'. She was a large, chocolate-colored female who could cook as fine chicken and waffle dinners as one would ever care to eat.

The chauffeur who had been with the Hamilton family for some years died, and when the new man put in an appearance Mrs. Hamilton noticed that Esther seemed much interested in him. She was continually staring at him.

Finally the mistress asked: "Esther, do you know the new chauffeur?"

Esther gazed long and earnestly, and then slowly and reminiscently replied: "Well, Mis' Hamilton, I dunno. But, do yo' know, I kinda think he was ma fust husband!"

Be Temperate in the Price You Pay For Your Shoes

AS THINGS are today, how is a man to know what to buy—how much or how little to pay for his shoes?

If he is a practical man he is going to have some definite ideas in advance of his purchase and not depend on chance decision or mere show-window selection.

We all know that labor and materials are scarce and high. We are reminded of it often enough. We do not wish to pay too little to get value for what we pay, nor too much for the comfort and service we expect.

If we are to get value we must steer clear of two obvious abuses in the shoe business today.

Abuse No. 1: The appeal of apparent cheapness. The policy of building a shoe to fit a price—instead of making a shoe as it ought to be made and adding a close and honest margin of profit.

Abuse No. 2: Extravagant methods in making and selling. Because all costs are climbing a maker or dealer may feel that any price is right so long as it is high enough.

As the Regal people have often said, everything depends on the Institution back of the shoes. Does the Institution give you the advantage of quantity production and concentration on a few wanted styles? Has it direct methods of operation so as to cut out waste and intervening profits and give you the benefit in quality and price?

With twenty-five years of successful experience back of it, the Regal Institution says to you—the man who sticks to essentials, who wants more than mere *surface* appearance but who is not willing to pay for *extravagant* methods will find in Regal Shoes all he needs in style, in service and dollar-for-dollar value.

Regal Shoes are an example of what the right Institution back of your shoes can mean in actual shoe value.

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THE JUNKPILE SWEEPSTAKES

(Concluded from Page 11)

had been made, and J. D.'s own hand signed the famous racing trio into the junkpile of lost hopes.

In the days that followed the Bear tasted the full bitter dregs of his cup. Out at Santa Monica the morning practice try-outs had started. Newspapers were giving much space to the preliminaries of the coming event, which was but a few days off. J. D. banished himself from his office in the Darco plant, ceased to read all newspapers, and even stamped vigorously upon the rebellious impulse that made him long to go to Santa Monica and—if he could not gloat over his own swift cars—at least watch the others' try-outs. As to Toodles, the boy was forgotten. Dorothy devoted herself to her father. Never had she meant so much to Old J. D.

It was the very last morning of the practice try-outs—two days to the race. J. D., motoring from Hollywood to Los Angeles on an idle jaunt with Dorothy, turned into the Wilshire Boulevard. Round the curve ahead clattered a thundering yellow hood, whizzing past him like a bullet in a cloud of lead-colored smoke. J. D. drew a quick long breath—and got a whiff of hot castor oil.

No power on earth could have balked J. D. then from leaning forward and growling to his driver: "Turn round, Jim. Miss Dorothy wants to go down to Santa Monica and watch the boys burn the wind."

He crouched in his touring car at the turn by the Soldiers' Home, his cigar clenched between his teeth, his stop watch gripped in his great right paw, and his eyes flaming with a fanatic fire of joy. Dark-eyed Dorothy was silent. Here was something she could deeply understand.

Far down on the three-mile straightaway rang the bark of a car that was somehow different from the rest—a sharp long explosion, penetrating and crackling. Abruptly J. D. leaned forward. The stop watch dropped to the cushion.

"Golly," he whispered, "that did sound like a Darco!"

Dorothy laid her hand on his sleeve. A deep-red car slid up through the dust haze, plunged into the turn, straightened out and was gone; back on the air floated that peculiar crackling bark. It was unmistakable.

J. D., his face white and staring, turned to Dorothy like a man who had seen a ghost.

"That was Oldham's car!" he gasped.

"Daddy," soothed the Cub, "it isn't possible, dear."

Of course it wasn't, J. D. agreed. It must be a mistake. Just the same he waited breathlessly for the phantom to appear again. It did recur, in a surprisingly short space of time; clear from the distant turn snapped out that lingering bark. J. D. gripped his stop watch; his eyes were glued to the track. The car roared furiously into the turn; J. D. caught a perfect view of it from radiator to the fresh crimson paint of the body. The exhaust echoed familiarly in his ears.

"Wow!" yelled J. D. in a sudden ecstasy of delight. "It's a Darco, Dorothy! How it got there I don't know, child, but—a Darco's on the track!"

Straight to the pits J. D. sped. A group of brilliant-hued racing cars stood strangely idle. Their drivers were gathered in an excited group awaiting the phenomenon which was backing up to its pit.

"Where'd that thing come from?" J. D. heard one driver call to another.

"Search me," the other replied, as both rushed to find out.

J. D. leaped to the ground and joined the crowd, reveling in their remarks.

"Didn't know it was on the track till it darn near ran over my bus."

"You bet it's a Darco—hear that exhaust?"

"Say, he was doing about ninety, and you could almost count the shots."

"Foxy old Ward's put one over."

"Who in hell is that driver?"

The panting Darco smoked to a stop. J. D. sidled round until he was behind the round torpedo stern. In the process he caught a square glimpse of the begoggled face.

"Toodles Walden!" he gasped to himself. "Toodles—and Tom Darby as mechanician—and the ghost of Rube Oldham's car!"

He crowded close, keeping out of sight.

"Sure, we're the whole Darco racing team condensed into one," Toodles was glibly explaining to a score of queries.

"Aw, can that fresh stuff," yelled a driver. "Old Papa Ward's just slipped over a good one. Might as well own up."

"No, he hasn't," insisted Toodles. "This isn't Mr. Ward's car; this is my car! I bought the wrecked stuff from the express company."

"And underneath it you found that car," sneered somebody.

"No, bright boy; not underneath it but out of it. You see, those three machines were exactly alike."

"You're right that time," called one racer reminiscently. "Beat one of 'em, the other was right on your tail."

"Well, Darby here and a bunch of mechanics salvaged the rear-axle assembly out of Kerhoff's car," Toodles explained carefully. "It was practically all right. The frame is out of Oldham's bus. It was bent, and broken in one place; we heated it, straightened her out and did some fancy welding. That front axle used to be under Compton's wagon. Steering knuckles were bent a bit, but we straightened 'em. The motor—say, that was a mess! It sort of came from here and there. Cylinder block's out of Oldham's; crank case from Kerhoff's; most of the rest is spare parts that were in the express car and weren't damaged any. The radiator took three men four days to solder up. The body ——"

"Ha, ha! That's enough!" howled one mechanic. "Take my advice, kid, before you die. Tie a suction street sweeper on behind to keep the track clear. Why," he declared, turning to the bystanders, "that junkpile won't last fifty miles. She'll fall apart like a washing machine with a chill."

"We needn't worry, boys," laughed the Fargot driver as the crowd dispersed in amusement. "The Junkpile Darco! Good night!"

J. D. was gasping. The thing, he knew, was possible. He slipped away, found his car and sped into town.

"But I tell you, Wheeler, I saw the car!" The branch manager had shown incredulity. "It stepped along like a regular Darco too. Walden told the boys he bought the junk and put it together. Say, where did that kid get the money?"

"Borrowed, probably," Wheeler suggested mildly. "His credit's not so bad. D'you think it'll hold together?"

"Toodles thinks it will," parried J. D. He was afraid to admit that hope to his mind—it meant too much. "Say, look here, Wheeler!" he boomed. "That kid isn't running races for me because he loves me. You recall our little—er—old-fashioned lecture. There's a hen on somewhere. What's in the wind?"

"Don't ask me," said diplomatic Wheeler.

Saturday, the day of the Grand Prize, dawned clear and fine; and J. D. was still seeking an answer.

"Darby's a wonderful mechanician," he found himself saying to himself. "He oversaw the building of the car. He's carried Oldham through tight places many a time. Darby's a wonderful mechanician—the greatest in the game."

He tried to forget his worries in watching the racers line up. Sixteen cars faced the starter; J. D. saw only one, the crimson Number Eleven Darco. Clearly the boy Toodles was nervous; he shifted jerkily in his seat. Clearly, too, Darby was trying to coach him. Their starting position was tenth—a good conservative position. Ignoring Dorothy and Wheeler, Old J. D. was wholly absorbed in that big red car. A Darco was in the race! But how differently he had planned! As to the Grand Prize, he had given up all hope. All he asked now was that young Walden—the foolish, magnificent fighting kid—might come out alive.

How long would that glorified junkheap hold together?

The hand of the starter fell sharply. The big red Darco was off with a roar and a flash of flame from the exhaust. Toodles had taken as good a start as any; even Ritz of the Fargot team himself. J. D. started forward, the old war yell rose to his lips; then he relaxed with a grim laugh. This wasn't his entry.

Fifteen laps of the forty-eight sped by, and the Darco still held tenth place. That showed good judgment, mused J. D. He glanced aside at Dorothy. She was watching the race quite composedly; the expression of her face betrayed nothing beyond the usual intelligent interest. In the sixteenth lap Toodles crept up two places. Good! The boy was getting over his nervousness. That great Tom Darby!

There were no more surprises until the twentieth lap. Then Toodles suddenly put in an appearance clear ahead of schedule round San Vicente turn. Fifth place! He had passed three closely bunched cars, and was whipping up a pace to crowd the leaders.

"He's coming up! He's coming up!" suddenly bellowed the Bear.

Then he remembered again, and stole a glance at Dorothy. A sudden scarlet wave had come flooding up over throat and cheeks and temples. But still she sat motionless, fixedly regarding the race without a trace of the usual woman's light excitement. J. D. found time to wonder what manner of daughter was this.

The first-place car, the big black Kodick, streaked round the turn and tore past. Second-place car thundered by; going heavily, J. D. thought. A Gercar was in third. Round the bend a green streak, Number Four, Ritz's famous Fargot, skidded and straightened out; as it rocked past the grand stand Ritz's mechanician leaned far out and pointed backward along the track, swinging his left arm in wide circles. The crowd gave a sudden tense start. A wreck!

A white ambulance shot out upon the track and took up its heavy flight behind the racers. A hush came over the crowd. J. D. had ceased to breathe; now he forgot himself and turned to look at Dorothy. White had replaced the scarlet; but still she sat motionless, quietly gazing at the track.

Dorothy turned slightly toward him with a strained half smile. She understood! J. D.'s eyes were glued on the scoreboard; a boy was going to take down a number. Would it be Number Eleven? Why was the boy so slow?

Suddenly Dorothy—to the delight of her neighbors in the box alongside—threw her arms round the Bear and kissed him, with all her warm living youth in the kiss. "You dear daddy!" she cried. "Didn't you see? Toodles isn't hurt! He just passed! He's in sixth! Toodles is going to win—I know it! But, daddy, I saw Mr. Darby yelling in Toodles ear as they passed. What's that for?"

J. D. loosened his grip of the box rail. His nails were broken.

"Darby," he explained with terrible fervor, "Darby is the ——"

The next lap the Darco was back in fifth, a bare narrow gap behind the mighty Ritz. Darby's arm was round Toodles' shoulder and his lips against his ear; obviously urging him on. For a moment J. D. scowled, then broke into a sunny smile.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "Darby sees his chance. A wreck on the course always slows up a race," he explained to Wheeler and Dorothy. "Even the old-timers lose some of their speed—it takes the dash out of 'em. Darby knows! He's coaching Toodles to hold his nerve and open up. Watch now!"

True enough, by the thirty-second lap the Darco had crowded out the Kodick, which had fallen back, and was tearing after Ritz and the Gercar, closely bunched. Four laps he followed them close, then as the Gercar stopped at its pit Toodles opened up and coolly took first place from Ritz by a terrific dash directly in front of the grand stand. Twenty thousand throats paid tribute to the Darco.

"Go it, old Junkpile!" they yelled—somehow the story had got out.

The boy, driving like a veteran, responded by a daring skid into the Wilshire-Boulevard turn—death curve. Twelve more laps—would the Junkpile hold together?

At this juncture a slightly built, black-garbed man stepped into the Ward box.

"Williams," he stated, handing J. D. a card. "Dean Forsythe Williams, Attorney-at-Law. Mr. Walden is my client," he explained briefly. "At his request I am handing you this letter."

It was an imposing legal-size envelope, marked "To be read immediately upon receipt." J. D.'s facial lines tightened into the well-known grim smile. Slowly he scanned the brief note within, then tossed the document over to Wheeler.

"Good stuff," he commented, with amusement.

The note was a contract naming J. D. Ward as party of the first part, requesting Toodles' services as manager of the Western Branch of the Darco Motor Company, at a salary of five thousand dollars a year.

Appended was a short penciled note: "I shall stop at the pit in the fortieth lap. T. Walden."

J. D. was chuckling quietly to himself.

"See here, J. D., I don't get it," complained Wheeler. "What's that about the fortieth lap?"

"Innocent child," rumbled the Bear. "Well lots of things can happen before the fortieth."

One thing did happen: At the end of the thirty-eighth Toodles bumped his way into his pit for new right front and right rear tires. J. D. glowered at his stop watch. Forty-two seconds elapsed; then the Darco smoked its way back onto the track. It was in second place.

The field had speeded up again. Ritz was driving like a demon. But junkpile or no junkpile, the red-painted Darco was his master. One lap later the numbers again changed. "Number Eleven first," the scoreboard read. Toodles flashed past—and threw a dusty grin in the direction of the Ward box.

"Say!" shrieked Wheeler suddenly. "I've got it! You get busy, J. D.! You've less than five minutes to sign that contract and get across to the pit!"

J. D. blinked calmly. "Sign nothing," he growled. "I'm not going to sign a hold-up."

"But he's the man you want! And it's the race you want!" Wheeler was all aflame. "You won't sign it? You're licked then!"

J. D. sat motionless.

The Darco roared round the turn, and with smoking brakes drew up at the pit! Fortieth lap!

Then the crowd in the grand stand thought one young driver had gone crazy. Toodles leaped upright on the seat of his car, shook both fists at a box, dropped down again, slammed in his gears and shot back onto the track a scant hundred yards ahead of the frantic black Kodick.

"Am I licked? Am I licked?" J. D. bellowed, catching Wheeler a tremendous thud with his paw between the shoulders. "You forget, Wheeler! I've been a race driver—it gets you! That kid couldn't throw this race if he wanted to! And by the way, Fred, it's some race he's driving!"

The final forty-eighth lap came, and Old J. D. had the strangest sensation of knowing it all by heart: A huge grand stand facing the sea—twenty thousand people drawn to their feet by excitement, tensely awaiting the end; below, a man holding a checkered white-and-black flag. Round the San Vicente turn skidded a roaring car. The sun flamed back from its crimson engine hood. Up from the crowd welled a deep throaty roar: "The Darco wins! Three-time winner! Junkpile! Junkpile! Junkpile!"

The flag whipped in Toodles' face. The crowd went wild. Dorothy—even Dorothy—was dancing a dervish dance. Her excitement brought the Bear to life.

It wasn't a dream! It was real! The Darco was a three-time winner of the Grand Prize. Champion of champions!

J. D. shook off his feeling of awe. "Come on!" he yelled. "Let's go pop the question to that new manager of mine!"

But it was Dorothy who reached Toodles first. Doubtless she was inspired by the thought of a lavender-and-rose bathing costume.

A week later the Bear, checking up the company's bank account, found a cancelled check with Wheeler's signature.

"Oh, Fred," he called, "what's this? Western Express Company—eleven hundred dollars?"

Wheeler grinned boldly. He was due to quit to-morrow anyhow.

"That check," he stated diplomatically, "purchased for the Darco Motor Company a remarkable lot of junk. Three smashed racing cars. The team of condensed Darcos that won the Grand Prize. Your own money, Mr. Ward."

"Wheeler—you!" grunted the Bear.

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WITH THOSE WHO WAIT

(Continued from Page 13)

hesitate to advise Foch. Personally, if I were Foch I should turn a deaf ear. But if I were a timid, vacillating, pessimistic spirit, still in doubt as to the final outcome, I should most certainly seat myself at a neighboring table and listen to their conversation, that I might come away imbued with a little of their patience, abnegation and absolute confidence.

Nor does the feminine opinion deviate from this course. I found the same ideas prevalent in the store of a little woman who sold umbrellas. Before the war Madame Coutant had a very flourishing trade, but now her sales are few and far between, while her chief occupation is repairing. She is a widow without children, and with no immediate relative in the war. Because of this, at the beginning she was looked down upon, and her situation annoyed and embarrassed her greatly. But by dint of search, a most voluminous correspondence, and perhaps a little bit of intrigue, she finally managed to unearth two very distant cousins, peasant boys from the Cévennes, whom she frankly admitted never having seen, but to whom she regularly sent packages and post cards; about whom she was at liberty to speak without blushing, since one of them has recently been cited for bravery and decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

This good woman devotes all the leisure and energy her trade leaves her to current events. Of course, there is the official communiqué, which may well be considered as the national health bulletin; but besides that there is still another, quite as indispensable and fully as interesting, made up of the criticism of local happenings and popular presumption.

This second communiqué comes to us direct from Madame Coutant's, where a quintet composed of the scissors grinder, the woman who rents chairs in St. Gervais, the sacristan's wife, the concierge of the girls' school, and the widow of an office boy in the City Hall, get their heads together and dispense the news. The concierges and cooks while out marketing pick it up and start it on its rounds.

"We are progressing north of the Marne," "Two million Americans have landed in France," and similar statements shall be accepted only when elucidated, enlarged and embellished by Madame Coutant's group. Each morning brings a fresh harvest of happenings, but each event is certified or contradicted by a statement from someone who is out there, and sees and knows.

Under such circumstances an attack in Champagne may be viewed from a very different angle when one hears that Ballot, the electrician, is telephone operator in that region; that the aforesaid Ballot has written to his wife in most ambiguous phraseology, and that she has brought the letter to Madame Coutant's for interpretation.

But it is more especially the local moral standards that play an important part and are subject to censorship in Madame Coutant's circle. The individual conduct of the entire quarter is under the most rigid observation. Lives must be as pure as crystal, homes of glass. It were better to attempt to hide nothing.

That Monsieur L., the retired druggist, is in sad financial straits there is not the slightest doubt; no one is duped by the fact that he is trying to put on a bold face under cover of wartime economy.

That the grocer walks with a stick and drags his leg on the ground to make people think he is only fit for the auxiliary service deceives no one—his time will come; there is but to wait.

Let a woman appear with an unaccustomed furbelow, or a family of a workman who is earning a fat salary eat two succulent dishes the same week—public opinion will quickly make evident its sentiments and swiftly put things to rights.

The war must be won, and each one must play his part—no matter how humble. The straight and narrow paths of virtue have been prescribed, and there is no better guide than the fear of mutual criticism. That is one reason why, personally, I have never sought to ignore Madame Coutant's opinion.

It goes without saying that the good soul has attributed the participation of the United States in this war entirely to my efforts. And the nature of the advice that I am supposed to have given President Wilson would make an everlasting fortune for a humorist. But in spite of it all I am proud to belong to them, proud of being an old resident in their quarter.

"Strictly serious people," was the opinion passed upon us by the sacristan's wife for the edification of my new housemaid.

It is a most interesting population to examine in detail, made up of honest, skillful Parisian artisans, *frondeurs* at heart, jesting with everything, but terribly ticklish on the point of honor.

"They ask us to 'hold out'!" exclaims the laundress of the Rue de Jouy. "As if we'd ever done anything else all our lives!"

These people were capable of the prodigious. They have achieved the miraculous!

With the father gone to the Front, his pay roll evaporated, it was a case of stop and think. Of course, there was the separation fee—about twenty-five cents a day for the mother, ten cents for each child. The French private received but thirty cents a month at the beginning of the war. The outlook was anything but cheerful, the possibility of making ends meet more than doubtful. So work it was—or, rather, extra work. Eyes were turned toward the army as a means of livelihood. With so many millions mobilized the necessity for shirts, underwear, uniforms, and so on, became evident.

Three or four mothers grouped together and made application for three or four hundred shirts. The mornings were consecrated to housework, which must be done in spite of all, the children kept clean and the food well prepared. But from one o'clock until midnight much might be accomplished; and much was.

The ordinary budget for a woman of the working class consists in earning sufficient to feed, clothe, light and heat the family, besides supplying the soldier husband with tobacco and a monthly parcel of goodies. Even the children have felt the call, and after school, which lasts from eight until four, little girls whose legs must ache from dangling sit patiently on chairs removing bastings or sewing on buttons, while their equally tiny brothers run errands or watch to see that the soup does not boil over.

Then when all is done, when with all one's heart one has labored and paid everything, and there remains just enough to send a money order to the poilu, there is still a happiness held in reserve—a delight as keen as anyone can feel in such times; namely, the joy of knowing that the separation fee has not been touched. It is a really and truly income; it is a dividend as sound as is the state! It has almost become a recompense.

What matter now the tears, the mortal anxieties that it may have cost? For once again to quote the laundress of the Rue de Jouy: "Trials? Why, we'd have had them anyway even if there hadn't been a war!"

In these times of strictest economy it would perhaps be interesting to go deeper into the ways of those untiring thrifty ants who seem to know how "to cut a centime in four" and extract the quintessence from a bone.

My concierge is a precious example for such a study, having discovered a way of bleaching clothes without boiling, and numerous recipes for reducing the high cost of living to almost nothing.

It was in her lodge that I was first introduced to a drink made from ash leaves, and then tasted another produced by mixing hops and violets.

Butter, that unspeakable luxury, she had replaced by a savory mixture of tried-out fats from pork and beef kidney, seasoned with salt, pepper, allspice, thyme and laurel, into which at cooling was stirred a glass of milk. Not particularly seasoning to vegetable soup, that mighty French stand-by, I found it most excellent. Believe me, I've tried it!

Jam has long since been prepared with honey, and for all other sweetening purposes she used a sirup of figs that was not in the least disagreeable. The ration of one pound of sugar per person a month, and brown sugar at that, does not go very far.

The cold season is the chief preoccupation of all Parisians, and until one has spent a war winter in the capital he is incapable of realizing what can be expected from a scuttleful of coal.

First of all, one commences by burning it for heating purposes, rejoicing in every second of its warmth and glow. One invites one's friends to such a gala! Naturally the coal dust has been left at the bottom of the receptacle, the sack in which it was delivered is well shaken for stray bits, and this together with the siftings is mixed with potter's clay and sawdust—which latter has become a most appreciable possession in our day. The whole is then stirred together and made into bricks or balls, which burn slowly but surely.

The residue of this combustible is still so precious that when gathered up, ground anew with paper and sawdust, and at length amalgamated with a mucilaginous water composed of soaked flaxseed, one finally obtains a kind of pulp that one tries to make ignite, but which obstinately refuses to do so, though examples to the contrary have been heard of.

The fireless cooker has opened new horizons, for of course there is still enough gas to start the heating. But none but the wealthy can afford such extravagance, so each one has invented his own model. My concierge's husband is renowned for his ingenuity in this particular branch, and people from the other side of the Isle St. Louis or the Rue St. Antoine take the time to come and ask his advice. It seems to me he can make fireless cookers out of almost anything. Antiquated wood chests, hat boxes, and even top hats themselves, have been utilized in his constructions!

"These are real savings banks for heat," he explains pompously, for he loves to tackle the difficult—even adjectively. His shiny bald pate is scarce covered by a Belgian fatigue cap, whose tassel bobs in the old man's eyes; and when he carried his long-treasured gold to the bank he refused to take its equivalent in notes. It was necessary to have recourse to the principal cashier, who assured him that if France needed money she would call upon him first.

He is a Lorrainer—a true Frenchman, who in the midst of all the sorrows brought on by the conflict has known two real joys—the first when his son was promoted and made lieutenant on the battlefield; the second when his friends, the Vidalencs and Lemots, made up a quarrel that had lasted more than twelve years.

"I was in a very embarrassing position," he explained, "for I held both families in equal esteem. Fortunately the war came and settled matters. When I say fortunately, of course you understand, madame, what I mean."

And in truth the original cause of difference between the Lemots, drapers, and the Vidalencs, coal and wood dealers, had been lost in the depths of time. But no hate between Montague and Capulet was ever more bitter. The gentle flame of antipathy was constantly kept kindled by a glance in passing, a half-audible sneer; and if the Vidalencs chose the day of the white sale to hang out and beat their stock of coal sacks one might be certain that the Lemots would be seized with a fit of cleanliness on the coldest of winter days, and would play the hose up and down the street in the freezing air about an hour or so before the Vidalencs would have to unload their coal wagons.

The younger generation, on leaving school every afternoon, would also see to it that the family feud was properly recognized; and many and bitter were the mutual pummelings.

Reconciliation seemed an impossibility, and yet both were hard-working, honest families, economical and gracious, rejoicing in the friendship of the entire quarter, who of course were much pained by the situation. Even the mobilization failed to bring a truce, and the unforgetable words of "Sacred Unity" fell upon arid ground.

But how strange, mysterious and far-reaching are the designs of Providence. Young Vidalenc was put into a regiment that was brigaded with the one to which belonged Monsieur Lemot. The two men met "out there," and literally fell into each other's arms.

A letter containing a description of this event arrived in the two shops at almost the same moment. That is to say, the postman first went to Father Vidalenc's, but by the time the old man had found his spectacles Madame Lemot had received her missive, and both were practically read at once. Then came the dash for the other's shop, the paper waving wildly in the air.

Of course they met in the street, stopped short, hesitated, collapsed, wept and embraced, to the utter amazement of the entire quarter, who feared not only that something fatal had happened but also for their mental safety.

Later in the day the news got abroad, and by nightfall everyone had heard that Father Vidalenc had washed Madame Lemot's store windows, and that Madame Lemot had promised to have an eye to Vidalenc's accounts, which had been neglected since the departure of his son.

When Lemot returned on furlough there was a grand dinner given in his honor at Vidalenc's, and when Vidalenc dined at Lemot's it was assuredly amusing to see the latter's children all togged out in their Sunday best, a tricolor bouquet in hand, waiting on their doorstep to greet and conduct the old man.

Unfortunately there was no daughter to give in matrimony so that they might marry and live happily ever after. But on my last trip home I caught a glimpse of an unknown girlish face behind Madame Lemot's counter, and somebody told me it was her niece.

It would not only be unfair but a gross error on my part to attempt to depict life in our quarter without mentioning one of the most notable inhabitants, namely, Monsieur Alexandre Clouet, "taylor"—so read the sign over the door of the shop belonging to this pompous little person—who closed that shop on August 2, 1914, and rallied to the colors. But unlike the vulgar herd he did not scribble in huge chalk letters all over the blinds—"The boss has joined the army." No indeed; not he!

Twenty-four hours later appeared a most elaborate meticulous sign which announced:

MONSIEUR CLOUET

Wishes to inform his numerous customers that he has joined the ranks of the 169th Infantry, and will do his duty as a Frenchman.

His wife returned to her father's home, and it was she who pasted up the series of neat little bulletins. First we read:

MONSIEUR CLOUET

Is in the trenches, but his health is excellent.

He begs his customers and friends to send him news of themselves. Postal Sector 24X.

I showed the little sign to my friends, who grew to take an interest in Monsieur Clouet's personal welfare, and passing by his shop they would copy down the latest news and forward it to me, first at Villiers, and afterward to the States.

It is thus that I learned that Monsieur Clouet, gloriously wounded, had been cared for at a hospital in Cahors, and later on that he had recovered, rejoined his depot and finally returned to the Front.

One of my first outings during my last trip sent me in the direction of Monsieur Clouet's abode. I was decidedly anxious to know what had become of him. To my surprise I found the shop open, but a huge announcement hung just above the entrance:

MONSIEUR CLOUET

Gloriously wounded and decorated with the military medal, regrets to state that in future it will be impossible for him to continue giving his personal attention to his business.

His wife and his father-in-law will hereafter combine their efforts to give every satisfaction to his numerous customers.

I entered. For the moment the wife and the father-in-law were combining their efforts to convince a very stout elderly gentleman that check trousers would make him look like a sylph!

"Ah, madame, what a surprise!" she cried on seeing me.

"But your husband?" I queried. "Is it really serious? Do tell me!"

"Alas, madame, he says he'll never put his foot in the shop again. You see he's very sensitive since he was scalped, and he's afraid somebody might know he has to wear a wig!"

VI

THE boche aëroplane was by no means a novelty to the Parisian. Its first apparitions over the capital, 1914, were greeted with curious enthusiasm, and those

(Continued on Page 65)

Tailored clothes for women

The woman who wears a Printzess coat or suit has the satisfaction that comes from *knowing* she is correctly and stylishly dressed.

The master designers of the Printzess organization, with the exceptional facilities at their disposal, have successfully interpreted the best Paris styles for twenty-five years.

Every detail of finish and trimming receives the same conscientious attention as the original conception of the design itself. Printzess coats and suits not only look better and fit better for this thoroughness of making but hold their shape and stylish lines until they are worn out. Never before has this meant quite so much as today, when the call for individual economy is heard and must be heeded.

Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

This label is found in every Printzess garment

that meet a man's ideal

Your selection of a Printzess coat or suit will also meet the approval of the man whose opinion you value most. He will admire its style, of course, but man-fashion he will go back of style.

He will recognize its quality and durability and will appreciate the expert tailoring and the all-wool quality of the tested, pre-shrunk materials which are a part of every Printzess garment.

"Printzess Week"—The Nation-Wide Fashion Event—will be held October 7th to 12th. Be sure to see the exceptionally interesting Style Revue of these beautiful, new, moderately-priced coats and suits for the Fall and Winter season, at the store of the Printzess dealer in your city. Write us for his name and a copy of our finely illustrated booklet, "How Heart Improves The Art of Woman's Dress."

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO.

Paris CLEVELAND New York

Printzess

DISTINCTION IN DRESS

A RUB OR TWO—
IT'S
CLEAN AS NEW
Glass Smooth Surfaces—not a ridge—not a panel. No foothold whatever for dirt and grime to gather.
Round Inside Corners—dust-proof—no gapping cracks or difficult-to-get-at angles. A dirt-free—dust-free—sanitary Cabinet whose new and complete conveniences save miles of walking—hours of time and dollars of money.
Made in beautiful Golden Oak or Snowy White Enamel. At a "reasonable" price.
Write for catalogue and nearest "KITCHEN MAID" Dealer's name.
"Let the 'KITCHEN MAID' Be Your Kitchen Aid."
Wasmuth-Endicott Co.
Andrews, Indiana
W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT
"KITCHEN MAID"
The Smooth Surface Round-Corner
KITCHEN CABINET

(Continued from Page 61)

who did not have a field glass handy at the time later on satisfied their curiosity by a visit to the Invalides, where every known type of enemy machine was displayed in the broad courtyard.

The Zeppelin raid of April 15, 1915, happened toward midnight, and resulted in a good many casualties, due not to the bombs dropped by the enemy, but to the number of colds and cases of pneumonia and bronchitis caught by the pyjama-clad Parisian, who rushed out half covered, to see the sight, thoughtlessly banging his front door behind him.

The first time that we were really driven to take shelter in the cellar was after dinner at the home of a friend who lives in an apartment house near the Avenue du Bois. We were enjoying an impromptu concert of chamber music when the alarm was given, swiftly followed by distant but very distinct detonations, which made hesitation become imprudence.

The descent to the basement was accomplished without undue haste or extraordinary commotion, save for an old Portuguese lady and her daughter, who lost their heads and unconsciously gave us a comic interlude worthy of any first-class *envoi*.

Roused from her sleep the younger woman, with self-preservation uppermost in her mind, had slipped on an outer garment, grabbed the first thing she laid her hands on, and with hair streaming over her back dashed down five long flights of stairs.

At the bottom she remembered her mother, let forth an awful shriek, and, still holding her bottle of tooth wash in her hands, jumped into the lift and started in search of her parent.

In the meantime the latter, on finding her daughter's bed empty, had started toward the lower floors, crossing the upward-bound lift, which mademoiselle was unable to stop.

Screams of terror, excited sentences in Portuguese—in which both gave directions that neither followed; and for a full ten minutes mother and daughter raced up and down in lift and on the stairway, trying vainly to join one another.

A young lieutenant, home on leave, at length took pity on them and finally united the two exhausted creatures, who fell into each other's arms shrieking hysterically: "If we must die let us die together!"

The concierges and the servants began arranging chairs and camp stools round the furnace; the different tenants introduced themselves and their guests. Almost everyone was still about when the signal was given, and this cellar, where the electric lamps burned brightly, soon took on the aspect of a drawing-room, in spite of all.

One lone man, however, stood disconsolate, literally suffocating beneath a huge cavalry cape hooked tight up to his throat. As the perspiration soon began rolling from his forehead a friend seeking to put him at his ease suggested he open up his cloak.

The gentleman addressed cast a glance over the assembled group, broadened out into a smile and exclaimed: "I can't. Only got my nightshirt underneath."

The hilarity was general, and the conversation presently became bright and sparkling with humorous anecdotes.

The officers held their audience spellbound with fear and admiration; the women talked hospital and dress, dress and hospital, finally jesting about the latest restrictions. One lady told the story of a friend who engaged a maid, on her looks and without a reference, the which maid shortly became a menace because of her propensity for dropping and breaking china.

One day, drawn toward the pantry by the sound of a noise more terrible than any yet experienced, the lady found the girl staring at a whole pile of plates—ten or a dozen—which had slipped from her fingers and lay in thousands of pieces on the floor.

The lady became indignant and scolded.

"Ah, if madame were at the Front she'd see worse than that!" was the consoling response.

"But we're not at the Front, I'll have you understand! And what's more, neither you nor I have ever been there, my girl."

"I beg madame's pardon, but my last place was in a hospital at Verdun, as madame will see when my papers arrive."

General laughter was cut short by the sound of two explosions.

"They're here!" "They've arrived!" "It will soon be over now," and like comments were added.

A servant popped the cork of a champagne bottle, and another passed cakes and candied fruit.

An elderly man who wore a decoration approached the officers.

"Gentlemen," said he, "excuse me for interrupting, but do any of you know the exact depth to which an aëroplane bomb can penetrate?"

The officers gave him a few details, which, however, did not seem to satisfy the old fellow. His anxiety became more and more visible.

"I wouldn't worry, sir, if I were you. There's absolutely no danger down here."

"Thank you for your assurance, messieurs," said he, "but I'm not in the least anxious about my personal safety. It's my drawings and my collection of porcelains that are causing me such concern. I thought once that I'd box them all up and bring them down here. But you never can tell what dampness or change of temperature might do to a water color or a *gouache*. Oh, my poor Fragonards! My poor Bouchers! Gentlemen, never, never collect water colors or porcelains! Take it from me!"

At that moment the bugle sounded "All's well," and as we were preparing to mount the stairs the old man accosted the officers anew, asking them for the titles of some books on artillery and fortification.

"That all depends to what use you wish to apply them."

"Ah, it's about protecting my collection. I simply must do something! I can't send them to storage—they wouldn't be any safer there; and even if they were I'd die of anxiety so far away from my precious belongings."

Good-nights were said in the vestibule, and the gathering dispersed just as does any group of persons after a theater or an ordinary reception. But once in the street it was absolutely useless even to think of a taxi. People were pouring from every doorway, heads stuck out of every window.

"Where did they fall? Which way?"

In the total obscurity the sound of feet all hurrying in the same direction, accompanied by shouts of recognition, even ripples of laughter, seemed strangely gruesome as the caravan of curious hastened toward the scene of tragedy.

"No crowds allowed. Step lively!" called the *sergents de ville*, at their wits' ends. "Better go back home; they might return. Step lively, I say!"

It happened thus the first few visits, but presently the situation became less humorous. One began to get accustomed to it. Then one commenced to dislike it and protest.

Seated by the studio fire we were both plunged deep in our books.

"*Allons!*" exclaimed H. "Do you hear the *pompiers*? The Gothas again!"

We stiffened up in our chairs and listened. The trumpets sounded shrilly on the night air of our tranquil Parisian Quarter.

"Right you are. That means down we go! They might have waited until I finished my chapter, hang them! There's no electricity in our cellar." And I cast aside my book in disgust.

Taking our coats and a steamer rug each we prepared to descend. In the courtyard the clatter of feet resounded.

The cellar of our seventeenth-century dwelling being extremely deep and solidly built was at once commandeered as refuge for one hundred persons in case of bombardment, and we must needs share it with some ninety-odd less fortunate neighbors.

"Hurry up there! Hurry up, I say!" calls a sharp nasal voice.

That voice belonged to Monsieur Leddin, formerly a clockmaker, but now of the Service Auxiliaire, on whom devolved the policing of our entire little group simply because of his uniform.

His observations, however, had but little effect. People came straggling along, yawning from having been awakened in their first sleep, and almost all of them were hugging bundles or parcels containing their most precious belongings.

It was invariably an explosion that finally livened their gait, and they hurried into the stairway. A slight jam was thus produced.

"No pushing there! Order!" cried another stentorian voice, belonging to Monsieur Vidalenc, the coal dealer.

"Here, here!" echoed several high-pitched trebles. "*Très bien, très bien!* Follow in line—what's the use of crowding?"

Monsieur Leddin made another and still shriller effort, calling from above: "Be calm now. Don't get excited."

"Who's excited?"

"You are!"

"Monsieur Leddin, you're about as fit to be a soldier as I to be an archbishop," sneered the butcher's wife. "You'd do better to leave us alone and hold your peace."

General hilarity, followed by murmurs of approval from various other females, completely silenced Monsieur Leddin, who never reopened his mouth during the entire evening, so that one could not tell whether he was nursing his offended dignity or hiding his absolute incompetence to assume authority.

Places were quickly found on two or three long wooden benches and a few chairs provided for the purpose, some persons even spreading out blankets and camping on the floor.

The raiment displayed was the typical negligée of the Parisian working class—a dark-colored woolen dressing gown covered over with a shawl or a cape, all the attire showing evidence of having been hastily donned, with no time to think of looking in the mirror.

An old lantern and a kerosene lamp but dimly lighted the groups, which were shrouded in deep velvety shadows.

Presently a man, a man that I had never seen before, a man with a long emaciated face and dark pointed beard, rose in the background, holding a blanket that was draped about him by flattening his thin white hand against his breast. The whole scene seemed almost Biblical, and instantly my mind evoked Rembrandt's masterpiece, the etching called The Hundred-Guilder Piece, which depicts the crowds seated about the standing figure of our Saviour and listening to his divine words.

But the spell was quickly broken when an instant later my vision coughed and called: "Josephine, did you bring down the Petit Parisien, as I told you?"

Ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, and then a rather distant explosion gave us reason to believe that the enemy planes were retiring.

"*Jamais de la vie!* No such luck tonight. Why, we've got a good couple of hours ahead of us, just like last time. You'll see! Much better to make yourself as comfortable as possible and not lose any sleep over it."

The tiny babies had scarcely waked at all, and peacefully continued to slumber on their mothers' knees or on improvised cots made from a blanket or comforter folded to several thicknesses.

The women soon yawned and, leaning their backs against the wall, nodded regularly in spite of their efforts not to doze off, and each time, surprised by the sudden shock of awakening, would shudder and groan unconsciously.

Tightly clasped in their hands or on the floor between their feet lay a bag, which never got beyond their reach, which they clung to as something sacred. Certain among them were almost elegant in their gray linen covers. Others had seen better days, while still others dated back to the good old times of needlework tapestry. There were carpet, kit and canvas bags, little wooden chests with leather handles; and one poor old creature carefully harbored a cardboard box tied about with a much knotted string.

What did they all contain? In France amid such a gathering it were safe to make a guess.

First of all, the spotless family papers - cherished documents registering births, deaths and marriages; a lock of hair; a baby tooth; innumerable faded photographs; a bundle of letters; a scrap of paper whereon are scrawled the last words of a departed hero; and way down underneath, neatly separated from all the rest I feel quite sure the little family treasure lies hidden. Yes, here is that handful of stocks and bonds, thanks to which their concierge bows to them with respect; those earnings that permit one to fall ill, to face old age and death without apprehension, the assurance the children shall want for nothing, shall have a proper education—the certitude that the two little rooms occupied can really be called home, that the furniture so carefully waxed and polished is one's own forever. Bah! What terrors can lack of work, food shortage or war hold for such people? Thus armed can they not look the horrid specters square in the face? The worst will cost but one or two blue bank notes borrowed from the little pile, but because of the comfort they have brought they will be replaced all the more gayly when better days come.

All this ran through my brain as I watched those hands, big and small, fat and thin, young and old, clasping their treasures so tightly; and I couldn't help feeling that gigantic convulsive gesture of thousands of other women, who all over the great capital at that same moment were hugging so lovingly their little all, the fruit of so much toil and so much virtue.

My reflections were cut short by a deafening noise that roused my sleeping companions. The children shrieked and the women openly lamented.

"That was a close call," commented Monsieur Neu, our concierge.

Five or six boys wanted to rush out and see where the bomb had fallen. They were dissuaded, but with difficulty.

An elderly man had taken his six-year-old grandson on to his knee, and that sleepy little Parisian urchin actually clapped his hands and crowed over the shock.

"Jimminy, that was a fine one!"

"That's right, my child," pompously exclaimed the grandsire. "Never, never forget the monsters who troubled your innocent sleep with their infamous crimes."

"Oh, cut it out, grandpop!" was the somewhat irreverent reply. "Aren't you afraid you might miss forty winks?" And then turning to his mother: "I say, mamma, if one of them lands on our house you promise you'll wake me up, won't you? I want to see everything, and last time and the time before I missed it!"

"Yes, darling, of course; but go to sleep, there's a good boy."

A tall, good-looking girl over in one corner openly gave vent to her sentiments.

"The idiots! The idiots! If they think they can scare us that way! They'd far better not waste their time, and let us sleep. It isn't a bit funny any more, and I've got to work just the same to-morrow, boche or no boche!"

Two rickety old creatures clasped each other in arms and demanded in trembling voices if there was any real danger! This produced a ripple of merriment.

Monsieur Duplan, the butcher, then asked the ladies' permission to smoke. The which permission was graciously accorded.

"Why, if I'd only thought, I'd have brought down another lamp and my work. It's too bad to waste so much time."

"I have my knitting. You don't need any light for that."

"Where on earth did you get wool? How lucky you are!"

From Monsieur Leddin's lips now rose a loud and sonorous snore.

"Decidedly that man is possessed of all the charms," giggled a sarcastic neighbor.

"Yes, it must be a perfect paradise to live with such an angel, and to feel that you've got him safe at home till the end of the war. I don't wonder his poor little wife took the children and went to Burgundy."

"Why isn't he at the Front?" hissed someone in a whisper.

"Yes—why?"

"There are lots less healthy men than he out there. The fat old plumber who lived on the Rue de Jouy, and who can hardly breathe, was taken."

"And the milkman, who passed a hundred and three medical inspections and finally had to go."

"If you think my husband is overstrong you're mistaken."

"And mine, madame; how about him?"

Something told me that Monsieur Leddin's fate was hanging in the balance on this eventful evening.

"Shake him up, Monsieur Neu. He doesn't need to sleep if we can't; we all got to work to-morrow, and he can take a nice long nap at his desk."

"Oh, leave him alone!" put in Monsieur Laurent, the stationer, who was seated near me. "Just listen to those fiendish women. Why, they're worse than we are about the slackers. After all, I keep telling them there must be a few, otherwise who's going to write history—and history's got to be written, hasn't it?"

"Most decidedly," I replied.

And having at length found a subject of conversation that I had deigned approve he continued: "Just think of what all the poor kids in generations to come will have to cram into their heads! The names of all the battles and the dates on all the Fronts! It makes me dizzy! I'm glad it's not up to me. I like history all well enough, but I'd rather make it than have to learn it."

Monsieur Laurent did not speak lightly. He had veritably helped to make history, having left his right foot and part of his leg out there on the hills of Verdun

I asked him how he was getting along since his return.

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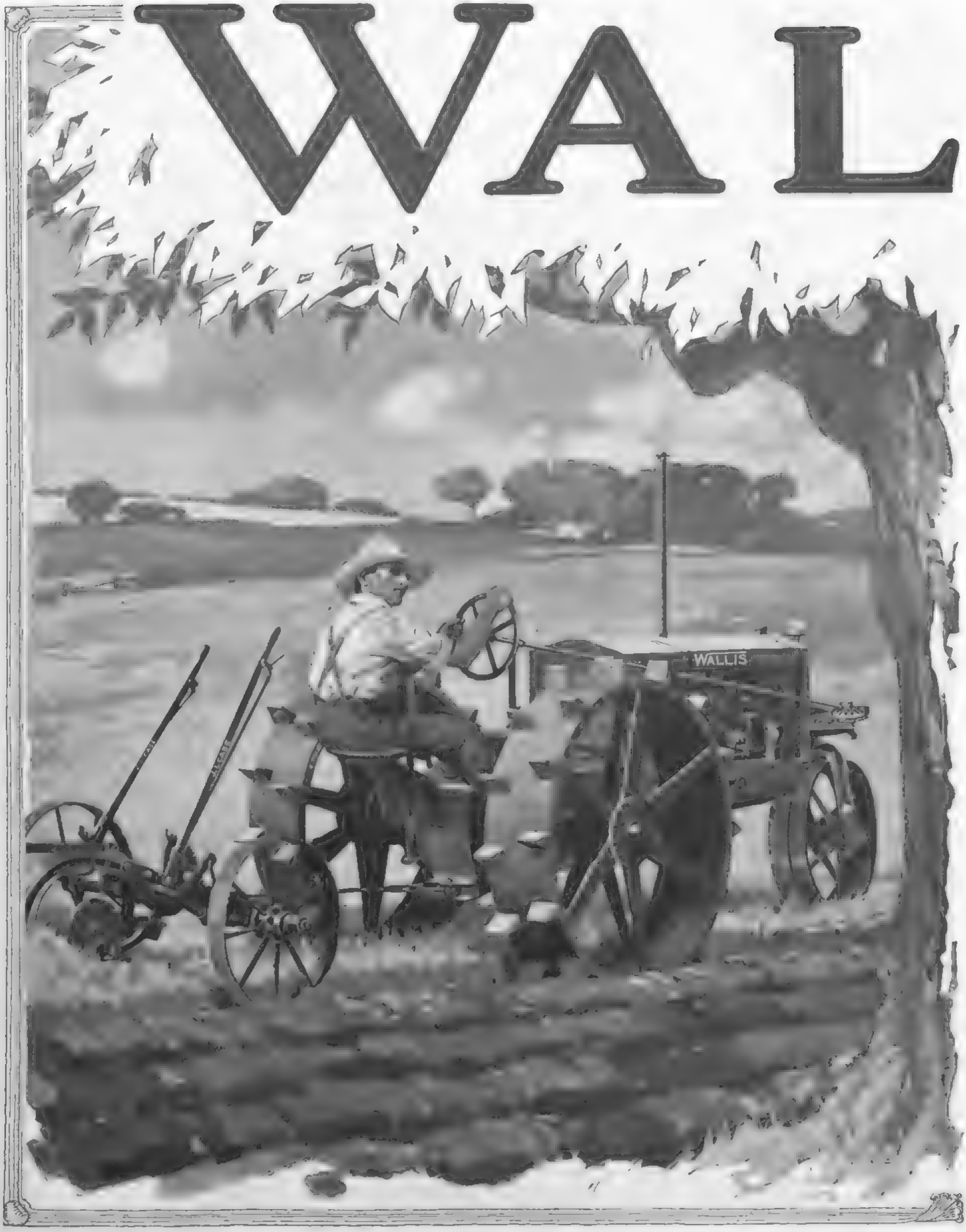
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WALLIS

L I S

IN PLOWING, threshing or other farm work, the Wallis Tractor gives *true* economy. Wallis first combined light weight, great power and durability. This tractor weighs 1000 to 5000 pounds less than others of equal power.

This was accomplished by replacing heavy cast iron with strong, light steel; by the simplified "U" frame—the lightest yet strongest construction known to mechanics; by light-weight, sturdy drive wheels.

Wallis first enclosed all gears, including the final drive—thus saving power and protecting vital parts. The Wallis motor and transmission are as perfectly finished as an automobile motor. The result is a tractor that burns one-third less fuel per acre plowed; that cuts the cost-per-acre of plowing to the lowest figure ever known. It made the Wallis America's Foremost Tractor.

The latest Wallis catalog tells all about this tractor. Write for a copy and for name of nearby Wallis dealer.

J. I. Case Plow Works, 1000 Mead St., Racine, Wis.

Sales Agents for Wallis Tractors

BRANCHES: Dallas, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, Denver, Minneapolis, Oklahoma City, Washington, Indianapolis

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

America's Foremost Tractor

(Continued from Page 65)

"Better than ever! Excellent appetite—never a cold—never an ill. I'll soon be as spry as a rabbit. Why, I used to be too heavy; I always fell asleep after luncheon. That campaign set my blood to rights. I'm ten years younger," he exclaimed, pounding his chest.

"That's a good strong box, isn't it?"

And he coughed loudly to convince me of its solidity.

"France can still count on me! I was ready for war, and I shall be prepared for peace."

"Just wait till it gets here," murmured some woman.

"It'll come; it's bound to come some time!" he cried, evidently pursuing a favorite theme. "And we'll like it all the better for having waited so long."

Monsieur Laurent had firm faith in the immediate business future.

"*Voilà!* All we've got to do is to lay Germany out flat. Even then the economic struggle that will follow the war will be terrible," he prophesied.

"The French must come to the fore with all the resources of their national genius. As for myself, I have my own idea on the subject."

We were fairly drinking in his words.

"You've all doubtless seen the sign that I put up in my window?"

We acquiesced.

"Well, it was that sign that opened my eyes."

I was all attention by this time, for I distinctly remembered the above-mentioned sign. It had puzzled and amused me immensely. Painted in brilliant letters, it ran as follows:

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN

FOR MEN HAVING THEIR LEFT FOOT AMPUTATED AND WEARING SIZE NO. 9.

3 SHOES FOR THE RIGHT FOOT—TWO BLACK AND ONE TAN; EXCELLENT QUALITY, ALMOST LIKE NEW

For sale, or exchange for shoes belonging to the left foot. Must be of same quality and in like condition.

"I haven't yet made any special effort to ascertain whether there are more amputations of the left than of the right foot," continued Monsieur Laurent. "I suppose it's about equal. Well, my plan is just this: As soon as there's peace I'm going to set up shop in the Rue St. Antoine or the Place de la Bastille. I'll call it A la Botte de l'Amputé, and I'll sell my shoes separately instead of in pairs. There's a fortune in it inside of five years."

"Just hear him raving," sighed his wife. "You know well enough, Laurent, that just so soon as the war is over we're going to sell out; and with that money, your pension and what we've saved up we'll go out to the Parc St. Maur and buy a little cottage and settle down. I'll raise a few chickens and some flowers, and you can go fishing in the Seine all day long."

"But the economic struggle?"

"You let the economic struggle take care of itself. Now, with your mad idea, just suppose those who had a right foot all wanted tan shoes, and those who had a left couldn't stand anything but black? I'd like to know where you'd be then. Stranger things than that have happened."

Laurent gazed at his wife in admiration.

"With all your talk about the future it seems to me we've been down here a long time since that last explosion."

One woman looked for her husband, but could not find him. The Rembrandt head of Christ had also disappeared.

A tall fifteen-year-old lad who stood near the door informed us that they had slipped out to look round.

"So has Germain."

"Then you come here! Don't you dare leave me!" scolded the mother. "Can you just see something happening to him with his father out there in the trenches?"

Monsieur Neu and two other men soon followed suit.

The big boy who had so recently been admonished managed to crawl from beneath his mother's gaze and make his escape.

"If ever I catch him he'll find out what my name is," screamed the excited woman, dashing after him into the darkness.

Then presently one by one we took our way toward the hall, and the cellar seemed empty.

The tall boy came back to the entrance, all excitement.

"We saw where it fell!" he panted. "There are some wounded. The police won't let you go near. There's lots and lots of people out there. Where's mamma?"

"She's looking for you!"

He was off with a bound.

The instinct to see, to know what is going on, is infinitely stronger than that of self-preservation. Many a soldier has told me that, and I have often had occasion to prove it personally. Some of the women started toward the street.

"We're only going as far as the door," said they by way of excuse. "You're really quite safe beneath the portico." And they carried their babies with them!

So when the final signal of safety was sounded there remained below but a few old women, a couple of very small children, and Monsieur Leddin, whom nothing seemed to disturb.

The mothers returned to fetch their children. The old ladies and Monsieur Leddin were roused.

"*C'est fini! Ah!*"

And in the courtyard one could hear them calling as they dispersed.

"Good night, Madame Cocard."

"Good night, Madame Bidon."

"Don't forget."

"I won't."

"Till next time."

"That's it, till next time."

A young woman approached me.

"Madame, you won't mind if I come after them to-morrow, would you?" she begged with big wistful eyes.

"The stairway is so dark and so narrow in our house I'm afraid something might happen to them."

"Mercy me! You're surely not thinking of leaving your babies alone in the cellar?"

"Oh, madame, it's not my babies. Not yet"—and she smiled. "It's my bronze chimney ornaments!"

"Your what?"

"Yes, madame, my chimney ornaments. A clock and a pair of candlesticks. They're over there in that wooden box all done up beautifully. You see Lucien and I got married after the war began. It was all done so quickly that I didn't have any trousseau or wedding presents. I'm earning quite a good deal now, and I don't want him to think ill of me, so I'm furnishing the house little by little. It's a surprise for him when he comes home."

"He's at the Front?"

"No, madame, in the hospital. He has a bad face wound. My, how it worried him! He wanted to die, he used to be so handsome! See, here's his photograph. He isn't too awfully ugly, is he? Anyway I don't love him a bit less—on the contrary; and that's one of the very reasons why I want to fix things up—so as to prove it to him!"

VII

IN THE summer of 1915 my friend Jeanne took her small baby and her daughter Annette, aged five, to their little country home on the seashore in Brittany. The father, over military age, remained in town to look after some patriotic work.

Help was hard to get, and Jeanne, not overstrong, was torn between household duties and her infant son, so that Annette, clad in a bathing suit and a sweater, spent most of her time on the beach in company with other small people of her own years.

Astonished at seeing the little one so much alone, certain kind-hearted mothers invited her to partake of their bread, chocolate and other dainties provided for the *goûter* of their own offspring; and, as the child gladly and continually accepted, her apparent abandon became a subject of conversation, and they decided to question Annette.

"Where is your mother, dear?"

"She's home, very ill."

"Oh, really. I'm so sorry. What's the trouble? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"I think it must be; you see she has had her three brothers killed, and now grandpa has enlisted."

"Dear me, how terrible! And your papa?"

"Oh, he's in town working for the government. One of his brothers was killed and the other is blind. Poor old grandma died of the shock."

Moved by the lamentable plight of so young a mother the good ladies sought to penetrate her seclusion, offer their condolences and help lift the cloud of gloom.

Imagine then their surprise at being received by my smiling blond-haired friend, who failed to comprehend their mournful but astonished looks.

At length Annette's lamentable story was brought to light, and Jeanne could but thank them for their trouble, at the same time explaining that neither she nor her husband had ever had brothers, and that their parents had been dead these many years.

"You naughty, wicked girl!" scolded Jeanne as her tearful progeny was led forward. "You wicked, wicked girl! What made you tell such lies?"

The culprit twisted her hands, her whole body fairly convulsed with restrained sobs.

"Answer me at once. Do you hear me?"

Annette hesitated, and then throwing herself in her mother's arms blurted out: "Oh, mamma, I just couldn't help it! All the others were so proud of their poilus, and I haven't anyone at the Front; not even a godson."

It seems highly probable that children who have received such an education will ultimately form a special generation. Poor little things who never knew what play meant, at a time when life should have been all sunshine and smiles; tender, sensitive creatures brought up in an atmosphere of privation and tears!

Those who were between ten and fifteen years of age at the outbreak of the war have had a particularly hard time. In the smaller trades and industries as well as on the farms, with a father or an elder brother absent, these youngsters have been obliged to leave school or college and hasten to the counter or the plow. And not only have they been called upon to furnish the helping hand but in times of moral stress they have often had to give proof of a mature judgment, a courage, a will power and a forbearance far beyond their years.

After a ten months' absence, when I opened up my Parisian home I found it necessary to change or replace certain electric-lighting arrangements. As usual I called up the Maison Bincteux.

"*Bien, madame,* I will send someone to look after it."

The next morning my maid announced "La Maison Bincteux."

When I reached the hallway I found the aforesaid "Maison" to be a lad some fifteen years old, who might easily have passed for twelve, so slight was his build. His long, pale, oval face, which seemed almost unhealthy, was relieved by a pair of snapping blue eyes.

"Did you bring a letter?"

"Oh, no, madame! I am Monsieur Bincteux's son."

"Then your father is coming later?"

"Oh, no, madame, he can't. He is mechanician in the aviation corps at Verdun. My oldest brother is in the artillery, and the second one has just left for the Front—so I quit school and am trying to help mother continue the business."

"How old are you?"

"I belong to the Class of 1923," came the proud reply.

"Oh, I see. Come right in, then. I'll show you what I need."

With a most serious and important air he produced a notebook, tapped on the partitions, sounded the walls, took measures—and jotted down a few lines.

"Very well, madame; I've seen all that's necessary. I'll be back to-morrow morning with a workman."

True to his word he appeared the next day, accompanied by a decrepit, coughing, asthmatic specimen of humanity, who was hardly worthy of the honorable title his employer had seen fit to confer.

Our studio is extremely high, and when it was necessary to stretch out and raise our double extension ladder it seemed as though disaster were imminent.

We offered our assistance, but from the glance he launched us I felt quite certain that we had mortally offended the manager of the Maison Bincteux. He stiffened every muscle, gave a supreme effort—and up went the ladder. Truly his will power, his intelligence and his activity were remarkable.

After surveying the undertaking he made his calculations, and then addressed his aid.

"We'll have to bore here," he said. "The wires will go through there, at the left, and we'll put the switches at the right, just above; go ahead with the work and I'll be back in a couple of hours."

The old man mumbled something disobliging.

"Do what I tell you and don't make any fuss about it! You're better off here than in the trenches, aren't you? We've heard enough from you, old slacker!"

The idea that anyone dare insinuate that he ought to be at the Front at his age fairly suffocated the aid electrician, who broke into a fit of coughing.

"Madame, madame," he gasped. "In the trenches? Why, I'm seventy-three. I've worked for his father and grandfather before him; but I've never seen his like! Why, only this very morning he was grumbling because I didn't ride a bicycle so we could get to places faster!"

At noon the Maison Bincteux reappeared accompanied by the general agent of the electric company. He discussed matters in detail with this awe-inspiring person—objected, retaliated and finally terminated his affairs, leaving us a few moments later, having accomplished the best and most rapid job of its kind I have ever seen.

Any number of what we should call mere children have been so imbued with the spirit of sacrifice that they have joined the army long before their class was called. Madame de Martel's grandson, the sons of Monsieur Barthou; Louis Morin, Pierre Mille—to mention but a few in thousands—all fell on the field of honor before attaining their eighteenth year.

And each family will tell you the same pathetic tale: "We tried to interest him in his work; we provided all kinds of amusements, did everything to keep him here—all to no avail. There was just one thought uppermost in his mind—to enlist; to serve. He was all we had!"

Little Jacques Krauss promised his mother he would not go until he had won his baccalaureate, and my friend lived in the hope that all would be over by the time the "baby" had succeeded. But lo! The baby, unknown to his parents, worked nights, skipped a year, passed his examination, and left for the Front, aged seventeen years and three months! He had kept his word. What could they do?

In another household—my friends the G's, where two elder sons have already been killed—there remained as sole heir a pale, lanky youth of sixteen.

With the news of his brothers' death the flame of vengeance kindled, and then began a régime of overfeeding, physical exercises and medical supervision that would have made many a stouter heart quail.

Every week the family is present when the chest measure is taken.

"Just one more centimeter and you'll be fit!" exclaims the enthusiastic father, while on the lashes of the smiling mother form two bright tears which trickle unheeded down her cheeks!

There reigns a supernatural enthusiasm among all these youths; an almost sacred fire burns in their eyes, their speech is pondered but passionate. They are so glad, so proud to go. They know but one fear—that of arriving too late.

"We don't want to belong to the class that didn't fight."

And with it all they are so childlike and so simple—these heroes.

One afternoon in a tea room near the Bon Marché I noticed a soldier in an obscure corner who, his back turned to us, was finishing with a vigorous appetite a plate of fancy cakes and pastry. There was still pastry in those days—1917.

"Good!" thought I. "I'm glad to see someone who loves cakes enjoying himself!"

The plate emptied, he waited a few minutes. Then presently he called the attendant. She leaned over, listened to his whispered order, smiled and disappeared. A moment later she returned bearing a second well-laden dish.

It was not long before these cakes, too, had gone the way of their predecessors. I lingered awhile, anxious to see the face of this robust sweet tooth, whose appetite had so delighted me.

He poured out and swallowed a last cup of tea, paid his bill and rose, displaying as he turned about a pink-and-white beardless countenance that might have belonged to a boy of fifteen—suddenly grown to a man during an attack of measles. On his breast were the Medaille Militaire, and the Croix de Guerre with three palms.

This mere infant must have jumped from his school to an aëroplane. At any rate, I feel quite certain that he never before had been allowed out alone with sufficient funds to gratify his youthful passion for sweetmeats—and therefore, profiting by this first occasion, had indulged himself to the limit. Can you blame him?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"They ring the bell with me!"

SEE them right there in front of you—a big, heaping plate of Aunt Jemima pancakes, golden brown, piping hot!

Just catch their steaming fragrance, man—um-m-m, what an edge it does put on that lazy morning appetite!

And now taste them—note how light and fluffy they are, how delicately crisp and tender, how rich and satisfying in flavor. No wonder America served 120 million Aunt Jemima breakfasts last year.

So easy to prepare!

Breakfast right on time *every time*—that's another thing. And a perfect breakfast every time, too—for Aunt Jemima pancakes always turn out just right.

Aunt Jemima flour is complete—with even the sweet milk ready mixed in it, and so rich it needs no eggs.

All that is required is the simple addition of water, and in two short minutes the pancakes are ready on the table.

Aunt Jemima pancakes! Rich, tender, fragrant Aunt Jemima pancakes! Sit down to a plate of them tomorrow morning and they'll—"ring the bell with you!" Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Try Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour for waffles, muffins and breadsticks. You'll say they're the best you have ever tasted.

Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

Copyright 1918, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

FLORENCE OIL STOVES

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

When the frost begins to nip—light your Florence Heater and enjoy its warm comfort. Have its cheery heat in any room. Make sure that coming scarcity of Florence Heaters won't affect you. Buy yours now. We couldn't make all we would.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE COMPANY
320 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cooking Stoves, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Oil Heaters, Gas Hot Plates, and Gas Heaters.

SUPERADVERTISING

(Continued from Page 4)

be ruled first by the nation that shall first succeed in putting advertising inspiration and advertising machinery together, and that shall first realize that what machinery is for is to multiply inspiration and distribute it and that when machinery tries to take the place of inspiration it spreads through the world the selfsame machine-mindedness Germany is suffering from now and which she is trying to impose on the rest of us.

Of course, my idea involves copy written by probably a very few people and distributed by a great many. This is what I believe would be the best arrangement for making advertising inspiration and advertising machinery in America, in our stupendous crisis, work together.

I want an advertisement that will make me feel the way I felt when I heard Muratore sing The Marseillaise to the crowd at a Liberty Loan meeting in New York one night, between two huge flags which he tore out of the sounding board above his head and waved. It was quite magnificent and stirring. He sang as if he were trying to be the whole French army and navy and were winning the whole five years' war in five minutes. He was followed by a fighting parson, who told of atrocities—of a little boy running into camp holding his intestines in his hands. Then the Scotch Highlanders came with their bagpipes, and screamed wildly and gloriously, marching round the hall, and made a gentle quavering little old lady standing near me sing softly back to the bagpipes Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic!

The great trouble with Muratore as an inspired advertisement of this war is that God made only one copy.

Only a hallful of three thousand people, one hallful at a time, could be used; and it takes too long to go through America one hallful at a time with an inspired advertisement like Muratore. What is called for in the Liberty Loan drive is a Muratore on paper.

One man who conveys the Muratore glow on paper, who can make his country ring as with great bells on paper—who can placard the souls, the senses, the souls and bodies of a hundred million people in sixty minutes with a vision of country—is what the national crisis we now are in calls for.

What is called for is superadvertising. If we have supersinging why not have superadvertising? I believe that our advertising machinery should provide for superadvertising—that it should invoke, emancipate and distribute the latent inspiration that lies round us, that every man sees in the hearts of the people.

I believe that if Mr. Johns and Mr. Houston, of the Government's Division of Advertising in the Creel Committee, and other leading advertising men and the officers of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World were looking over my shoulder as I write these next pages and express my hope and my conviction—my religion about advertising in this present crisis of the world -they would say in spirit what I am saying. I am not challenging. I am interpreting in the form of a challenge the most high-spirited, the most essentially humble, the most generously and relentlessly open, truth-facing, pragmatic profession in our modern world.

New Men in Old Clothes

My sole sin against advertising men is that I am believing in them and believing in what they can do more than they do.

I have believed that the time for superadvertising has come. I believe that the advertising profession, like all professions in this present sudden fired-through mood of the world, is being born again.

Thousands of men we thought we knew but did not are rising up round us. New men in old clothes are coming in flocks up out of nowhere every day. A man who came from the trenches the other day to New York, and drove out to see his new half-million-dollar house in the suburbs just being completed, sickened at the sight as he drove in at the gate, ordered his car turned round and made up his mind he would never look at it. The same thing, before this war is over and before peace is advertised and set up between nations, is going to happen to our advertising men in their view of the psychology and the technic of their profession. It is happening to many of them already. I believe that the standardized advertising profession under the pressure of the war is going to be stampeded and carried away with new men from outside and with creative men from the inside, and made a new profession before its own eyes.

The same thing is already seen happening to the ministry. Thousands of men, since the war, especially business men, have now practically become preachers and evangelists. The same thing is happening to the physicians, from osteopathy to psychopathy. The same thing has happened to being a nurse. Being a soldier has become a new profession, with the great tides of new experts every few weeks thrust up out of comparative amateurs—under the sea, into the air. Being an aviator is a new profession every morning. Being a president is a new profession, largely an advertising profession. Every cabinet officer has a new job, and thousands of important men, amateurs in office, are putting new life, new facts and new motive powers into government, and have become officials.

The Stress of Necessity

Suddenly under the stress of the necessity of a hundred million people to win the war every business has become a profession instead of a trade. Everything everybody sees and everything everybody does is being raised to the *n*th power. The airplane, the U-boat, the tank, camouflage—all keep breaking out in new places. Even art has become national; art is flooded with camouflage and poster fighters, and The Beautiful is itself against the Germans.

I want to see the men of vision and imagination in the advertising profession swung free in it and be given by their clients and by the public and by all of us—by the people they advertise to—the right of way.

In a day and hour of the world when advertising, or touching men's imaginations and nations' imaginations, is the only thing that can save civilization or make a victory over the Germans come to something, someone has got to do for the advertising profession what Mr. Roosevelt did for the Republican Party and for a comparatively obscure position like being President of the United States.

Mr. Roosevelt could never have got into the White House through the standard machinery arranged for getting people into the White House. He got in past the machinery by accident but, when he once got in, in a few days he made a whole nation sit up, seeing what a lively, interesting, unmechanical thing being a president was, and soon had—as such a man would have to have to function—a machine of his own—a machine arranged to recognize and put forward Roosevelts and semi-Roosevelts in action all over the country.

We are now in the middle of a great world struggle because Germany needs kneading and mixing and having something besides herself advertised to her.

Every concentrated profession, like every concentrated man, needs to be broken into and have its mind fertilized from the outside. Believing as I do in advertising as a world substitute for the next war, and in advertising as the world's means of winning an overwhelming victory, a forever moral victory over Germany in this one, I feel a little about the advertising profession as I do about Germany. The advertising profession needs to have advertising advertised to it.

I dare say not a man in the country going up and down the streets during the last Red Cross drive will agree with me, but I am going to tell the truth just as it happened.

As I went up and down the streets of New York during the last Red Cross drive I got so tired of The Greatest Mother in the World that I could weep.

Now I don't want to get tired of the greatest mother in the world. It isn't fair. It isn't fair to either of us.

For weeks everywhere I went I was tagged about by The Greatest Mother in the World. I liked it. I wanted to look; but it was all over between us when I had looked a few times.

It was on account of the soldier. My experience was that the moment I cared about the soldier in the woman's arms enough to look at him I was sorry for him. She didn't seem to be treating him right. The theory of the advertisement was good, but it did not bear following up.

The test of an advertisement is the way it can be returned to by a person who is so interested he returns to it sympathetically, and who keeps returning to it.

My real experience with The Greatest Mother in the World is that she did not wear the way a real mother would—the way even a real mother would on paper, and that she looked ordered.

The Greatest Mother in the World was a fabricated advertisement.

The advertisement on the old commercial lines that is made up of various parts suggested by various men, mechanically fitted into each other, and laid together or assembled like a fabricated ship to sail the waters of publicity, defies the first law of getting and holding attention.

From the plain matter-of-fact point of view of getting a live response out of living human beings a fabricated advertisement as compared with a self-initiated, grown or secreted advertisement cannot be made to work any more than a fabricated look in a man's eyes. I do not deny that the more people an advertisement comes from—the more an advertisement has been planned out by an advertising agent, contributed to by expert calculators, sat on by committees, fussed with by clients and worried over by boards of directors, and brooded over in the night by the man who pays for it—the better it may be for the advertisement, if —— But the "if" is so long I think I will take another paragraph for it.

If all the various parts and elements, calculations, propositions and instincts that come from all these various people are organized and assimilated by the soul and body, by the five senses of the man who writes the copy: if they are all passed through assimilating organs and spiritually reproductive organs until the copy is conceived and born and is a living and organic thing—it is a good advertisement. If it is conceived it lives. If it is fabricated it is dead.

A good advertisement is like a fertilized egg: it hatches into action. Many Liberty Loan advertisements may look like very good pictures of real ones, but they are china-egg ads. They look the part, but they can fool the hen only three weeks. The distinction between power and weakness in advertising is the distinction between biology and machinery.

Will an advertisement reproduce itself in people's minds and grow in their lives?

An Inadequate System

I am finding fault in this great national crisis not with persons, but with the emphasis of a system. The system is inadequate to meet the spiritual and tragic ordeal that advertising during this war is passing through in trying to advertise a religion, to advertise a country to itself, in time to save a world. The crisis of trying to make a country prove itself in one of the supreme moments of the world is a thing that cannot be met by the system. I do not think the average commercial advertising man can write the copy or that the average commercial advertising man can select it.

My feeling is that the copy should be essentially written in the first person, though the word "I" may not be used; that it should be full of the sense of the second person, though it may not be directly addressed; that it should have constructive imagination in it, American sense of humor and perspective; that it is not practical unless it makes a clean-cut appeal to the spirit, to the subconscious religion of the people; that it should be written to surround men with their vision of history and of what they are going to make happen; and that the way to touch the nerve of men's pocketbooks is to place before their eyes a new world to buy. I have believed that the copy must not be ordered but must be initiated by the people who write it, that it must be necessary to them to write it, that the kind of advertisement we need for this crisis of the world should be provided with at least its own self-starter.

A button can be used to distribute such an advertisement, but it must not try to beget it. An advertisement that cannot even start itself is not going to start anything. Nothing can be expected of an advertisement begotten by a button.

The first copy of a book costs seven hundred and fifty dollars, the second twenty-three cents. All after the second cost twenty-three cents each. They are all precisely as good as the seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar one.

Inspiration after it is once inspired can be put on a machine—Kreisler, the Lord's Prayer, Mary Pickford, Ave Maria, Charlie Chaplin—machinery or the multiplication table can be turned on to anything.

Most people who depend upon machinery are apt to give up on inspiration and most people who rely on inspiration give up on getting a machine for it.

I do not believe in giving up. To give up putting machinery and inspiration together means giving up civilization.

The Germans have given up. They are machines. Anybody can watch the Germans going round and round as machines.

The way to beat the Germans in America is to make a success of putting machinery and inspiration together.

It can be done. Any garden proves it.

A garden is a biological machine.

It is fabricated to a high degree—as good advertising is, but it is so juicy and reeking with inspiration that every few days inspiration in it has to be weeded out.

A good series of Liberty Loan advertisements should be run on the principle of a garden.

The Fabricated Garden

Everything about a garden can be fabricated. A fabricated motor-plow can stir up the ground, and a fabricated or laid-together thing like a planter can put in the seed; and a fabricated weeder run by a machine-minded man can see to it that the seed grows up; and fabricated water can be poured on this seed; and warmed-over, half-manufactured or cucumber-frame sunshine can be spread on it.

But the life in writing an advertisement, like the life in a hill of corn, is a miracle, and nothing less deep, less imbedded in mystery, less subconscious in origin—nothing less than inspiration and conception—can make an advertisement live, or make it do living things to living people.

I do not deny that fabricated eggs secure results. But the way to get the best and most numerous results is to take some inspiration and have it partitioned off for the man who writes it, and then take some machinery and have it partitioned off for distributing it—the millions of copies to the precise millions of people that want it.

I have sung the praises of machinery all my days, and I am not going to stop now when nothing less than a huge machine for advertising this country to the world and to itself will save the world from the scrap-heap. But I do believe that the advertising machinist should attend to furnishing machinery in the garden, and the seedsmen and Luther Burbanks and other specialists in biology should be permitted to have their way about seeds.

I have changed my mind since beginning to write this article. I started out to criticize advertising men the standard experts—as in the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World working in connection with the Creel Committee—and I was going to show, if I could, how they could do their advertising better. But I have had to make myself back down. It would not be fair. I am not saying they could do their advertising better. What I am really saying is that quite a new thing, a thing which I have called superadvertising, a moonlizing of the genius, the inspiration, the innate religion of a people should be tried, and that the best way to do this is to take a comparatively small amount of copy, of superadvertising copy, use the existing huge advertising machinery to round it up and then to distribute it among the people to the saturation point.

When I see a great bank—a really great bank—trying to get my attention to this war by saying to me on a beautiful poster:

THE —— NATIONAL BANK URGES FAITH, COURAGE AND PATIENCE,

it makes me nervous.

When I stand there with the world—the world I have always known—crashing down

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"It is not on the ledgers of the Treasurer"

THE HIGH COST OF BARGAINING FOR PRINTING

IT is not on the ledgers of the accountant; nor in the office of the purchasing executive that the true price you paid for your paper is known.

It is the man down in the press-room, worrying with his inks, changing his makeready, and contemplating a growing pile of spoiled sheets, who knows what that paper is costing you and your job.

This man who must give excuses for delays in delivery—this press-room foreman who realizes that "10% more paper for wastage" was not enough on this job—he knows what that paper cost you. You can bet he knows. But he does not tell *you*.

Maybe sometime, when buyers of printing are more interested in standards of quality than they are in prices per pound; when paper cost is figured as part of the total cost of printing that sells goods, instead of something to be bargained for, buyers of printing will realize the true economy of standardizing methods of selecting and buying paper.

For the true cost of paper isn't its first cost per pound, but its final cost as an item in a finished job, bringing a definite return. When you buy printing paper you are not buying raw material, but you are buying press performance. You are buying the reproduction of your drawings and photographs.

When you dicker about paper cost you are not really talking price, you are dickering on the way your cuts will print.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

It is not always ½ to 1 cent per pound you are "saving," but the selling power of your booklet you are sacrificing.

S. D. Warren Company specializes on the production of standard grades of paper for printing booklets and catalogs. We make standard papers for standard uses. The twelve grades of Warren Standard Printing Paper cover every commercial book-printing need.

Write for the Warren Suggestion Book

The 1918 Warren Suggestion Book is made up of specimen leaves of Warren's Standard Printing Papers in various weights and tints. Engravings of different character and different screen are shown. You can see how printing looks on the dull-surfaced Warren's Cameo, on the glossy Lustro, on Cumberland Coated, on Warren's Super, Warren's Cumberland Machine Book and on the other Warren Standard Papers.

Every page is a guide-post that points the way to greater security in planning better printing; less labor and less expense in executing it. It is one of those golden books that you value highly and use often. Sent on request to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers and their salesmen.

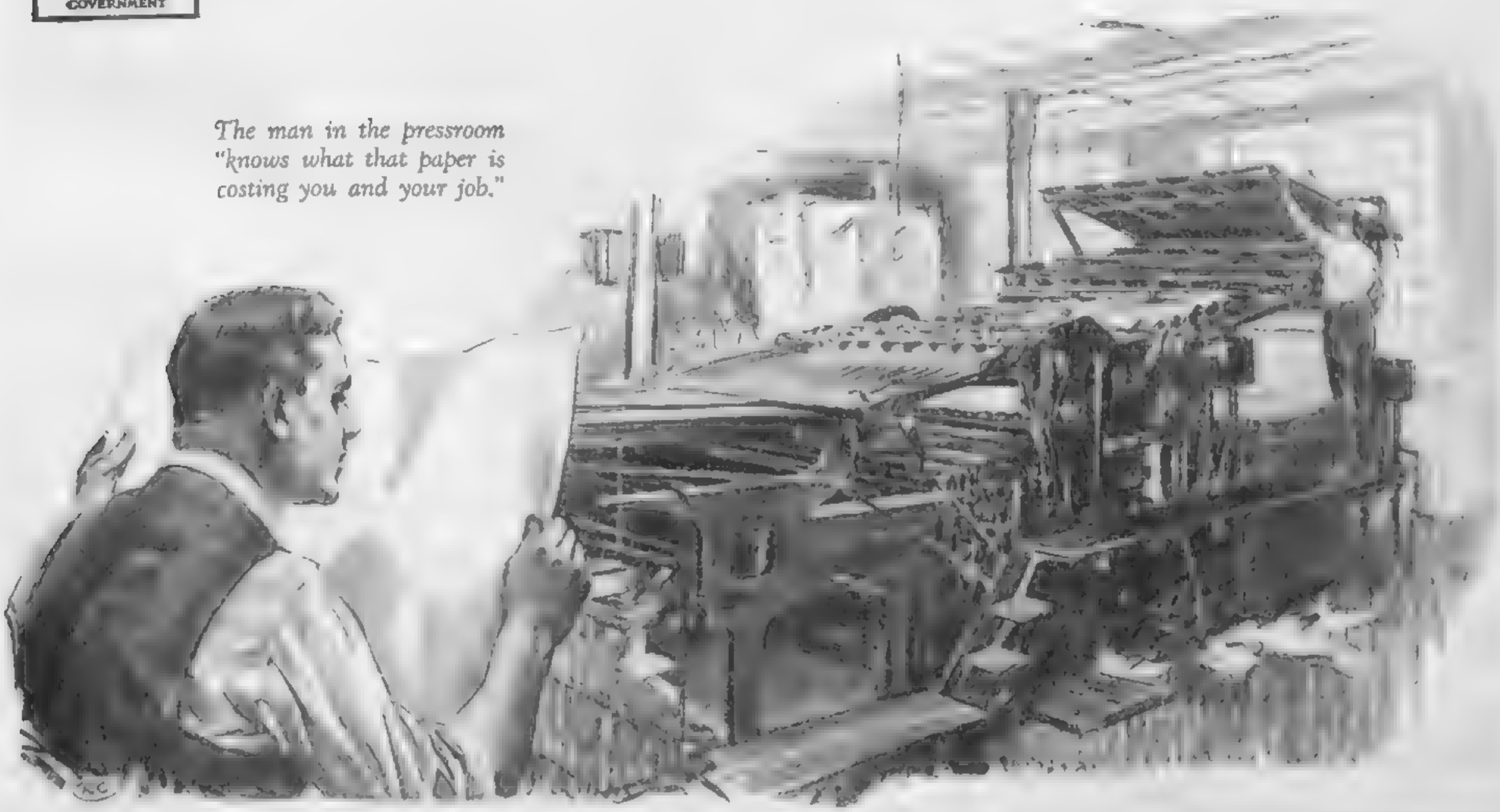
Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

"Constant Excellence of Product"

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

The man in the pressroom "knows what that paper is costing you and your job."



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all round me, and read what the bank says—it seems feeble.

Why is it the hundred millions are being bored so often about this war? Why is it the hundred million people are allowing people to bore them about it, no matter how much they pay for it?

To bore people or to moralize to people about this war is to imperil the fate of the world.

What the country has got to do to whip Germany is to insist on not letting people be bored about whipping Germany.

Whipping Germany—if anybody cuts down to the quick on it—is a very interesting subject. And the fate of the nation turns on its being kept so.

This brings me to the gist of one of my ad experiences, which I have wanted to express in this chapter.

Our typical commercial advertising men have not as real or as gritty a faith in the goods they are advertising for this country, in liberty goods, as they have in the goods they advertise for department stores. They can get up quite a glow over a refrigerator, but not over a nation in danger.

The Liberty Loan makes them hammer and moralize.

The problem that lies straight before the Liberty Loan committee is this: How can an advertisement about a nation be so written that it shall glow like an advertisement about a felt mattress, a sofa or a motor car?

I can give to the reader only the testimony of a more or less faithful reader of advertisements for many years.

When I see a man paying two thousand dollars down to meet me for a few brief words in two thousand dollars' worth of space, what he has got to do with me if he wants to get part of his two thousand dollars back is to tell me some news about myself and about what I want and what I can do with my money that I have not guessed yet.

The problem of winning this war and of advertising this war to the people is a matter of thinking up news to people about themselves.

People are tremendously interested in news about themselves. Why do not the philanthropic and donated advertisements of the Liberty Loan instead of moralizing at people tell them some?

A Two-Button Campaign

The men who write the advertisements moralize at people because they do not really care about the people and do not and cannot think of any real honest and lively news of people about themselves.

They are not used to writing advertisements to people about their souls.

The people's souls—which of course are what people have to use to save a country with—make them vague and anxious.

When people ask me the difference between superadvertising, as I call it, and regular advertising, one of the first differences I think of is that the ordinary commercial advertising man when he writes a good ad supposes that his ad is about some subject or some article.

The writer of a superad feels very different about his. He knows that what his advertisement is really about—at least ninety-five per cent of it—is people. It is about what the man who writes it and the man who reads it are really like with reference to something—and what they are going to do about it.

It is written out of a bottomless curiosity and unquenchable love for one's fellow human beings.

This may sound religious.

But it is business.

It works as much better in advertising a soap as it would in advertising a nation. It ought to belong, as it seems to me, to ordinary advertising. I have not wished to make up a new word for it—a kind of neologism to call my religion by, like superadvertising.

But, as I have said before, advertising men have got to have advertising advertised to them, and if they want a new word like superadvertising for what I am talking about they can have it.

One day during the last drive I saw a man with a Liberty Bond button on decline to subscribe on the Avenue by pointing to his button on the lapel of his three-hundred-dollar coat.

I looked at him closely. Of course, as a matter of fact it may have cost him just two dollars to have that little button there to hide behind.

I walked on down the Avenue thinking how it would do next time, when we are planning our Fourth Liberty Loan and taking up our next national collection for the world, to have a two-button drive. You would go sauntering down the Avenue and meeting people. You would have one button the size of a silver dollar on your coat saying how much money you are spending this year on saving the world, and another button on your forehead the size of a saucer—so anybody could see it going by without stopping to look you up—saying how much money you are spending this year on looking out for yourself.

A good many people would walk down Avenue A, I imagine, instead of Fifth Avenue.

I am not stating this idea about the two buttons as one I would propose to use, but it suggests a quality in advertising copy I like to see when I am being advertised to and other people are being advertised to for the Liberty Loan.

A Great Opportunity

There has never been such an opportunity to hunt people out in their own hearts and to expose them to themselves until they feel that the whole world is looking, as we are having to-day in our Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives.

Of course, I can speak only for myself, but I will admit for one that during this war, during a bottomless and personal sacrifice like this war, I do not want to miss any chance of being seen through. I cannot do it all alone as it should be done, and I want the Liberty Loan committee and the whole country to help.

The other day after the price of parlor cars had gone sailing up and I was taking the morning train to New York I fixed it all up with myself that I had lost a night's rest and that I ought to sleep the first twenty miles and then have a table and work. I would take a parlor car.

I was going to finish writing an advertisement.

But how could I write a good advertisement on sacrificing for the Liberty Loan on my five-cent-a-mile table in a parlor car?

I am not going to say how it came out. But I hope people will know when they read the advertisement.

In saying how I like to be advertised to and that I like a searching advertisement, I do not mean that I want a searching advertisement all round everywhere searching me recklessly. I seldom like advertisements in which the second person is used. Strictly speaking perhaps no man really likes to be advertised to. He likes being advertised at. He wants to pick out the "to" himself personally.

He likes to feel that it's left to him as he reads it to say "This means you."

A man goes by a very small restaurant with a very big sign:

YOUR BREAKFAST IS READY INSIDE

"Damn your impertinence!"

If he hasn't ten cents in his pocket the restaurant mocks him.

If he has a hundred and fifty dollars and has just breakfasted at the Waldorf the restaurant mocks him. He mocks the restaurant. A thousand people a day go by the great sign over the little pert "I" restaurant and say "What do you take me for?"

Though the rather obvious and flourishing way in which we have had people on posters pointing at us—pointing at everybody, hit or miss, during our recent advertising campaign—was a mistake, the principle of pointing at people in advertisements is after all the most important one the Liberty Loan can employ.

If the man who writes the copy has the art, the human feeling and the ordinary good manners to do his pointing in an advertisement on the inside, if he uses words so as to give people the pleasure and the credit of doing their own pointing—of pointing firmly but kindly at themselves, the advertising of this country in the Fourth Liberty Loan is going to work out before everybody as a huge unanimous national self-revelation.

This is going to be the way to get people to save money to invest in their country. A hundred million people in the act of seeing through themselves will not have to be urged to subscribe. They will have to be held in.

In the inconceivable death and blood and sorrow of this war what I look forward to most of all for everyone and for myself is this national self-revelation—this revelation of my own personal economies and the fate of a nation. I cannot see through myself alone. I want a hundred million people to help. When I go past a Liberty Loan billboard I want to feel the billboard through the back of my head, pointing me out to people in the street as a slacker and a spendthrift in this war. I want an advertisement that makes me feel guilty, an advertisement that I feel pointing me out to people as I go down the street as a man who paid four dollars for his dinner last night. I want an advertisement that makes me ashamed of my clothes, makes me as I go down the street blush through the coat on my back at what I paid for it.

In closing this chapter on the penetrating, abiding and following-up sense of the second person there has to be in reading a good advertisement—this sense a man has, when he reads, that it is grappling with him to get him to decide if it means him—I do not pass over lightly how difficult an advertisement like this is to write.

My own experience is that the way to get a man when he is reading an advertisement to feel that it is about him is—no matter what it costs—by letting it be about me.

It is hard, it is dangerous, and one takes one's life in one's hands to write an advertisement in the first person and say "I" in it, whether one does it out loud or not.

But it's only fair.

If when a man reads my advertisement I want him to feel it is about him, if I want a man to give himself to me, why should I expect him to give himself to me unless I am willing to give myself to him? One has only a hundred words or so. What is the best way to get a man reading an advertisement to say to himself "This means you"? The way to get a man to say "you" is to face God, face oneself, face the world and face the man and say "I."

Not necessarily out loud or using the word, but in one's soul and so that one cannot escape it oneself—so that no one else escapes it.

More Official Than Human

I want to feel when I am reading a Liberty Loan advertisement as though my doorbell had been rung and as if a hundred million people were waiting in my front yard to ask me what I propose to do for my country.

I do not feel the hundred million people in the Liberty Loan advertisements at all. The copy is not conceived and written with a hundred million men in it. I do not feel the personal presence very often of even one man. Most of the advertisements do not seem to be personal or human enough. They do not reveal anybody in particular for me to agree with or disagree with.

I agree with them probably. But I don't have to read them.

Why don't I have to read them?

Because they are not human and personal enough; because they are official, and look sat on by committees.

The four million subscribers to the Liberty Loan in the New York district had fifteen cents apiece spent on getting their attention.

If it had been possible to arrange for it, and if the advertisements doing it had been less official, and if each of the ads could have said "I" in the right spirit and the right way I believe the subscriptions of the four millions could have been got for seven and a half cents apiece instead of fifteen. The people would have been reached by half the newspaper space. The advertisements revealing a man in this way could almost have been hidden away after the first one or two, and people would have looked them up. "Look in this column to-morrow" a full-page ad could end. "We are not going to spend eighteen hundred dollars again in getting you to read our advertisement to-morrow. We are just going to tuck it into the northeast corner of what we are paying for now, but it will be to the point."

Of course, if the Liberty Loan committee could save seven and a half cents apiece in getting the attention of four milion subscribers, then the committee could indulge in the luxury of subscribing itself from what it has saved.

When a man comes up to me in the middle of a page he has paid two thousand dollars for and begins groping lovingly round my pocketbook, I find I am getting more and more particular every year about the way he gropes.

People always talk back personally to advertising if it is alive. A good advertising page is like a kind of street. It is crowded with people who are looking the man who writes the ads in the eye.

What an ad writer practically tries to do with me is to tell me more about myself than I know myself, and in such a way that my feelings will not be hurt and I will thank him for it and pay him for it.

Naturally when we see a man undertaking before our eyes to tell us things that he thinks we ought to know about ourselves, the way he does it makes a great difference to us and a very great difference to him. An advertising man who is condescending or teachery, or who puts on a big bowwow buy-now air, or who lies at us, or who smirks sweetly at us while he feels in our pockets, or who pretends that he can hardly hold himself in with thoughtfulness for us and for our money and with fine and elegant forgetfulness about his money—such a man as this, whether we precisely know we see through him or not, makes us act as if we did, and we keep our distance. We do not want to get as close to him as a telephone. "Who are you—anyway—taking my attention by the buttonhole this way and telling me what I want?" There is not a man of us but has his time of going up and down columns of advertisements saying to the people in them: "Oh, what do you take me for? Hang up! Who do you think you are? Why have you called me? You've got the wrong number!"

The Paper Approach

The good advertisement writer seems to get other people right by getting himself right first. He sells himself first. He finds it is his best short cut to being believed.

To do this he cannot help either directly or indirectly being personal, and the sooner he grapples with the problem of being personal and has it over with, the better.

When a man undertakes to tell me in the best spirit that he possibly knows more about what I want with my money than I do, the best thing for him to do would seem to be to come to me in person and do it to me in person. If what he has to do is to throw at me who he is on a piece of paper, tuck it all in in some traced-out inkings on some wood pulp I am holding for a minute before my eyes, so that I am going to know who he is in half a minute, it is going to take a more highly specialized kind of technic to do it than ringing my doorbell and taking me by the hand.

But he will have the advantage on paper of doing it to a million people at one swoop when if he went in person he could only do it to one.

Advertising may be said to be the art of going to a man in person on paper.

This element in a printed advertisement of instantaneous mutual recognition on paper would have one other advantage if it were used more in the Liberty Loan campaigns. The advantage of the advertising in the first person is that when once the personality is fixed in people's minds, when once it puts up its doorplate, as it were, in a newspaper, establishes itself in a house on a corner lot in a newspaper, everything it advertises there is cumulative. Each advertisement does not have to begin all over again from the bottom up. It begins where the last one left off. It is a serious sacrifice that this personal relation, earned and accumulated with the reader in the Liberty Loan advertising, should be so largely thrown away.

A man who is advertising the Liberty Loan has some ideas or principles which he wants people to believe. One way for him to do with them is to put them in a row and say firstly, secondly and twenty-secondly and tumtytum along saying what his principles are. The other is to say what happened him when he got them.

As all ideas are really experiences—things that happen to people's minds and hearts while their ideas are coming to them—why not just tell what happens? Why make a fine philosophic fuss, flourish round and put them in a grand abstract row, make a procession of them—probably a funeral procession?

A man's ideas really come to him dramatically, and why should he undramatize them to tell them, why should he sterilize them, pasteurize the humanity—the you-and-I in them—out of them?

(Concluded on Page 77)

Take it with you to the Red Cross workroom.

Out of the way, yet ready for instant use.

Davis Portable Electric Sewing Machines

Once you experience the ease and convenience and joy of operating a Davis Portable Electric, you will never again be satisfied to return to the drudgery of the old foot pedal.

The Davis Portable Electric takes the drudgery right out of sewing and makes a pleasure of it. It conserves health and promotes thrift. It is a necessity in every well-managed home.

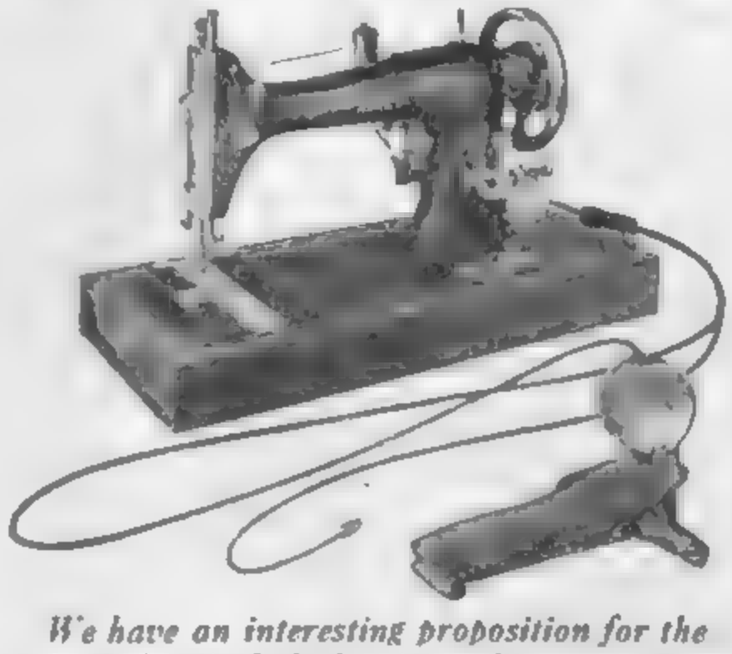
Easily Controlled

The Davis Portable Electric is controlled simply by a touch of the foot.

It starts and stops, runs fast or slow at your will.

It does fully a third more work in an hour than the old foot-power machine, and does it with almost no physical effort on your part.

It is so light and compact that you can carry it about as readily as you would move an electric fan.



We have an interesting proposition for the best electrical dealer in each community.

Use It Anywhere

You can sew anywhere about the house—in the living room, the bedroom, on the porch, or you can pick it up and take it with you to your Red Cross workroom. Anywhere that you can get electric current you can use your electric sewing machine.

The cost of operation is only one-third cent an hour. And the Davis is so reasonable in price, too. Three models ranging from $39.75 to $51.50. Catalog sent upon request.

THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO

Manufacturers of Sewing Machines since 1862

KAHN · TAILORING · CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A

The Kind of Clothes KAHN MADE TO MEASURE Gentlemen Wear

The Insignia of Rank

Men of America

—many a letter goes into the waste basket simply because it is condemned by its envelope. The same is true of men. Look at pictures of Foch, Haig, Pershing and Petain—they are unquestionably the smartest appearing and the best dressed men in the world today.

Kahn clothes somehow have a victorious look about them; they make you feel that the men inside them simply *can't retreat.*

More than fifty thousand Kahn Uniforms are now being worn by U. S. Army Officers; and in the ranks of the un-uniformed, the Kahn label is synonymous with *morale.*

Your country is the ace of nations—clothe yourself accordingly. Wear Kahn, tailored-to-your-measure garments. Put your personal appearance in the hands of the nearest Kahn dealer. He's an authority.

Kahn uniforms are sold by our thousands of dealers, and at FIFTY-ONE principal camps and war centers.

CIVILIAN AND MILITARY TAILORS

(Concluded from Page 74)

The world in a deep dead earnest mood like this is to-day is crowding up all round us people who wait to give themselves to us if we will give ourselves to them, if we run the risk of expecting their best by giving them ours.

I have heard quite a few good four-minute men between acts at the theaters; and I have heard a good many more who would have been good if anything could have been done to them to get them to look up to their audiences. One night when I went to The Hearts of the World, when there were people all round me who could not hold in from hissing Germany and cheering America all during the play, a long man came out between acts and in a few minutes made the war we had all been in and had been present at for two hours—the war we were all sitting there in the dark with—seem twenty thousand miles away. He did it by talking about it as if it did not interest us so much as it interested him.

I wondered quite a good deal about this four-minute man off and on all the next day. I thought of the money he might have got for the war if that splendid bottled-up audience he had stood there before could only have got hold of him in time and warmed him up. Instead of trying to express the audience to themselves, put them into a few words for themselves, make a voice or chorus out of them for the war, he came out between acts and told them what he thought they didn't know; poked out his own little cold soul at them and calculated on them. Then he wondered why all he got out of them was two five-thousand-dollar subscriptions from two men he brought in a taxi with him.

I venture to believe that a very large part of the failures to get responses from the people have been due to not expecting very much from them, and to feeling treachery at heart. To see an audience waiting as I did to take hold of the speaker and lift him off his feet and carry him in big waves over the top of his subject, and then stand by and see him sidle up, drop carefully his cold little soul sizzling into this seething, boiling audience—just watch him making one single long loud sizzle of himself in it, and disappear, was a painful experience.

I watched audience after audience with a man like this—an audience full of flags and music, all keyed up to buying bonds with bagpipes and The Marseillaise, all really as a matter of fact waiting to sing to him when he came on and just let him join in. It naturally made me want to say what I am saying now about advertising copy. It is a great mistake—this idea many advertising men have of not using imagination in reaching a man who hasn't any.

The Real Point

The real point in advertising is to put so much imagination into an advertisement that a man without an imagination finds himself acting as if he had one.

It is more vision and not less that we want just now to get the attention of the American people. The typical American may hurry. But the typical organizing American drinks up, scoops up vision the way the Limited drinks up water—at sixty miles an hour.

Everybody is a genius in this war. Millions of men who are not supposed to have an imagination are being fitted up with one until the war is over.

The advertising man who does not see this and who wastes his time puttering with what people used to be four years ago does not know the men he is advertising to.

One of the advertisements I liked best during our last drives was the bushel of silver on the sidewalk on Broadway for the Red Cross, which fifty thousand people went by. It seemed to me a good advertisement because the advertising in it was the by-product of a lot of things it made happen to people. One found oneself taking it not only as an advertisement of the Red Cross, but as an advertisement of the American people and of the way they felt about the Red Cross. It was an advertisement of the safety of leaving money lying round on sidewalks in America, if it was for American boys abroad. It was a self-expression to walk by the bushel of silver without taking anything from it, as well as a self-expression to put a coin on it. It was a beguiling advertisement because it touched everybody's imagination, and made thousands of people who have not very much of an imagination have as much pleasure for a minute from giving as people who have imaginations. Everyone that went by and threw his coin down did it with that extra margin of happiness that comes with a touch of surprise, that comes in joining in a surprise.

Everybody was pleased with the advertising man who thought of the bushel of silver on the sidewalk, and pleased with himself; and most people who would have put five cents in a hat felt like throwing fifty cents on the sidewalk.

Everybody who had put a coin down told when he got home about how he felt about it, gave at the dinner table a little picture to his family of the bushel of silver on the sidewalk. He went about for a day probably talking about it, making little posters for the Red Cross out of the bushel of silver on the sidewalk. The silver-on-the-sidewalk idea had in it, as it seems to me, the fundamental quality of all good advertising copy.

Every good advertisement is of the nature of an invention: an invention for opening other people's minds. An invention for opening other people's minds works better if one opens one's own mind with it first.

Every man has a key to his mind by which it can be unlocked.

The best way to find the key or the symbol or illustration that unlocks the door of his mind is to think of some friendly way of putting him off his guard, of tapping his subconsciousness.

Tapping the Subconscious

My own belief is that the man who succeeds best in tapping the subconscious in other people, the thing in people that makes them do things when they think they are not going to, is apt to be the man who has the habit and the daily gift of tapping his own subconsciousness first, of surprising himself first. This is usually done by a man who knows how to escape from the almost universal disease in writing copy, of calculate-itis, who forgets about impressing other people, the man who has a perfectly splendid time with something in being impressed himself.

The best way to get the underhold with people is to give the thing one wants to have happen to other people a chance to happen to oneself first.

The man who had the happy experience of inventing the idea of advertising the Red Cross by leaving silver for it lying round on the sidewalk merely shared his surprise with New York.

This is one of the secrets of the superadvertising we have got to have for the Liberty Loan drives, I think. It is overlooked by nine advertising men out of ten.

Everybody knows how it is. People who are thrilled merely with the thrill of impressing other people never do it.

"You made one mistake," an advertising man told me this morning, "in your POST article the other day. You started up advertising men all over the country thinking there was a lot in your idea of advertising the country and then thinking they could advertise it better than you could."

"That was what the article was for," I said. "I wanted to get them to sit right down and try. If we can have a grand tournament of creative advertising men in America each with a suddenly released sense that he can write copy better than he had been thinking he could, the money and the men we are trying to get to win this war can be had a full year sooner."

"Yes, but if you hadn't given those little samples—those advertisements of a country the way you would write them—if you had just said what the idea was, every advertising man would have thought you probably could do them and he couldn't."

"But what good would that have done me?" I said. "Advertising is my religion, and I am trying to start people up into believing in it and adopting it as the world's substitute for the next war, and as the quick way of blowing up Berlin in this one; and what is going to happen to my religion if all I can do with it is to make people think I am the only one who can practice it? The whole point of what I am trying to say is that advertising men who believe in themselves more, and who will make the people they advertise to believe in themselves more, are going to win this war. They are going to hew out for us a way of never needing to have another.

"I don't expect to be agreed with all at once in any advertisement of a new idea like advertising as a substitute for war. There are three stages in getting a man's attention in any good advertisement—the attack, the grip and the clinch. All I can hope for first is to get a man to listening and to keep him listening—just the attack and the grip. Then when I get him to try it and get everybody to wanting to try it, some of us will succeed in doing it—and then there will be the clinch. That is where the clinch belongs. If the clinch in a new idea which it takes half a million men to carry out comes in the first statement of it, probably the idea isn't a new idea. The thing to try for with a new idea is to get people to try. What I wanted to do in that article was to make every ad man's fountain pen itch while he read it!"

Incidentally, too, I wanted to make two or three million readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST into ad fans, millions of people in tiers reaching back watching and listening to the advertising men of this country advertising it during the Liberty Loan, and picking out which were the ones who were doing it. Then everybody will know, and this country will begin to be advertised, and advertising will be a new profession because a hundred million people have talked back to it.

I went to a man the other day whose attention I wanted to get to a national matter, and as I did not seem to be getting it very well I stopped and asked him how he wanted his attention got. I told him that if he would tell me about the way he wanted his attention got I would get it in that way.

I found it interested him a good deal telling me how he wanted his attention got, or rather how he did not want it got; and he seemed to have plenty of time for two hours. If I had proceeded on the principle of letting him talk about himself for two hours with the idea that he would let me, as a matter of fair trade, talk about myself and my subject for fifteen minutes it would have been a mistake. The most important and absorbingly interesting thing about him to me—as with any other man—was how he wanted his attention got. Any man who will be so good as to sit down and tell me honestly, tell me even with swear words, how he does not or how he does want his attention got, fills me with gratitude. In due time, when he has told me how to get it, possibly I can get it.

It Strives to Please

The Liberty Loan committee is saying to-day, or practically saying, with grim earnestness to a hundred million people: "How do you want your attention got?

"Liberty has got to be advertised over and over again to you. The sooner we learn what does it the better.

"We want a hundred million people to help."

The Liberty Loan committee says to a hundred million people during this next three weeks of the Fourth Liberty Loan drive: "Advertise to us how you like to be advertised to."

The Liberty Loan committee is feeling and acting for all practical purposes as if it were sending out in each community a little leaflet like this:

HOW DO YOU LIKE TO BE ADVERTISED TO?

[THEN IT WILL GIVE SPECIMENS IN PARALLEL COLUMNS]

LIKE THIS?	OR	LIKE THIS?
. . . . .		. . . . .
. . . . .		. . . . .

Of course a department store, in distinction from a country, when it advertises certain counters in the morning has a way of totting up and can tell a good deal by watching what happens during the day at the counters.

But after all the only people it gets are the people who read the advertisement and line up in front of the counters. If the people who read the advertisements and make up their minds they won't go to the counters would all drop postal cards to the store and say why, what would it not do in time toward finding the range for the advertising of that store?

We will begin during our next Liberty Loan drive by practicing on ourselves, by holding a vast rehearsal in getting our own attention, a colossal familiar experiment of how nations can make nations listen, beginning with a hundred millions of us listening to one another. If the natural substitute for war lies as we believe in mutual advertising campaigns between nations, and in listening, let us conduct a public experiment of our own on a scale big enough and in a manner various and tolerant enough to let everybody see what at least are the rudiments of the science of being believed.

The different types of copy and posters have got to fight it out between them with the American people.

My personal experience so far with the Liberty Loan is that I am always having my attention got with a swing and then dropped with a thud. One advertisement keeps on getting my attention more and more every time I return to it, and another less and less.

This is what is happening to all of us; and what is wanted is a vast mutual national public education in what wears in American minds and hearts.

We all—the advertisers, the superadvertisers and the two-million club—want a vote from the nation on what really works and keeps working in getting the attention of people in America.

Then we shall have something to go by in establishing the last principles for a type of salesmanship, for a type of superadvertising, and of touching the imagination of a nation with everything—with everything from a soap up to a treaty that will make America at last what it ought to be, as the world's oldest democracy, the country in which thinking in masses and having vision in masses, and getting other nations to agree with us in masses, will be carried to its highest and most powerful pitch.

A Private Rehearsal

In the present Liberty Loan campaign America is practicing, is holding her national private rehearsal, is selling liberty and democracy to her own people before she gets ready to sell it to other nations.

Being a great nation is a science that has to be learned. The science of being the greatest of all nations is the science of being believed first and of being believed longest.

The nation that talks back the most to its own advertising, that gets thorough and deep and honest and conclusive in its advertising first, that sheds its illusions and knows its own heart the first, shall not only lead the others but shall be accepted gladly and as a matter of course as the leader of the others.

The Liberty Loan campaign we are having now is a great common human experience we are all having together. It is the colossal, mutual, immediate, practical self-revelation to the world of a hundred million people down to the depths of their pocketbooks.

I am not saying that I only am right in what I am saying about copy. I am wondering out loud, in an extremity of a nation, if with enough people to help the kind of copy I mean cannot be found.

And I am not saying that this kind of copy—this more personal kind of copy—should have been or could have been used before. I am saying that on a large enough scale to test it, the ability of this nation to produce this kind of copy and to respond to it should be tried.

This article is not written as a more or less disguised attack on the Liberty Loan advertising. It is an interpretation from a new angle of the most extraordinary advertising movement, conducted in the most extraordinary free, open and fine spirit, on the biggest scale that the world has ever seen.

Getting the attention of a whole nation for a minute, for a week, for six weeks is a stupendous achievement. The Liberty Loan committees have done it. It has never been done before. The men who have done this thing have started a new profession. They have begun a new science.

This article is written as a greeting, an acknowledgment and an expectation.

If my readers will begin to be as generous and practical in coöperating with the faith in it as the Liberty Loan committees are and will be, I shall be indeed fortunate.

People who want to retort to me for the criticisms in this article who want to call me names or something for it—can call me—a few weeks longer if they like—an angel.

That would be harsh enough.

But I am not a muckraker. I am not muckraking.

I am praying. A nation stands at the crossroads. I am bringing an invitation in the greatest moment of their history to a great people.

A Clean Tooth Never Decays
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush
MEDIUM
Pro-phy-lac-tic
A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS
Put this Slogan to Work
Why not put the slogan, "A Clean Tooth Never Decays," to work in your home?
When you buy a Pro-phy-lac-tic you have the double satisfaction of knowing that it is the world's standard tooth brush and that no other tooth brush so perfectly cleans the backs of teeth and in-between.
Made in adult's, youth's and child's sizes; rigid, flexible and De Luxe (transparent) handles. Always sold in a Yellow Box.
FLORENCE MFG. CO.
32 Pine Street
Florence, Mass., U. S. A.
Canadian Address: 425 Cortstine Bldg. Montreal, Canada

THE WHITE HORSE AND THE RED-HAIRED GIRL

(Continued from Page 19)

killed, and a bell set ringing. But if all goes well it is a human trestle, Monsieur Monty. Men bend as at leapfrog and boards are stretched from back to back, and other boards pushed out over the barbed wire. Then they cross as over a pond, but the boards sway and bend, and sometimes one falls; and perhaps they must leave him—on his bed of barbed wire. Or perhaps they must tunnel and burrow beneath. That is the way, monsieur, free Belgians must leave their own country."

They were stopped by a sentry and again produced their passes; and a civilian collected a toll of a franc. He explained that the toll had been established by the burgomaster of Mechlin—he must not say Malines now, the Germans had so ordered—for the aid of the town; but the Germans were not asked to pay.

Stoneman gave a hundred francs, and Peggy smiled approval. She was pleased at the readiness with which the airman spent her money. They clattered over cobbled streets, past shrapnel-marked houses, houses with fronts torn out, homes without windows, buildings without cornices; past the beautiful cathedral, with intact front but shell-pierced in its transept and roof; past the medieval town hall, now a public kitchen, where a long queue stood holding jugs for soup; past an ecclesiastic of pallid, ascetic face.

"*Son Eminence*," Yvonne murmured. Peggy turned to look again at Cardinal Mercier.

The lunch at the inn was perfect. The tablecloth was spotless, the table well appointed; the menu included soup, cutlets, roast beef, dessert and coffee. The sabots of the Belgian girls clattered on the stones of the courtyard, and they chattered and sang at their washing. The elaborate printed wine list excited curiosity. Fifty wines and vintages were named, but each name was lightly scratched through with a pen. The landlady shrugged.

"It shows what the Germans left in the cellar," she explained.

After Malines, traffic each way was a steady stream. The stone-flagged middle was tacitly left to swift automobiles, all filled with German officers. A spring cart behind the carriage, drawn by a fine Flemish mare, drew out of the slow procession on to the pavé. An officer in a passing motor stood up and lashed the driver in the face with a long whip. Peggy jumped up with a cry.

"Sit down!" Stoneman ordered sternly.

She obeyed instantly. She turned and saw blood running down the driver's face. He was staring straight ahead and continued to puff at his pipe.

"He dare not protest," she breathed, "even by wiping the blood from his face! I am sorry," she added. "I forgot. I should not have jumped up."

"They did not notice," Stoneman assured her.

Yvonne began to talk quietly about the underground road again. The charcoal-burner's wife had been on her brother's estate, she said. Once, when she had been in Turnhout to collect Mechlin laces, which the Germans had promised might be sold in the United States for the benefit of the Belgian poor, Marie Koort had come to see her and told her all about their perilous patriotic labors. The couple had themselves got over six hundred young men across the border—"all going to their king on the Yser, by way of England, to join his army."

It was quite dark now, and the coachman stopped and lighted the carriage lamps. They were in Vilvorde, and street cars from Brussels were coming and going, and the flare of the capital shone in the sky. A long silence followed as they unconsciously braced themselves for new encounters and prepared to evade new difficulties. Yvonne thought of the day in May when she had come to the merry city and danced all night in the ballroom in the great mansion of the Comtesse de Bellev...e five dances with Otto, and how she had enjoyed them; and her aunt had rebuked him austerely for stealing her away for a few minutes; and Jaques—how he had flirted with Hedvig von Hohlen that night!

Now Jaques was dead, and Hedvig's father had commanded a German battalion at Liège where Jaques had given up his life, and her aunt had been refused permission to come home to her own city. Yvonne lingered on the past that she might not think of to-morrow. For months she had been so perfectly trained in a cruel school that she came from her reverie without a start, with a smile, as Peggy spoke.

"I asked too much of myself," Peggy said. "I have not behaved well to-day. I am sorry. I shall do better after this."

"A whiplash in the face," Yvonne said, with one of her sudden bitter flashes, "is so slight a thing that a Belgian thinks it a compliment. You said you would smile and laugh and talk. I thank you that you did not. Now that you have seen a little —— Now you must laugh with our conquerors."

They were crossing a square now, brilliantly lighted, thronged.

"Did you hear that?" Yvonne cried. "They laugh, themselves—the Bruxellois. They have never been under fire, so they hold their heads higher than in Antwerp. Watch them as they look through the German soldiers. They do not see them. It is as though the conquerors in gray were not here; gray ghosts who wind their way among my people unseen, unheard. That group laughs! you hear it? Poor Monsieur Max! He made them laugh too much; and so he goes to a German prison."

They turned into a stately avenue and drew up at their hotel; so bright within, so peaceful, that Peggy wondered. Not a German in sight; not one in the hotel, the porter said—"frozen out," he explained in English, having been a bellhop in New York. Some officers had once come, he said; but no one spoke in the whole dining room when they were there.

Stoneman lingered in the rear, silent, confident in the tact of these two girls. He heard Yvonne explain that they should return with four children on Monday or Tuesday; that they should take rooms for all now to save trouble. The rooms should be inexpensive and high up, and she and Madame Fargo would go there, too, to keep these children in order. Monsieur would wish quiet. Monsieur must not be troubled with a noisy family. Monsieur must be accommodated in the entresol or on the second floor. And so it was arranged.

An exquisite dinner, with several courses and many entrées; people openly reading the forbidden London Times; a four-paged, typewritten, secret local daily paper freely passed about; a dinner party of twelve at one table, from which came unrestrained laughter—South Americans and Spaniards, they thought; an Englishman, too old to be interned, grumbling over his food, just as he had in peacetime; it was bizarre and unreal to Peggy, and distressing to Yvonne.

"Otto must not come here," she said in a low voice. "Terrible things might happen."

Yvonne caught a name.

"Is it Monsieur van Brock, of the Bank?" she asked the waiter.

"Yes, mademoiselle."

With guarded care, she gave Stoneman a message for this Monsieur van Brock. He listened, surprised to learn that Yvonne was concerned with high matters of state and finance.

"I overheard a sentence at the dinner with you; another at tea yesterday," she murmured. "I could piece them together. It is sure."

Later the banker came, summoned by a waiter. He bowed courteously. He was a small, pale man, and Stoneman thought he looked more normal than any Belgian he had seen. His eyes were calm, his manner almost placid, his jaws firmly locked; he had, in fact, been transformed by daily German browbeatings and insolences into a human machine which mechanically fought on and on, and yielded not a single inch. What the Germans did with the great bank and its accounts and its revenues, they did, but with never a helping hand from him.

"I am a mere messenger, monsieur," Stoneman said; "a friendly neutral. I have no credentials to give. I ask that you do not inquire about me at my legation or elsewhere. I am told that my information is correct. I am asked to give it to you in confidence."

"Proceed, monsieur."

"I am to say that a proclamation will be issued on the twenty-second suspending the bank's right to issue bank notes."

The banker quietly sat down and ordered coffee for Stoneman and himself, watching Stoneman openly all the time. It was a long time before he spoke, and when he did it was only casually to remark that Belgians read Quentin Durward because of the lively descriptions of the burghers of Ghent and Bruges.

The astonished listener murmured politely that he was glad to hear that Sir Walter Scott was familiar to Belgians.

"That book," the banker continued, "led me to others. I read in Ivanhoe that the Normans forced gold from Isaac of York. They were merciful. They drew only his teeth. These Germans pull the teeth; and then they extract the living nerve. . . . Sugar, monsieur? A liqueur? . . . Are you quite sure? This news is vital. I had not expected such violation of our charter. It gives me two business days to prepare, monsieur. . . . I will not ask where it comes from. I will not ask who you are. I trust you, monsieur. I shall act immediately."

He drained his coffee and rose.

"When Belgium is once more free," he said, "the bank will search you out and you will see that it is not ungrateful."

"A mere messenger, monsieur."

The banker shook his head.

"Perhaps," he said, "you will tell us, then, whom else our king shall honor. Till that day, monsieur—*au revoir*."

Stoneman sauntered to the single public drawing-room. The South American party had settled to cards. The Englishman sat reading his newspaper. Belgian ladies, in black, sat silently knitting. They started and bent their heads lower every time the neutrals laughed. The Englishman came over and spoke. He railed at the Germans in his loud voice, as he had complained of his dinner—a tired, lonely old man, almost senile, who had lived fifty years in Brussels, and could not understand why these "filthy brutes" had closed his club. "Is it wise to talk thus?" Stoneman asked. The old man answered that he did not care; of course there were spies in the hotel—he had not spotted them definitely; but he suspected one neutral waiter, the ginger-haired fellow who pretended to be a Swiss.

Stoneman thought it prudent to move. In the lounge he found Peggy, with her hat and cloak on. He approached her with eager, open pleasure, which any cynical old observer would have described as unmarital. But Peggy quickly set him in his part.

"I thought you were never coming," she said a little crossly. "Run along and get your coat. I must have a stroll. I'm cramped with that long drive."

As he humbly obeyed he heard her order a *café complet* for monsieur at nine in the morning sharp.

Outside, in the wide dark avenue, where the cold crisp air pleasantly flipped them to deep inhalation, she laughed and cried gayly:

"You may not want the coffee; but I had to pretend some interest in you."

"Any pretense from you," he said, as he thrust his arm through hers, "is better than reality."

"I must think that out," she responded as she set a stiff pace.

"Reality would be indifference," he explained. "I like anything better than that."

Peggy's gayety had been a sham, but the fast walk and the moment's respite from strain made her spirits bound. The touch of gallantry in his speech amused her.

"Indifference?" she said in her frank, friendly way. "Oh, no; I am too grateful."

"Grateful! For what, please?"

She would not explain that it was because he was one of the right sort. For half hours together during the day she had actually forgotten that the passport said he was her husband. This unbelievable truth had flashed to her after dinner; and she had reflected that she must have seen this thing through even if the man had been the most shameless offender against decency or good taste.

"Everything is unreal here," she said, glancing up and down the dark, almost deserted avenue. "These black-shuttered houses are not empty. There is a man creeping into his own home as if he were a burglar. It's only nine o'clock and it's like London when you're going home from a ball. It's more peaceful than in peacetime.

(Continued on Page 51)

"Why Do I Use Klenzo ?"

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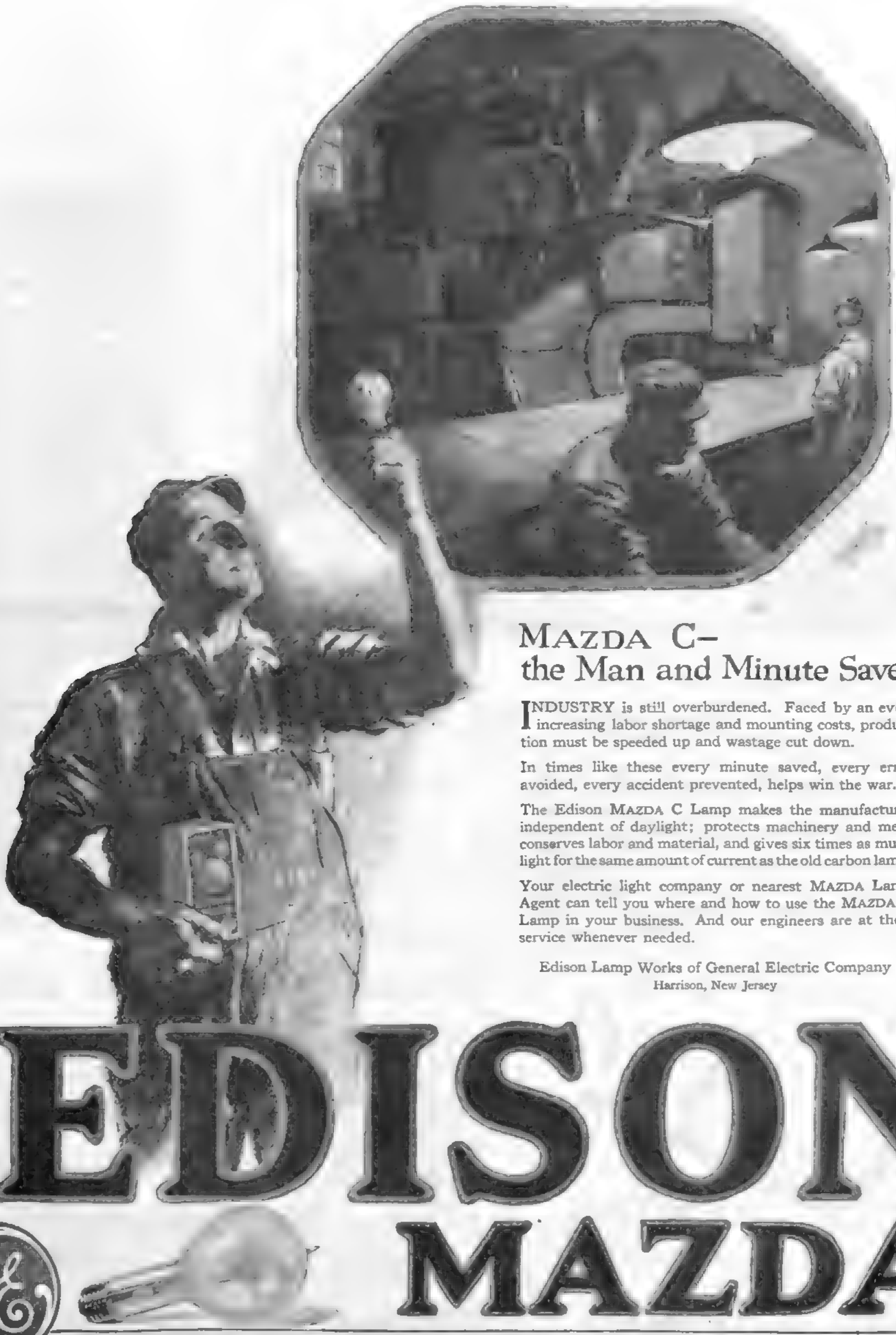

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EDISON MAZDA

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(Continued from Page 78)

In that hot hotel it's like that too. A great box of lilacs, white and mauve, has come for Yvonne. Could you believe that? Hothouse blooms in this captured city, and florists open!"

"It's weird," Stoneman agreed.

He was buoyant because she was, and because he had her for half an hour all to himself. The high spirits of youth flamed in the two, as it will in intervals between perils. They saw no policeman, no patrol, no German uniform, and only now and again were they compelled to silence by the appearance of some passer-by. They heard always the distant hum of rushing automobiles and now and again the rumbling of a train of heavy motor cars. The only light was that of the moon, which shone sometimes from rifts between high white clouds. It made fantastic sparkling cornices along the tops of houses where icicles hung.

As they turned, after a rushing half mile, Peggy slackened her pace.

"I haven't played the game to-day," she said with a winning seriousness. She looked a plea for pardon. She felt humble toward this man. As such a feeling was an entire novelty it is not surprising that she did not recognize it. She was humble because she was so grateful. "I've let you down. I shan't fail you again," she added.

He was too eager to assure her that she had been perfect, that he had been in fault; but she would not have it so. She had even depressed Yvonne—unconquerable, staunch Yvonne, who faced a dreadful to-morrow.

"Her only passport is an engagement ring," she said. "She must accept it. Poor Yvonne!" Peggy dropped her head and sighed. The moon came out and she raised her head and looked up into Stoneman's face with vivid interest. "You don't blame her at all, do you?" she asked, a little breathlessly, as though she gave great weight to his answer.

Stoneman, a lover whose first love had flamed in an hour under strange intimacies forced by unique circumstances, and who, as a natural consequence, was passionately ardent in defense of the sanctity of love, held a very definite opinion about Yvonne, which he felt to be too shameless to admit, even to himself. Surprised by the question and perturbed by an earnestness that seemed to demand utter frankness, he parried lamely:

"Could I criticize?" he asked; "I, who owe so much to her?"

She looked away, as though disappointed; then, hesitating a little, she said:

"Yes; you could—for her sake."

"For her sake?" he repeated; but she did not explain.

"She may get a passport," she said, "if she is engaged to him—if there is that much of a tie. The trousseau, you see, cannot be bought in Belgium, and so on. But if she does not get the passport she must marry him—or, else, a German prison. You see that, don't you?"

"Yes; I see," he admitted. "But why should we ——"

"Please!" she interrupted, pleading. "I have a reason. If you had a sister, which would you have her choose?"

"My sister," he answered, "would never put herself in the position to have to make such a choice. . . . And you would not. You know you would not."

She stopped. They stood in the silent street.

"You evade," she said in a lowered but level voice. "And you do not know whether I would or not. If anybody had told me a week ago that I should be traveling in Belgium as your wife I should have thought it a deadly insult. Yet I find it easy—thanks to you."

He looked down into her moonlit eyes, which met his unflinchingly.

"You had no choice," he said quietly. "I forced myself on you. And it isn't the same thing, anyhow. You are deceiving the enemy. She is duping a man."

"An enemy."

"One enemy—that's the point. But God forgive me for censuring her. Peggy, please stop it!"

He caught her arm and she walked with him. Though they had arranged for it, it was the first time he had called her Peggy when they were alone. Neither thought of it.

"She was forced to it," she said. "She had an instant to choose. She saved her dead father's friend from prison by welcoming the lieutenant as a friend. The inevitable followed—more fellow-country people to help; more things to do for her king and her country. Geoffrey, a stranger, not even a Belgian, to be nursed at great risk, and rescued. You and I, strangers."

"I know," he broke in; "but please——"

"I must go on!" she cried. "You must change. Not in being silent; not covering it up. In your heart, your brain, through and through, you must feel that she is splendid—a real heroine. Her best—she has given that, with never a word or thought of sacrifice."

Intense feeling was in the restrained voice. Her face was pale and her eyes were pleading. Stoneman firmly held in check emotion responsive to hers.

"I'll always owe her gratitude," he said

"Gratitude!" she echoed contemptuously. "What I'm asking is justice. She is strong and true. She has never wavered in the higher loyalty; never faltered in the nobler duty."

He was thrilled by the passion in her voice.

"I'm sorry for her," he answered. "I own up. I'm sorry for him too."

"Sorry for him?" A fine scorn rang in her voice. "His delicate little attentions—his fine courtesy—his wine of Louvain—his little German dog ——"

"He loves her."

"She does not love him."

"He trusts her."

"She has a higher trust—her country."

"What will he think of woman—of all women—when he finds out?"

"We already know what Germans think of women!"

Her tense voice vibrated. She wished to draw away from his arm, but he held her close. That answer silenced him. They were close to the hotel now.

"Do you mind turning back?" she asked with a sudden change of manner. She was very gentle and appealing now. "I'll tell you in a minute," she said, "why I persist. It seems very horrid of me, of course; but it isn't, really. Leave her out of it for a minute, and please—please be quite straight. If you loved a girl, and you knew that she had let a German propose, and perhaps put his arms round her, and perhaps kiss her, and she hadn't tried to strike him dead; and you knew why she hadn't, and all the wonderful things she did for her country —— Well, what would you do?" She stopped, breathless; but he did not speak

He looked into her upturned face and her eyes dragged from him the reluctant truth.

"I should always wonder," he said slowly, "whether so wonderful an actress was acting with me."

"Oh!" she said, and her exclamation was a little stifled wail. "I never thought of that. You mean you wouldn't believe in her?"

"How could I? She had been a traitor to love."

She nodded.

"Thank you for your frankness," she said. "You would stop loving her. She would be repugnant to you. You wouldn't believe in her. She would lose you in the end—the last sacrifice for her flag and her land."

Her note was sad, not sarcastic. Stoneman looked sidewise at her and thought of her in Yvonne's place, as, of course, he had all through the conversation. Dark anxiety pressed.

"If you have to choose," he commanded in a voice suddenly sharp, "choose prison."

"Oh, of course!" She tried to cover the slip. "Yvonne had no chance to choose," she began.

"Yvonne's way and your way will always be different," he interrupted again.

"Her way must lead to Geoffrey," she said quietly. "Yes; that's what it's all about. That's why I've worried you. You would think as he would. She cares a lot for him. I suspected it. To-night her locket dropped. Out came his identification tag. That settles it."

"God!" he cried, staring at Peggy "How can she ogle this German to-morrow?"

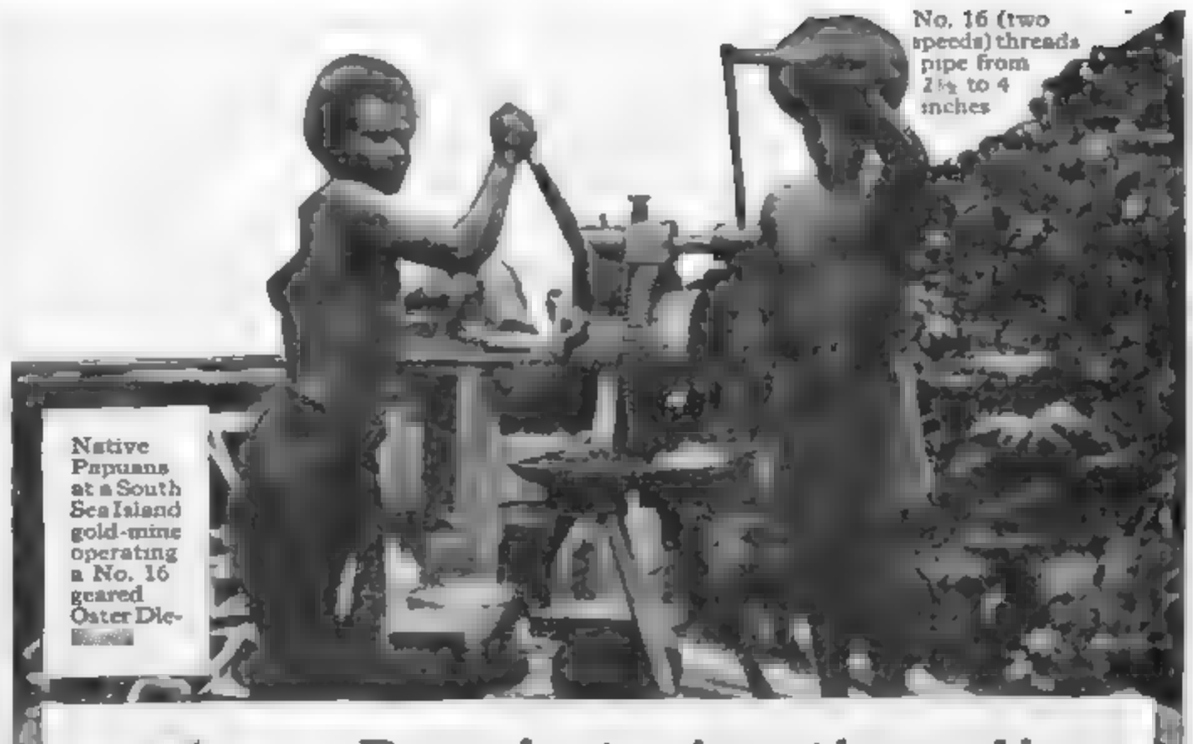
Peggy stopped again and faced him once more; and she answered, in a choked voice.

"If it was only herself I do not think she would; but it's her aunt and Clothilde; and it's you and it's me. We must shelter her as much as we can to-morrow. We go to the Café de la Monnaie to lunch. Then, St. Gudule's ——"

"To church?"

"There's no service on then. She chooses it. She will not be alone with him."

(Continued on Page 83)



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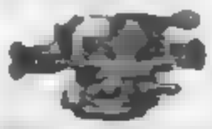

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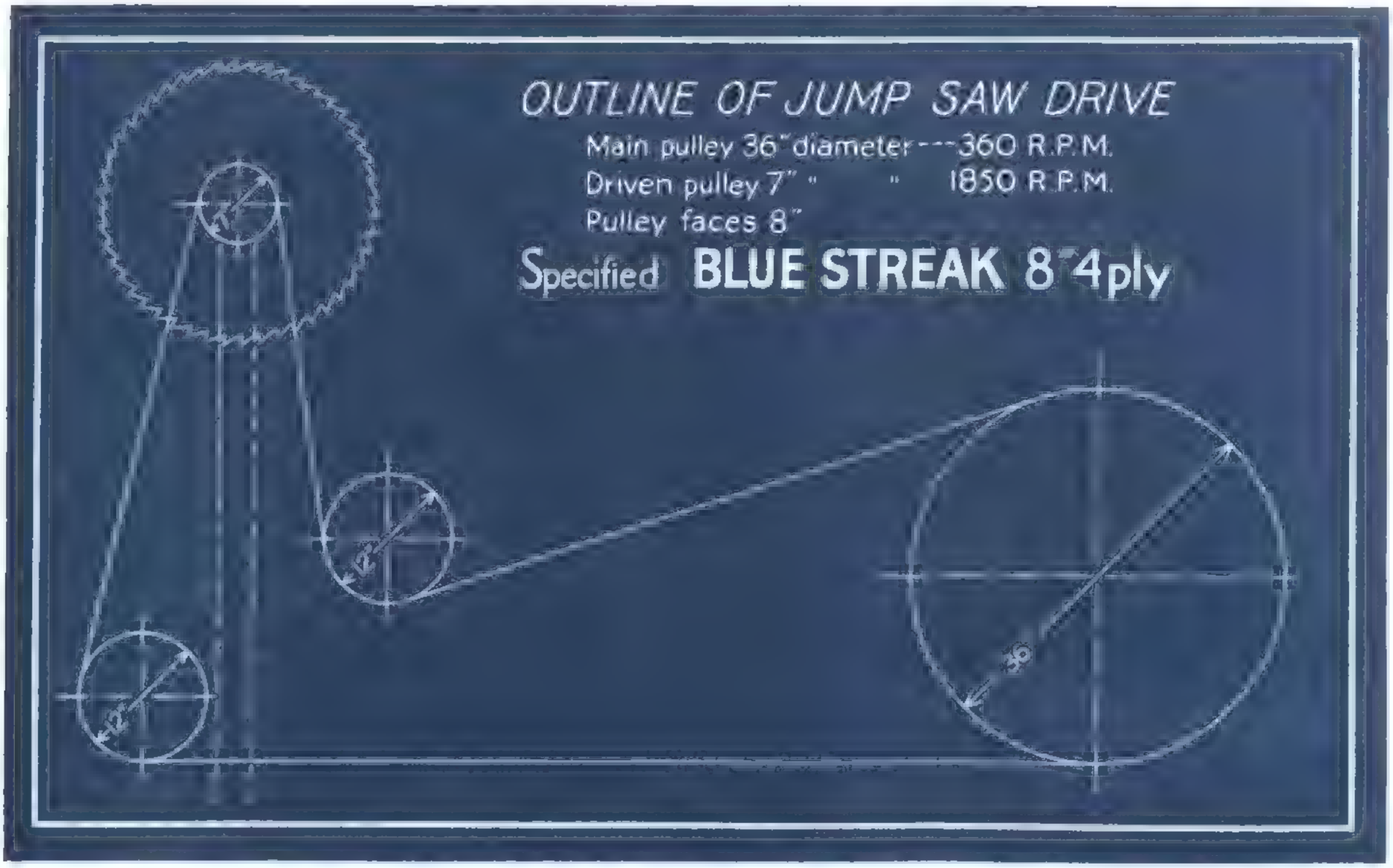
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GOODYEAR

AKRON

(Continued from Page 81)

They retraced their steps. Near the door she said:

"Let Yvonne tell her own story to Geoffrey."

"Oh, that—of course!"

She paused at the entrance and looked at him wistfully.

"I'm trying so hard to be fair," she murmured; "to be fair to both—to her and to my brother. Good night."

■■

INSIDE the great Cathedral Church of St. Gudule, Stoneman stood breathing the incense-laden air and peering through twilight that would have been darkness but for many candles flickering before many altars like twinkling stars. Before some of these altars he saw German privates and Belgian peasants touching shoulders as they stood with their eyes fixed in religious awe. He found at last what he had come to see—the one Belgian flag permitted in the conquered land. He lifted his arm in a guarded salute. Two dim figures stood before the shrine over which the flag hung and he was almost certain one was that of the young German officer. He knew now why Yvonne had come to the cathedral.

He stole out silently, feeling like one who had committed sacrilege.

Outside, in the bright daylight, he stood absorbed. This girl whom he had dared to criticize had led her lover to the shadow of her country's flag. It could no longer protect; but it could fortify, could justify, could almost sanctify her hard choice between two loyalties. He dismissed this thought. There was no second choice for a Belgian. All obligations were swept away in the national ruin except one: Duty to flag and to country—that was the only thing. He was ashamed he had told Peggy that Yvonne was a traitor to love. Inevitably his absorbed thought turned to Peggy. What if she were the one inside? What if her safety and his, and that of others, hung on her pretended acceptance of a German's love?

He woke with a start to the consciousness that he was looking straight into Peggy's eyes. Confused, he stammered that she had been right not to go in.

"There they come," Peggy said, eying him aslant as they walked on together. "They will follow. Yvonne and I have arranged our route."

He nodded, though he did not hear. He was profoundly troubled. How long had he been staring at her? A long time; for the other couple had had time to go down the nave and come out by the other door. What had his unguarded eyes told her?

They passed down the Place de la Monnaie, skirting the crowd, which was reading proclamations in the windows of the general post office.

The rays of the setting sun glittered on the bayonets of the German sentries who stood at the entrance. In the Grand Place a German band was playing in front of the Hôtel de Ville. In this heart of Brussels, with its old Brood Huis and its touch of Spain, flocked by silently the once merriest population of all the world, more subdued here always than elsewhere in the city. Streams of people jostled, but no one touched a German, and no one seemed to see a German soldier, of whom there were many.

They came at length to the park. Inside the locked gates a great fir tree had been set up. Little children stared at it with noses pushed through the iron railings. Peggy asked in French whether the Christmas tree was for them. One understood.

"It's for the German soldiers, madame," he said; "and they've stolen our place too." He pointed to the gate and Peggy read the sign: This Park is Reserved for Children.

They walked on. Stoneman was almost sure he had given himself away, staring at Peggy like a moonstruck fool. Her preoccupied silence certainly did not mean that she had read aright, for she had been very quiet as they had walked from the restaurant to the church; yet he thought he perceived constraint in her manner. Was she thinking only of Yvonne as he ought to be thinking? Was she worrying herself about a cad who had let her know that he loved her? Was she saying to herself that every consideration of honor and chivalry should have hidden this from her at such a time?

He was so troubled that he was unstrung; and yet a difficult hour was coming. No ingenuity had availed to keep the lieutenant out of the hotel. He must come there to "five o'clock"; and, of course, he would announce the engagement, and they must all be merry and bright. At the hotel entrance Peggy spoke.

"I'll wait for them here," she said. "Hadn't you better warn them inside that a German is coming?" She looked at him with engaging candor. "We mustn't sympathize with her—not for an hour, at least. We must carry on."

Stoneman went in, relieved, and sure that she had been worrying about real troubles, not about his absent-minded scrutiny.

Sharp orders and scurryings followed his warning to the hall porter. English papers were tucked away. Tea and coffee cups were left half emptied. Belgian guests fled to their rooms. The old Englishman sauntered to the elevator, grumbling. The porter himself retreated. When the lieutenant came only Stoneman and a Swiss waiter were in the lounge, and the drawing-room was deserted.

A jolly hour, if one might judge by laughter; a young German officer in the height of spirits; an American couple, voluble, cheerful; a Belgian girl in mourning, a little quiet but smiling and bright-eyed, wearing a great bunch of white and mauve lilac in her belt; congratulations; felicitations—finally all planning a little holiday in Holland. Madame Fargo had kindly invited Yvonne to a week at that glittering little Hôtel des Indes, at The Hague; and it fitted in perfectly, for the Herr Leutnant had received unexpected Christmas leave and was going to Berlin on Thursday.

Of Course There Were Spies in the Hotel—He Suspected One Neutral Waiter

But there was a capital If. If passports —— The lieutenant said these must be procured in Brussels and he suggested that Herr Fargo should go now with him; and if they were lucky in finding certain officials at their hotels all might be arranged. He smiled at Madame Fargo and almost winked; but she was unexpectedly obtuse and he got no moment alone with Yvonne. He would pay madame out for that, he thought, as he buttoned his overcoat round his slim waist. The old Englishman, toddling out, made a half circuit about him. The lieutenant called to Herr Fargo that some German soldiers would be billeted in this hotel to teach people manners. He swaggered off, hatching an ingenious plan. He must not be robbed of his sweetheart for three days even by "these rather decent Yankees."

Yvonne and Peggy, alone together, never stopped pretending during those hard hours of suspense. The gate to freedom for Yvonne and her aunt would swing ajar that night; if not that night, not at all. Yet no intimate glance flashed; no confidential word was exchanged. Yvonne went to a hot bath, Peggy for a sharp scamper up and down the avenue—their different ways of carrying on. Peggy reflected for a few minutes over a new anxiety. She had refused some offers of marriage, had evaded others; and the men refused or evaded had looked at her as Roderick Stoneman had looked at her outside the cathedral. This was unexpected, vexatious. It must be stopped.

When she came in, glowing, breathless, she received a faint hint of what it means to be sent to Coventry. She was not cut, for she knew no one; but she was ostentatiously avoided. She got a glimmer of what Yvonne had endured. She was spared the worst ordeal, for the dining room was empty when she and Yvonne sat down to a belated dinner.

"They hear distant guns to-night," the Swiss waiter said; "the first in six weeks. Everybody believes the French are coming nearer. They say the Germans have mined all the big buildings, to blow them up; and the officers are packing." That was the way everybody talked in Brussels in December, 1914.

The two men returned at nine and it was a great relief to hear that they had had dinner. The lieutenant was in tearing spirits. How splendid a game war was! How jolly to bend its laws to the needs of love. To lock one chaperon up in Antwerp, to send another off about her business, to commandeer a sweetheart—these were heady triumphs for a love-struck youth.

The passports had been promised, he told them gleefully. A special permit had also been given to Herr and Frau Fargo to return to Antwerp direct from the convent. That would save two days, and they could be in Antwerp for to-morrow's late dinner. . . . Tuesday to photograph the children and get passes. . . . Wednesday, off for The Hague. Splendid, wasn't it, to get to The Hague two days before Christmas Eve? He beamed on the smiling Peggy.

As for Belgian subjects, their passports could not be arranged in a day or in their absence. He flung a laughing look of triumph at Yvonne. A great piece of luck; Oberst von Schwabe and Frau von Schwabe were returning to Antwerp with him in his auto. A special permit had been obtained for Yvonne. Splendid, wasn't it? Yvonne would go with him now. She must get ready quickly. Madame von Schwabe was waiting at her hotel. An instant of frozen silence; then:

"But this is charming!" from unconquerable Yvonne; she nodded gayly to Peggy and the two rose from the table.

At half past ten, Peggy, by the auto outside the hotel, was introduced to Frau von Schwabe, while Stoneman tucked Yvonne in the front seat. The auto glided away, with laughter from Yvonne.

"I feel as though I had flung her to the wolves," Stoneman said as they turned down the avenue for a walk.

"The pack will soon be yelping behind their own barbed wire," Peggy encouraged him.

She would not let him see how sorry she was for Yvonne; how sorry for him, that he must stand by helpless, while conquerors moved him and his party about like pawns. He told her, with hot indignation, of the visits he had made that night on military and civil officials, some swaggering, some blustering, some coldly suspicious or austere, but all amused and pleased to hear of an approaching marriage between a German and a Belgian.

She learned that Yvonne had promised to go on from The Hague to Berlin and, after a day with the lieutenant's people, return to Belgium with the lieutenant by way of Aix-la-Chapelle. His mother and

(Continued on Page 85)

Decoy!

I always leave a tube of Mennen's sticking out of my bag in a Pullman dressing room.

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"Try it!" I say. "Builds up a lather in three minutes with the brush only—don't rub it in with your fingers—cold water is as good as hot."

About the only time I ever saw a man on a Pullman smile before breakfast was just after he had shaved with Mennen's for the first time.

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I know you'll get me sometime, so here is 12 cents for a demonstrator tube.

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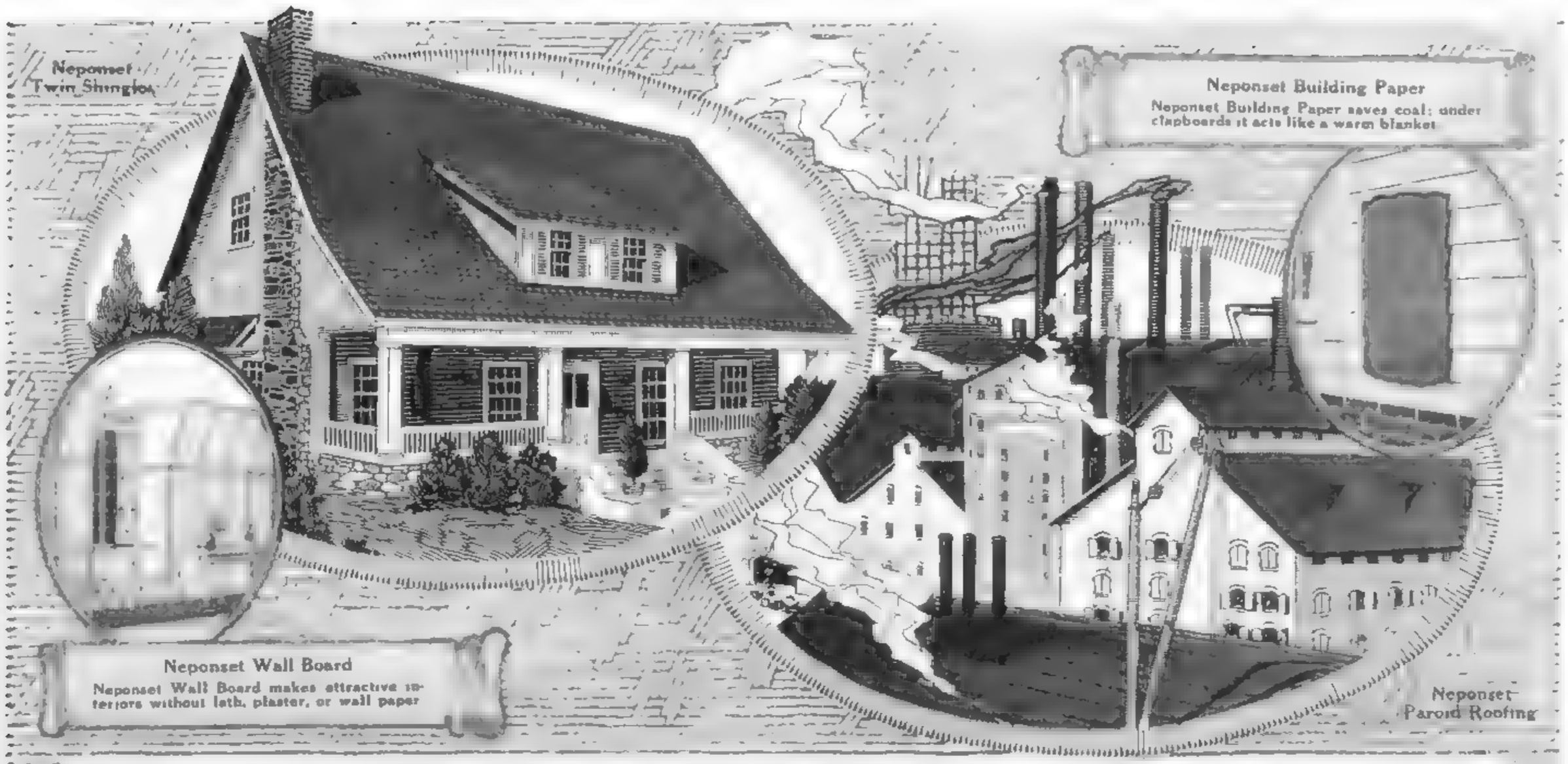
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NEPONSET ROOFS

(Continued from Page 83)

himself would meet Yvonne at the Dutch frontier.

Peggy laughed at the idea of a haughty German lady and a fuming young officer waiting in vain.

"It will be our turn then," she cried. "I'd like to go to the border and gloat. I'd stand just inside the Dutch line and make horrid faces at them. I'd act just like a cantankerous, ill-bred kid, and laugh at a raving mother and a mad son."

Peggy let her indignation effervesce by talking amusing, half-bitter nonsense. When she was no more than simmering over the abduction of Yvonne she proceeded, with deft twists of the talk, to place blue spectacles over the too-expressive eyes of Roderick Stoneman. She spoke of Jack Daintry. Her voice trailed in melancholy cadences and dropped into confidential murmurs. She did not say that she adored Jack Daintry or that they were engaged; but she might as well have shouted both untruths. She described him with fluttering breaths and analyzed him in quavering superlatives.

She applied her antidote strongly, for Stoneman's gaze had been of startling intensity. She felt, as she went on talking, that she was doing more than nip Roderick Stoneman's sentiment in the bud. Jack Daintry became to her a kind of invisible policeman, taking the place of Yvonne. She saw him always at his post on the morrow, a shadowy but effective shield against further unguarded glances. She was surprised and indignant when Stoneman calmly said that in his country they did not approve of *mariages de convenance*.

"He does not care for you," he explained, "or he never would have let you come here, much less have helped you to it."

"If he had refused," Peggy said haughtily, her head flung back, "we should have been strangers. But I did not need to say that. He was glad—yes, glad—to do what I wanted. He always would be. He always will be."

Roderick Stoneman knew a great deal about internal-combustion engines and automobiles and aëroplanes, and very little about women. But he was learning very fast. It so chanced that Peggy had pitched on the wrong man. Stoneman, railing to Yvonne about the madman who had helped Peggy come to Belgium, had been told all about Jack Daintry and all about his engagement to another girl. It was easy to see why Peggy had invented a lover, and natural for a lover to draw glowing inferences. Stoneman gravely gave confidence for confidence, invented a girl in California, and closely followed Peggy's methods in talking of her.

He did it so well that Peggy never dreamed that he was no more than following her lead. It could not easily occur to her that this somewhat silent, very earnest and straightforward young American could suddenly develop a subtlety that matched her own; nor could she suppose that his heart was singing or that laughter was deeply hidden as he murmured throbbing sentences about his California sweetheart.

"This is very interesting," Peggy said, a little dryly. "I thought your only anxiety was about your mother's anxiety."

"There are some things," the sententious Roderick answered, "which one does not speak of until—well, you know—to a sister, you might say, that you think a lot of."

"I'm glad you feel that way about me," Peggy assured him; but there was a lack of earnest conviction in her utterance.

"Oh, from the first," he said, patting her hand with a brotherly touch; "and it grows."

Peggy's vexation grew as she reflected on that long, long look outside the cathedral. He had been staring at California and she had merely happened to be in range. She became almost indignant as he continued to expand about this California girl who rode and shot and fished and lassoed, and yet kept a beautiful complexion and always tidy hair; yellow too.

The parting in the hotel lounge was cool. The elderly Englishman cut Roderick dead and a Belgian lady turned her back on Peggy.

As midnight bells struck, Peggy looked down from the little balcony outside her window on white-frosted roofs far below, exquisitely silvered by the rays of the moon; on a shining, brilliant capital, which seemed lightly resting between pleasures. Entranced, she slightly lifted wide eyes to glittering pinnacles and lustrous domes crowning the fantastic fairy city. Smiling and dreaming fairy dreams it seemed to her, as though waiting for the coming of its king in that merry pageant which it calls *La Joyeuse Entrée*. She stood rapt, as motionless as all she saw.

She became conscious of a vague vibration, feather light, as though handfuls of soft falling snow faintly jarred the balcony. She held her breath, intently expectant, and knew that some spent, recurrent whisper was dying at her ear. It became a ghostly, far-off tolling, ominous in its measured minutes, menacing in its flat, sullen note. Nature knew no such sinister precision, and she was aware that she had heard the report of a heavy gun, miles away. Though no cloud had spread, it seemed to Peggy that a dark shadow hung over pinnacle and dome and home; and she crept in, chilled.

She slept badly, starting up now and again to listen for that morose, murmured thump of the air; sometimes she heard it and sometimes she only thought she did.

She was called in the early morning by a chambermaid, whose manner was as cold as the coffee and the radiator; and these penalties for having been pleasant to a German brought on others. Numbed fingers snapped a bootlace and could not quickly fasten buttons; so she was slow in dressing. The result of these discomforts was a bright hour for Roderick Stoneman; for she was so cross that she knew it, guarded against it, and forced cheerfulness on so high a note that she brought brightness to a sky of lead and a dreary, thawing landscape.

Sentries saluted, but did not stop them, as they drove past the suburbs into the garden heart of Belgium, where intensive culture was most intensely practiced and where little frames of glass dotted the small rich fields. Man had fought with Nature here through long generations, not to wring a bare subsistence for himself from a reluctant soil, but to tickle the palates of the epicures of Europe with products out of season. Luscious Argenteuil asparagus, grown a month before its time by bent peasants who worked from dawn to sunset, and drawn to market by the wife and the dog, brought two francs a day to its grower and sold for four dollars a portion in London hotels.

At last a sentry stopped them and Stoneman handed out his special pass. He glanced at a new little toy village composed of new little toy huts, all fronted by new little toy gardens, in some of which grew trim little evergreen shrubs. This prim German order brought a grin; for these toy huts held no toy soldiers. Grim figures in gray lounged in heavy overcoats, or worked, or moved heavily about. There was ludicrous incongruity between this Noah's Ark village and its purposes and dwellers.

Stoneman half rose, rudely, suddenly, to block Peggy's view. He hoped she would not see that great, gashed, round-roofed building beyond. He examined the jagged rent in the roof and the gaping hole in the wall with professional, unenthusiastic eyes. The sun came out in just the right place and he caught the glint of what seemed scrap iron through the ragged gap in the wall. A good job, thoroughly done; immense luck; but ——

"Please! Please!"

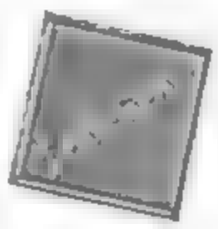
She had seen then; and she knew. He was compelled to make way for her and he resumed his seat. She glanced out; then shot him a look from kindled eyes that made him feel as though the Croix de Guerre was being pinned on his breast. But he was only the more depressed, as though it was bestowed without having been earned.

He heard Peggy pour out questions in German; then saw the sentry glance furtively about and bring out a little piece of aluminum tubing as long and a third as thick as a slender finger. For this, at Peggy's command, he handed over twenty marks from what she called the family purse.

A unique experience in all the history of war probably—to achieve something really worth while, something big, that counted, that showed for itself; and then, as a casual, unsuspected traveler, to pass the scene of the achievement with the one woman in the world; and to see her eyes as she looked out; and to hear her voice, throbbing, thrilling, as she tells what the sentry has said—a new Zeppelin, the latest model, injured beyond repair. The effect on Roderick was to bring a flat sinking of the spirits.

Sunshine Biscuits

IN absolute compliance with war-time regulations, you are able to satisfy your desire for cookies, cakes, crackers and wafers, in the assortment of Sunshine Biscuits.



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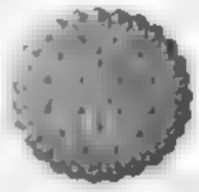

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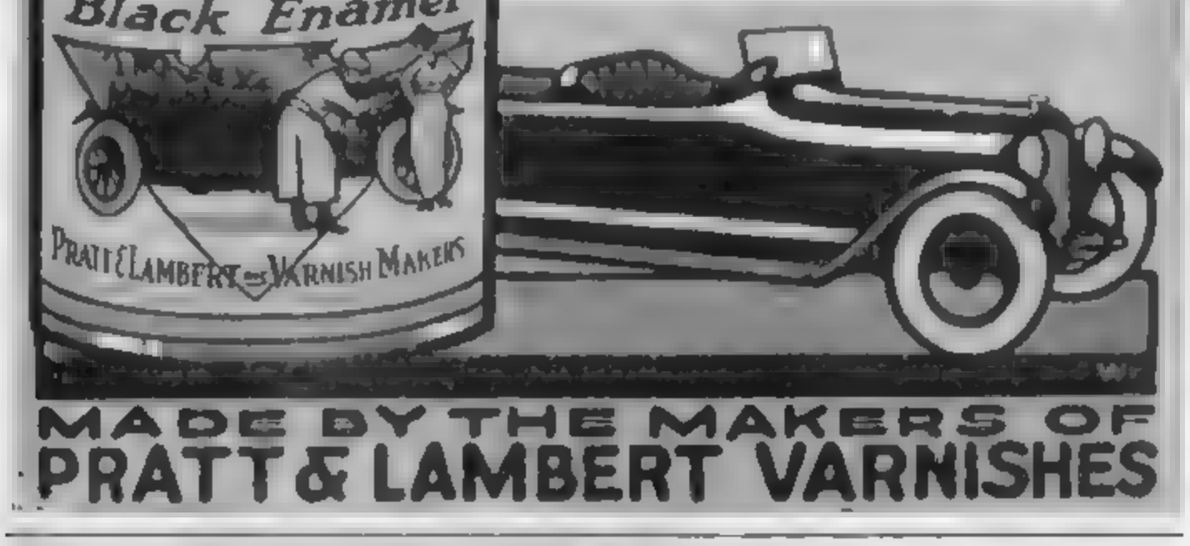

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"Smashing up, destroying," he flamed in sudden anger; "and proud of it! We're like madmen. We snatch axes and break up the furniture of the world. To see it, in cold blood, like this ——"

"In cold blood!" Peggy broke in indignantly. "And is that all you see? I see more; lots more. I see a man up there in the air, alone, risking his life, spurts of smoke all about him; calm, cool, flying straight, shooting straight, hitting; hitting a death machine that but for him might have come over my country, killing my people. . . . Oh, I have no patience with you!"

She scolded him roundly, with a fierce, proud pleasure, glad that he felt just as he did. She was glad, because he was a hero to her, and she knew that she would grovel if his mood were different.

"I've made things all my life," he said. "I'm an engineer; a constructive person. I'm sick, just dead sick, of all the ruin and waste and destruction. Men construct; children, madmen and fools destroy. That roof was cleverly trussed. A real man did that. There are brains, skill, ingenuity, there, and I come along ——"

"You are perverse, hopeless!" she interrupted.

She railed at him. She had seen pictures of English babies murdered by machines like that, she told him. The more she railed the more she wanted to kneel and kiss his hand. She was so grateful to him for preventing this that she wanted to kiss it in gratitude.

Her eyes gave the lie to her lips, of course, and her voice was traitor to her tongue. Roderick, intoxicated by love, looked owlishly sober and talked matter-of-fact nonsense. Only thus could he keep control of himself and of a girl high-keyed to emotion and aflame with patriotic ardor and—yes—with admiration for him.

The country changed almost as though they had crossed a marked line. They came on shell-torn fields, jagged ruins of small houses and débris of war.

"The Belgian and German Armies fought backward and forward here," he said.

Peggy thrust the little tube into her hand bag.

"I have that trophy for Jack," she said.

"I hoped," he answered in his deliberate way, "that you would spare it for California."

"She has the better claim," Peggy said, eying him—she had forgotten the girl in California—and she handed it over. "I should like to write to her and tell her what I have seen."

"I'll give you Jennie's address when we're over the border."

"Jennie! You said Millie ——"

"She was christened Millicent Jane," he explained stolidly; and Peggy still believed in the existence of Millicent Jane.

An American girl would have known better; but, then, an American girl similarly placed would have been equally deceived by an Englishman. The Englishman would lie so lamely about an invented sweetheart that the American girl would think the detached and guarded sentences the difficult efforts of a reticent nature to unbosom its cherished secret. Roderick had told his story with an apparent naïveté and wealth of detail that had instantly carried conviction. It was merely efficiency. He had wished to convince and he had done the best he knew how to achieve this.

Peggy reflected on the letter she should write to Millicent Jane. That girl, even if she was six thousand miles away and neutral, and did not really understand about the war and what war meant, should understand that she was engaged to a real man. Peggy closed her eyes and tried to make a mental picture of this girl on the Pacific Slope. She was very vague about the precise locality of the Slope, but not about the character of the girl; and she felt sorry for Roderick Stoneman and piously hoped that he would be happy with one who, even from his own description, was not worthy of him.

The carriage stopped. She lifted her eyes on open iron gates in a high brick wall.

"The Convent!" she said breathlessly. "Oh, I must tell them who I am. I must show them how splendid I think them. How can I help it?" She turned appealing, troubled eyes on Roderick after she had stepped out of the carriage. "They will want to know that he is safe too."

"Say what you like to whom you will," answered Roderick; "but get the children out here in just half an hour. It's a long way to Antwerp."

She promised and went in, walking slowly along the side of the quadrangle, watching a ragged man greedily drinking hot soup under a covered archway, a queue of peasant women to whom a lay sister was giving small brown loaves, a line of little children each carrying an empty bowl. The soft wind whistled oddly as she stood on the glassed-in porch and she saw that it played its strange tune through many little round shrapnel holes in the panes. She rang the bell and turned, wondering whether these indomitable women had carried Geoffrey through the darkness out of this door or another. A lay sister opened to her, anxious in the first moment, but smiling when she heard Peggy's errand.

"*Les pauvres petits!*" she said. "I am so glad for them. Will madame enter?"

She led the way into an austere room, whose white walls were furrowed by a shell which had left great gaps in coming and going and had cut away the lower half of the picture of the new Pope. Peggy sat looking through a glass door as at a moving picture. Nuns passed to and fro in silent heelless shoes. They were dressed in white and their faces were framed in white coifs, and long black veils drooped over them. She wondered which had nursed Geoffrey and whether she should dare to speak of him. She had been warned by Madame Campion that two German nuns were still in the Convent and that few knew Geoffrey had lain hidden there.

A frail, white-haired nun came—Mère St. Ursule, who explained that the Reverend Mother General was very old and too ill to receive even so welcome a visitor as Madame Fargo. The children—how excited they were! It was well that they were going. Food was getting scarce. But there was soup and a morsel of bread for madame and for monsieur, who had been asked to come in.

She was frankly glad when she heard that her visitors had a lunch basket. There were thirty children to feed, she said, and they must give to the villagers so long as anything was left. Yes, it had been a dreadful time; but they had much reason to thank the good God who had spared them such horrors as at Aerschot. Two battles had been fought about and over them, but the German Staff had made headquarters in the Convent and had protected them from excesses of drunken soldiery; but not so in the village. The serene soft voice suddenly faltered and the faded eyes filled with tears.

"We have not talked about it," the thin lips quavered; "and I find that I cannot ——"

Mère St. Ursule's head sank on her breast and the shaking fingers fumbled with her beads.

"You took care of some wounded?" said Peggy cautiously.

"Yes; we had many Belgian wounded when the Germans came," answered the nun. "The Germans said that a shot had been fired from here and the order came to burn the house. Our Mother General pleaded while the officer's pistol was pointed at her breast. She saved the building, but she was forced to promise that she would receive no more Belgian wounded."

"Reverend Mother General," Peggy murmured, "made no promises about English wounded?"

Mère St. Ursule only looked blank.

"Geoffrey is my brother," Peggy ventured.

"Not—not Peggy?"

"Yes, yes!"

"But oh, I have heard so much of you!"

Peggy caught the hand of the nun and pressed her lips to the fingers, hardened and cracked with manual labor.

"He is safe!" she said, breathless. "May I see the cellar, do you think, Mère St. Ursule?"

"But certainly. Be careful what you say in the hall."

Peggy sprang to her feet.

"Ah," Mère St. Ursule said, eying her, "it is splendid to see you! There are no young here any more; heads and shoulders are bowed, and all is age and sorrow. Come!"

They were stopped by a lay sister.

"Monsieur Stoneman is gone," she said. "The coachman says a German private came and took him away to the lieutenant. The lieutenant sent for him."

"Monsieur Stoneman?" repeated Peggy in a choked voice. "Where did you get that name, sister?"

"From the coachman, madame. It is the name the private spoke," she said.

(Continued on Page 89)

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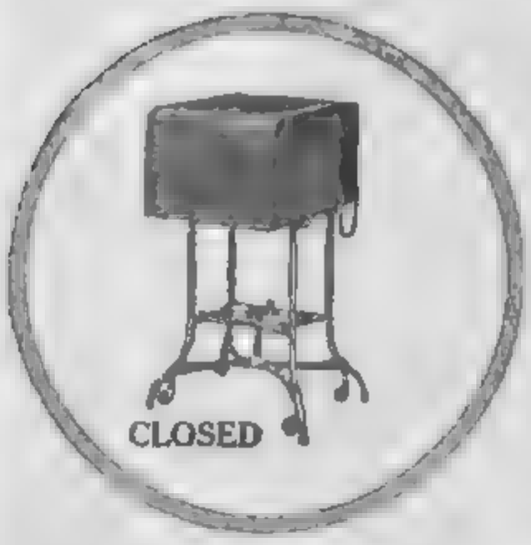

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Ask your office equipment dealer to show you the Uhl Steel Typewriter Table-Cabinet. Most progressive dealers carry it in stock. If yours doesn't, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

Send for complete catalog of Uhl Steel Furniture—steel typewriter chairs, typewriter stands, office work tables, magazine stands, adding machine stands, desk stools, etc. (see panel below).

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UHL STEEL TYPEWRITER Table-Cabinet

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1124 Hastings Street, Toledo, Ohio

Also makers of steel factory stools, tool trays, lunchroom tables and chairs, soda fountain and café tables and chairs. Write us for prices. Correspondence invited from manufacturers regarding special contract work on steel office and factory equipment of any kind.

(Continued from Page 86)

"Was monsieur arrested?" Peggy asked from a dry throat.

The lay sister looked down and then glanced at Mère St. Ursule from troubled, bovine eyes.

"It is nothing," said the nun, obviously hiding anxiety. "A lieutenant is stationed in the village. He wished to look at the passport—that is all. Is it your husband, Madame Fargo?"

"Yes, Reverend Mother. They have made some mistake. Let us go and look at the cellar."

She pretended to look and listen; but neither deceived the other. Peggy was almost certain that the Germans had known all the time and had waited; had pounced suddenly, silently, in this hidden corner of Belgium. She was almost sure she should not see Roderick Stoneman again, and that her own arrest was imminent.

"This," said Mère St. Ursule after they had wound round dark, underground passages, "was the dungeon of Monsieur le Capitaine Geoffrey. It was once a wine cellar, when this was a château. It is dry and warm. His bed was there. Ah, he was fractious sometimes!" The nun held a candle high over her head and it threw shadows down over her, and she looked in the gloom like a sibyl. She peered at Peggy from anxious eyes. "He is safe, you say, my dear?"

"Yes, Mère St. Ursule; in Holland."

"And you helped him?"

"No; we crossed."

"But you came to help him?"

"Yes, Mère St. Ursule."

"I do not understand how you came; but I hope your papers are good papers."

"They are, Mère St. Ursule. If there is any trouble it is not about my brother, and nothing is known about him or the Convent. Be sure of that, please."

"The good Lord will protect the Convent," said the nun, leading the way to the light. "I think only of you. I did not understand that you were married."

"Geoffrey did not know, Mère St. Ursule."

A little girl met them in the hall, not at all shy, but very prim, very sedate, rosy-cheeked, with two swinging pigtails.

"Ah," said Mère St. Ursule, "*la petite* is ready first. And doesn't she look well? It is Ellen Bates."

With calm self-possession, Ellen said "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am" with precise utterance, and frankly studied this lady who had come to take her to England.

"Could she show me the lieutenant's house?" asked Peggy, unable to bear suspense longer. "I will take the passport. It may be wanted."

"But certainly. Go with madame, Ellen."

Outside in the village street the sedate Ellen became suddenly a bundle of wires. She clung to Peggy's hand, dancing, skipping.

"I'm so excited!" she cried. "Oh, all the girls are just dying of envy—Belgians and all. Look at my sleeves; they hardly cover my wrists, do they? But I can't help growing, can I? And I couldn't get anything from home. I can't get into my jacket at all. You'll be ashamed of me and I'll be cold; but that doesn't matter.

"Oh, it's been such fun playing hide and seek in the trenches! The Belgian trenches were most fun. They were better made. They had more time. See; there's a line of them out there, where those little boys are playing marbles. It was funny, wasn't it? The German trenches were full of little frogs, and there isn't one in the Belgian trenches.

"I think it is lovely of you to come for us. I've got a Belgian cap and a cartridge and lots of small cartridge shells; but we found so many things that we stopped collecting. I tried to get a German helmet; but I didn't like to take it off a grave, so I haven't one.

"The nuns wouldn't let us out of the grounds for six weeks. Wasn't it mean of them? The sky would be all red with burning houses and we used to sneak out of bed and watch the glow; and we couldn't go out the next day to see which cottages had been burned. And we stayed in the cellars for thirteen days when the armies were fighting; but we had hot meals every day. Wasn't it good of the nuns? They cooked in the kitchen while the shells were flying over.

"An English shell fell in the curé's garden; but it didn't explode; and the Germans kicked it; but we English girls hugged and kissed it and sang God Save the King! right under the German colonel's window. He looked out and laughed. He was rather a good sort, that man; and we called him uncle. That was when the Belgians came out of Antwerp on a *sortie*. We did laugh one day. They were bringing the German wounded in and one of the nuns wanted another mattress; and she went to a pile and there was a German soldier hidden. He said he had a headache; but we all had headaches that day from the noise. We all prayed that day till our mouths were dry.

"A German officer came down while we were praying; and he said: 'That's right! Go on praying.' He looked so frightened; and so did we, I suppose. They wouldn't let us little girls help nurse. Some of the older girls helped, but they wouldn't tell us anything. It was rather horrid going along the corridors, there was so much blood about. Oh, we did laugh, one day!"

Breathless, little Ellen danced away to a sentry who stood before a cottage that bore no mark of shot or fire. She saluted, with a laugh, and the sentry grinned.

"Headquarters!" little Ellen cried over her shoulder, and darted through the doorway; she came back with the word that the house was empty.

"I do not understand. I do not know." The sentry had no other answers for Peggy's questions.

A little Belgian girl, hardly older than Ellen, wheeling a barrow of manure, spoke only Flemish and could only point to the north; an old crone did the same; the little boys playing marbles stretched thin arms up the road.

The two coachmen—for a second carriage had followed the first to hold the children—had not seen what had become of monsieur. Did they think that monsieur had been arrested?

"A soldier came and took him away," said one.

Three more little Ellens came, pig-tailed, prim, out of the Convent gates, sizzling with bottled excitement, hugging small bundles, all dressed in black, all with sleeves too short, two without cloaks. Behind them came the nuns, half a dozen of them, all smiling, all glad at the escape of the last of the English, some blinking back tears as they kissed chubby faces; all proud of the round red cheeks of the children.

Peggy, despite preoccupations, was struck by the contrasting lean pallor of the nuns. She saw how they had denied themselves that the little ones should know no stint and that the villagers should have a bite. Of what use to them was the two thousand francs in the envelope in her hand?

"For your needy ones, dear Mère St. Ursule," she said, handing over the envelope; "and I brought a basket, too, exclusively for you and for the Reverend Mother. It is left on the sole condition that you keep it for yourselves."

Peggy was sure that unworldly, unselfish eyes gloated for a flashing instant as the coachman brought out a basket the weight of which bent him down. The children sighed happily at the sight of so much food, not knowing that their afternoon meal was thus lost to them.

"Where is monsieur?" Mère St. Ursule whispered.

Peggy pointed toward the north.

"I shall go that road," she said, "and find out."

The children all stood up and waved good-by as the carriage drove off; and the nuns watched them out of sight.

"How awfully jolly!" said Ellen. "But must we leave Mr. Fargo?"

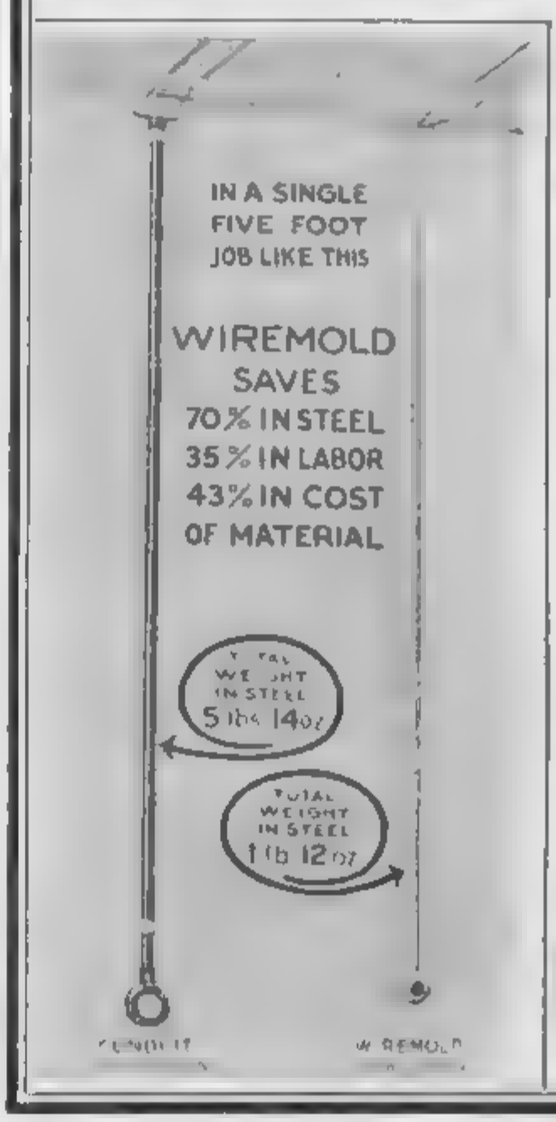
"I hope not," Peggy answered. "If we can't find out where he's gone we must turn back."

"Oh, that would be horrid!" Ellen said. "You're frightfully pale, Mrs. Fargo."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Wiremold Saves
Steel—Labor—Money

The illustration shows comparative installations of Wiremold and ½" steel conduit and the saving of 70% in steel, 35% in labor and 43% in cost of material which can be made with Wiremold at no sacrifice in electrical efficiency or mechanical protection.



Wirewold is far superior to conduit for most surface wiring and should be used wherever possible to save conduit for those purposes where nothing else will serve.

Wiremold is also much easier to install than conduit and inexperienced labor, which must now often be employed for wiring, makes a better, quicker job with it.

We will send you an introductory quantity of 100 feet of Wiremold and 15 packages of fittings (covering all requirements for the average job) for $15.88.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Installation Manual that shows many model installations. Free on request.

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Comment on the Week

An Anchor to Windward

THE next decade will certainly see a more or less extensive reappraisal of values. Taxes in the United States will be much higher than this generation has ever known, which means that the yield from most investments will be subject to a new discount.

Probably the war period, with its intense activity, easy credit and decided inflation, will be followed sooner or later by reaction when the wheels move more slowly and the trend of business is downward instead of upward. That has always happened in the past. How far it will go no one can pretend to foretell.

On the other hand, during the war period some businesses whose incomes are subject to legal restrictions—such as railroads and public-utility companies—may be quite adversely affected by rising costs of labor and materials.

Some other businesses are subject to an indefinite war contingency. For instance, we have recently seen the Government lay a heavy hand upon the whole coal-mining industry. War introduces possibilities of labor shortage; here and there it may involve denial of transportation facilities or stoppage of supplies of raw materials.

Any man, without being a chronic crape hanger, who looks about and ahead can see that his business and his investments—however little or big they may be—are going to be open to uncertainties of a sort that he does not usually reckon with.

One thing, however, is going to be beyond all uncertainty of every sort, and that is a United States Government bond. One can foretell absolutely what his net return from it is going to be. He can know absolutely that it will be good, and that he can always borrow pretty nearly its face value at the nearest bank.

Whatever his situation is, and however big or little his fiscal operations may be, a Government bond is going to be a very comforting possession, no matter what happens. A man with a Government bond has a sure anchor to windward.

Going on Trust

UNDER conditions which permitted their minds to operate normally a great many Germans would undoubtedly have entertained the gravest misgivings about unrestricted submarine warfare.

They had the record of thirty months which raised a strong presumption that if the war should be fought to a finish the side that could spend the most men, munitions and money must win. They knew the Allies decidedly outweighed them in resources, and that the United States could at least equal England in the matter of supplying men, munitions and money. A step which probably implied increasing their relative disadvantages to so great an extent would certainly have struck them with more or less dismay.

Unrestricted submarine warfare brought not only a distinct threat of war with the United States but a sharp protest from virtually every other neutral country in the world—with the prospect that, however the war ended, German trade when peace was reestablished would face the ill-will of the whole world.

Accepting that situation, in sole reliance upon a weapon which in thirty months' experience had by no means demonstrated its ability to cripple the enemy, would no doubt have struck millions of intelligent Germans as much too hazardous a gamble if they had been so conditioned that their minds operated normally.

A Shot That Missed

SENATOR BORAH recently said: "This Congress now assembled will mortgage the energy and capacity of the American people for the next two hundred and fifty years. When we think of the reluctance of a national debt, once established, to release its hold upon the sweat and toil of men we can well believe that two centuries and a half will still find a portion of this obligation, which we are so speedily imposing, a burden upon the people. One shudders to contemplate the deprivation, the self-denial, the suffering and the sacrifice which its payment will involve. With every necessary dollar expended no patriot will find fault. But if we falter in cutting out waste and extravagance we shall receive, and justly, the execrations of those who must meet this gigantic debt."

That far it sounds promising. But the Senator was not thinking or speaking at all of that waste which is directly and immediately controllable by Congress, because Congress directly causes it. He was not going to demand a budget system or any rational scheme for the management of national finance. He was not considering the extravagance of Congress' method of dealing with appropriations, for which President Wilson asked a remedy a year or more ago. He was thinking only of some sort of law to check profiteering.

The Senator fired a good shot, but instead of aiming at the target before his nose he aimed mostly at the air.

Another Good Thing

COMPARED with the Spanish-American War of only twenty years ago, our soldiers are ten times better cared for as regards their bodily well-being; ten times better protected from the hazard of disease—which in previous wars has been about as deadly as enemy bullets.

They are many times better cared for also as regards their mental and moral well-being. What the surgeon-general's staff is doing for their bodily health the Y. M. C. A., the Y. M. H. A. and the K. of C. are doing for their mental health. They have facilities for wholesome recreation and a scientific attention to those imponderable factors which keep men in good mental tone such as soldiers never before had. The work done by the Y. M. C. A. and their kindred organizations is literally invaluable. Experienced officers are first to vouch for its definite importance as a factor in winning the war. General Pershing, by no means given to extravagant statements, has said it increases the fighting efficiency of our forces ten per cent.

All through the battle reports runs the word morale. To state the number of men comprising an army is to state its mass or deadweight. Morale measures its velocity or driving force. Every general is anxious about that, as to his own troops and the troops opposed. These organizations build morale.

It takes money. Announcement has already been made of a campaign some time this fall for funds for the Y. M. C. A. and its allies. Be ready for it. Your Liberty Bond and War Savings Stamp money supplies the soldier with arms and food. Your Red Cross contribution dresses his wounds.

When the day's work is done and the man is spent, comes the Y. M. C. A. with a touch of cheer and comfort, a bit of pleasant relaxation, a hearty word. Do not stint that off-hour grace. You will be better for your contribution to it. The man in France will be a better soldier for it.

THE SNOB

(Continued from Page 16)

It was not that she had no sense of humor, but that she did not recognize Bill's nonsense to be nonsense. The fault was not hers but Bill's. Nothing is more dangerous than to jest upon strange ground with a stranger. Comedy is a lady of many faces.

III

WITH its rope ladders looped against the rafters behind netted flowers, and its wands, its Indian clubs and its wall pulleys buried under greenhouse bamboo, the great room might have been a platform in a forest for all the workaday associations remaining. Upon this occasion the forest effect was heightened by the use of rustic partitions between the booths.

Kathryn had been looking forward during the earlier evening to her first dance with Captain Bill, but now that she was claimed she found herself breathless and dumb. After a time she became aware that he was telling her about his ambitions. He was fitting himself to be a factory engineer, he told her; and he went on to

(Continued on Page 93)

Boys are hard on window shades!

Get a shade material especially made to resist wear!

YOUR window shades get just such strains as this when your children tumble about in their play.

If they are ordinary window shades, how soon they wrinkle, sag, and get full of cracks and pinholes!

You *can* get shades that are made to resist hard treatment—that are made to wear two or three times as long as ordinary shades.

Why Brenlin has such unusual wearing qualities

Chalk and clay are used to "fill" the loosely woven cloth of an ordinary shade. It lacks the very quality you buy shades for—durability. At your windows the material soon wrinkles and bags, the "filling" soon drops out, leaving cracks and pinholes.

Brenlin—the long-wearing window shade material—has not a particle of "filling." It is just fine, strong cloth. It hangs smooth and straight. No cracks, no pinholes! No fading in the sun, or spotting in the rain! You are amazed at the time it wears—and still looks well.

See Brenlin at your dealer's

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this wonderful wearing material. He can also show you Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin test in your dealers' shop. Look for the word "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy, and when your shades are hung.

If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades give you the greatest value obtainable in filled shades.

Draw your window shades to save fuel

It has been demonstrated that by drawing your window shades at night in cold weather you can save a great deal of the fuel required to keep a room up to the recommended 68 degrees.

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See that your shades are in good condition and keep them drawn in cold weather.

Free book on how to shade your windows

Send for this attractive book today. It suggests delightful ways to use the many charming Brenlin colors. With it we will send actual samples of Brenlin shade material in various shades.

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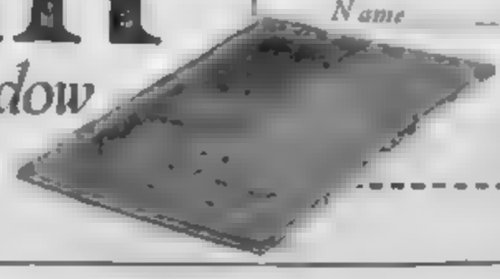

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The Shells Are Waterproof

What if The Black Shells do get wet! They'll chamber, fire and eject as if never touched by water.

If you don't know whether the shells you are now using are waterproof, make this test: submerge a handful in water for half an hour. Make the same test with some of The Black Shells.

The Black Shells won't soften or swell even under this drastic test. How about the others?

Try both kinds in your gun. The Black Shells will make you wish you'd known 'em before—when your numb fingers fumbled at a soggy shell while the game went winging by.

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

U. S. Metallic Cartridges have a world-wide reputation for exceptional uniformity and accuracy. The new U. S. 22 N. R. A. Long Rifle Lesmok Cartridges are the first small-bore cartridges accurate at ranges up to 250 yards. Equally good for target work and small game. Ask your dealer or send for a trial order to our nearest general selling agent.

General Selling Agents: National Lead Co., Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia; National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh, United Lead Co., New York; James Robertson Lead Co., Baltimore; Selby Smelting & Lead Co., San Francisco; Hingston-Smith Arms Co., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 90)

explain about the wonders of machinery, production figures, and what not, most of which went over her head. But the vibrant tones of his voice did not go over her head.

"It all seems very marvelous to me," she said. "I've enjoyed the dance so much." And she allowed herself to be conducted to her booth.

"Until the fifth," he reminded her, taking leave.

She smiled into his eyes.

"Until the fifth."

The immediate cause of the disaster was a conversation in the adjoining booth between a lightweight named Williams and a special student named Darrow, sometimes known as Beautiful Bells. Darrow's sobriquet had been gained through his reference in the presence of a physics man to "the overtones of education." But he meant well; he was fond of what he called his sense of humor; he never drank coffee or other impure water, whether hot or cold; and he sat at the fourth table beyond the one served by Bill Putnam.

Beautiful Bells was telling Williams a funny story about a substitute waiter named Max whom Bill Putnam had hired to take his table for the one meal. Seeing Bill had reminded him of it, and so on.

Had Kathryn waited out the story she might have learned more about Bill's social status. But she had already learned too much. Before the Bells was half through his account she had risen and crossed the booth, too furiously angry to trust herself in the neighborhood. When she became calmer she asked to see Harry Welland.

"Search me," replied her partner when Harry asked what was wrong. "We were talking about the bamboo decorations, and all at once she rose and sent me for you."

Kathryn Haynes, figure one, daughter of Violet the dollar sign and Jimmy the cipher, did not try to disguise her emotions when Harry at last appeared. Fortunately he was able to intrust Betty instead of some stranger to the partner, so as to talk with her alone.

"Did you make out my dancing card?" she asked.

"I? Certainly. Why?"

She held her program before him. "Did you give Mr. Putnam these dances?"

"I? Certainly." Then seeing that she was really angry: "What has Bill been doing now?"

"How much do you know about this—this man?"

"Just about everything. Why?"

"Did you know he was a common servant, a waiter in a dining room? Did you know he had to hire a substitute in order to dance with me? Did you know that?"

"I knew he waited on table. Certainly. Every man in college knows that. What of it?"

"You dared give me a dance with a servant?"

"I'd hardly call Captain Bill a servant, you know, Miss Haynes. He's earning his way through college. Bill's a student waiter. A man can work at anything while he's a student at State. He's judged by what he is."

"I find it hard to keep my temper!" she said. "I had not dreamed of such treatment!"

"I gave you the best we had," he protested.

"This man's name must be removed from my program! I will not dance with a waiter!"

"But, Miss Haynes! I can't tell Bill Putnam a thing like that, you know."

"I don't care what you tell him. Tell him there's a conflict. Anything you like."

"But Miss Haynes!"

"Perhaps you'd rather have me tell him—in public!"

"But don't you see? At State we do not distinguish between students in that way."

Harry persisted in his attempts to persuade her until he saw that this was useless. For, as the philosopher says, the madam will eat the argument when the cat eats the acorns. Then he agreed to revise her card as she wished.

Followed a conference with Whims Del Valle, whom by great good fortune he caught crossing the floor alone. He might have explained the situation with less lameness had there been more time. Whims, however, saw through his embarrassment instantly and clearly.

"You need three men who will take over Bill's dances with Miss Haynes. Is that it?"

"Without letting him know."

"Why the sudden aversion?"

"Some kind of a personal grouch," replied Harry.

"But why?"

"I think she heard he was a waiter. You see she's a city girl and ——"

"I see," said Whims dryly.

"I'd rather like to keep that out of it. Bill would feel like the devil."

"Naturally."

"Besides, he's as much my guest as the girl is."

"Does your sister know?"

"I told her just now."

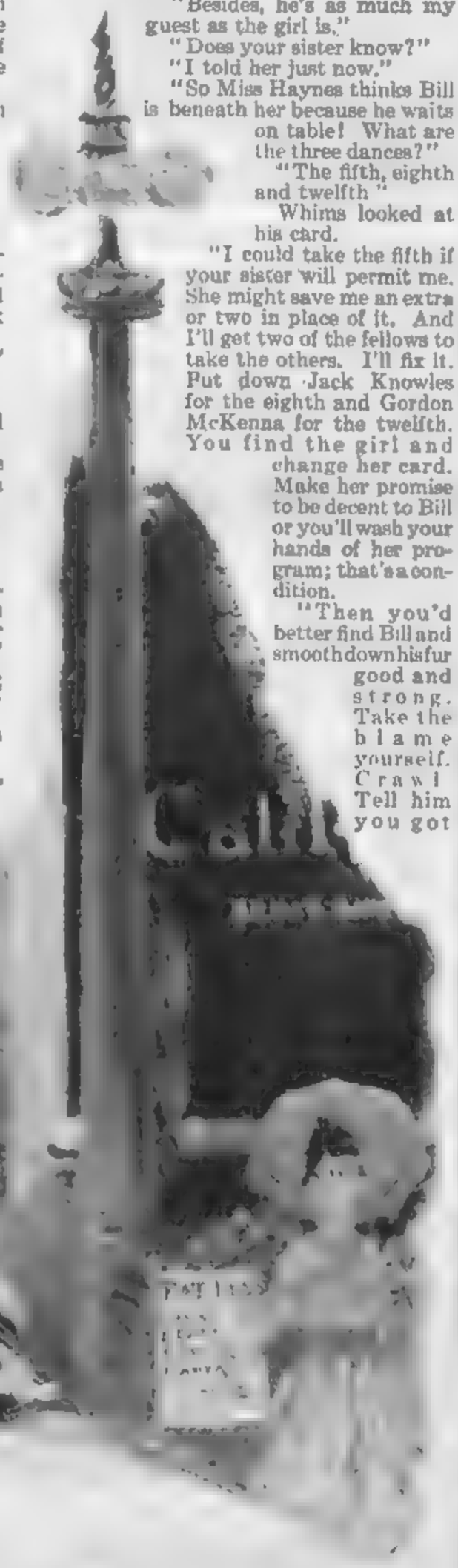
"So Miss Haynes thinks Bill is beneath her because he waits on table! What are the three dances?"

"The fifth, eighth and twelfth."

Whims looked at his card.

"I could take the fifth if your sister will permit me. She might save me an extra or two in place of it. And I'll get two of the fellows to take the others. I'll fix it. Put down Jack Knowles for the eighth and Gordon McKenna for the twelfth. You find the girl and change her card. Make her promise to be decent to Bill or you'll wash your hands of her program; that's a condition.

"Then you'd better find Bill and smooth down his fur good and strong. Take the blame yourself. Crawl. Tell him you got



Kathryn Drove Past, Leaving Poor Miss Blaine Standing, Red and Embarrassed, Upon the Curb

That's a *real* coat!

BOTH are *Patricks*—one a Mackinaw style, the other a handsome Great Coat—both made from our famous Patrick cloth, the wool of the "sheep that thrive in the snow."

Patrick garments come in many patterns, colors and a wide range of styles, but only one quality—all wool—"Bigger than Weather."

While we are producing a large supply of goods for the Government, we have been permitted to manufacture a limited quantity for dealers. This supply is all in the dealers' hands now.

This Patrick Label on Mackinaw, Great Coat, Sweater, Cap, Stocking, Robe or Blanket, means *all pure wool*. Write for the new catalog. We will direct you to some high-grade dealer.

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mills

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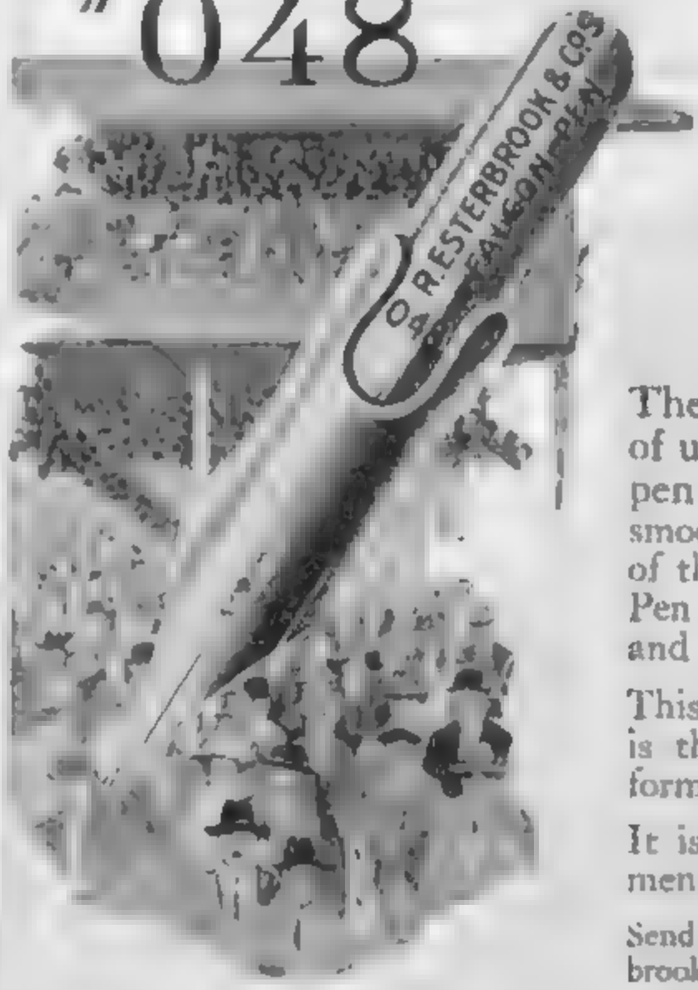

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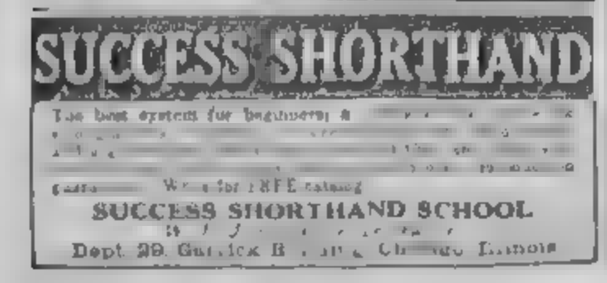

your wires crossed and you know you're all kinds of a two-by-four. He dances the fifth with Miss Means, you can tell him. Meanwhile I'll be learning who his partners are for the eighth and twelfth, and let you know."

"Don't blame Miss Haynes too much. If you were in her place ——"

"I'd do the same, of course," replied Whims; "and if she were in my place she'd carry an umbrella just as I shall do, and no one the worse for the lightning."

The earth might have revolved smoothly for Kathryn during the remainder of the evening, or at least more smoothly, had she let well enough alone. A woman can sometimes safely commit one murder where four would hang her. But by now she was excited and out of tune. There was a complication also; in her irritation at Harry Welland she was suspicious of the other dances he had arranged. Perhaps she had other waiters on her program. Her judgment was as unsettled as that.

Thus when Whims Del Valle was presented for the unhappy fifth he found the ground already plowed and harrowed; other seeds might fall among thorns or by the wayside, but not his seeds.

For Whims, who had not taken well the affront to Captain Bill, had suggested to Jack, of the eighth, and Gordon, of the twelfth, that they rid the ballroom of the daughter of James G. and Violet Haynes; the three of them, without help.

"Jiujitsu," he said. "Cook her over her own fire."

The plan he proposed was based upon the fact that all three were from Bill's table; and he went on to explain it more clearly.

"She'll take it to Harry," objected Gordon.

"What of it? Afterward, perhaps."

"She'll blow up when she finds out."

"Let her."

"Rough deal to hand a lady, don't you think, Whims?"

"Rough deal she handed Bill. That's why. If she stays he'll hear of it."

"And if she goes?"

"Why, he won't."

"Go to it, Whims," said Gordon. "I'll do my part in the play; and God bless Minnie, and Lizzie, and Uncle Ben, and Aunt Susan, and Cousin Kate; and keep the Kaiser German!"

Kathryn found Whims a fascinating companion and, to his surprise, he her. When interested she allowed her enthusiasm to lighten her features charmingly. He noticed that her expression now and then grew wistful; her thoughts at such times were beyond his analysis. At other times—these were at the beginning of their acquaintance—her body straightened tensely, her lips tightened and her eyes grew hard, and he knew she was thinking of the humiliation of dancing with Captain Bill.

He would have been startled had he known that she was thinking of Captain Bill on both occasions.

At the present moment she had just passed out of a mood of wistfulness. Whims had narrowed the subject to a point. The faintest suggestion of a flush had come into his thin face—a flush of shame for what he was about to do.

"It would have been football but I was overlight; and besides the practice fell at the wrong hour."

"Laboratory?" she asked idly.

"Outside work. Employment."

He felt the change that came over her; she did not so much shrink from him as cease to respond. Her mind seemed to pause, fluttering like a humming bird poised before a strange flower, if a thought movement can be described so.

"Last season I waited on table, and of course the waiters are on duty by five-thirty."

She saved herself with an effort.

"You were a—a regular waiter?"

"A student waiter. I worked in the Commons."

Kathryn was true to her training. As before the overwhelming social fact of service rushed into her eyes; thereafter she was her mother in little, the daughter of a stone house; the only child of a bank account, a fine lady; and Whims was the servant who stood behind her chair.

"Please take me to my booth," she said in her home voice, though the music had already stopped.

And that was the end of Whims.

Jack Knowles claimed Kathryn's eighth in due season, as Whims had promised. By now she had recovered from her anger. Jack, who was in a hurry to return to real life, dispensed with all strategy and cut the plate for a strike with the first ball pitched.

"I've been looking forward with interest to this number," he began pleasantly. "I've heard of Miss Haynes."

Kathryn, unsuspecting, expressed her gracious acknowledgment by a smile.

"From Betty Welland?" she asked, but giving the words a pleasing extension of meaning.

"My friend Bill Putnam spoke of you."

Kathryn did not reply.

"Bill and I are great friends. Same year. Same course. Same interests. Same outside work, like as not. Last fall we even waited on the same table."

Kathryn this time could not ask to be taken to her booth, for they had not yet left it, but she did demand to see Harry Welland.

"At once!" she cried.

The folly of it was so delightful that Jack could not resist the temptation.

"Very good, miss," he replied in servant's formula.

Which of course was the end of Jack; the end of the message to Harry, likewise.

Kathryn might have saved herself even now had she confided in Harry. Harry could have told her enough about Whims Del Valle and Jack Knowles to serve as a subject for thought during the remainder of her life. But by the time Harry appeared for his next dance she had become resentful and sullen. She had not spoken of Whims; neither would she of Jack. She allowed him to talk to her and that is all.

Kathryn maintained her martyr's attitude through the eleventh, which also belonged to Harry. She graciously permitted him the pleasure, but forced him to admit that the pleasure probably was all his. She was gloomy and silent throughout the dance; he was glad when the music stopped.

Eventually arrived the twelfth, formerly Bill Putnam's, but now by mesne assignment transferred to Gordon McKenna.

Gordon, like Whims, began by making his society delightful; and no one at State University knew how to do that better than he. He danced well, he was witty, he was sympathetic, tactful, knew important people. Before long he quite roused her out of her indifference. She almost forgot that she had ever been angry.

Other subjects came up: her school, her instructors, her friends; his courses, his instructors, his hobbies, his aims; books both had read, journeys each had taken. She was able to look at the evening in a new light.

Meanwhile Gordon was timing his speech, timing his smiles, timing even his position on the floor. She may have forgotten Captain Bill, but he had not done so.

Toward the end of the dance they somehow found themselves talking about the restaurants they had known. Kathryn agreed that such and such New York restaurants were such and such, and that the best San Francisco restaurants were this, that and the other. As for those of Chicago ——

"I can't endure the service," she said, "if you understand what I mean. Chicago isn't what I'd call a restaurant city."

"I've never waited in the Chicago restaurants, but I've heard that the pay is poor."

Kathryn's capacity for sustaining mental shock seems not to have been impaired, even now; she promptly went speechless; seeing which, Gordon, who was not a timid man, broke forth in an irritating chatter about his waiting experiences, imaginary and real.

"The bosses could make it easier, but they never do. Take the Commons. They say we may have to wear dress jackets next year.

"That means extra expense for cleaning and pressing, to say nothing of the starched linen."

Kathryn flushed at the reference, and her voice took on edge.

"Are you a Commons waiter too?"

"Yes," he replied quietly. "The fourth table from the door. I change off with Bill Putnam."

"And I thought you were—you were ——"

"A gentleman?"

"You may put it so."

This time Harry received his message. Kathryn abruptly informed Mr. Welland that she was tired of the Prom and wished to be returned to Hanna Hall. He need not disturb Betty, she said. Getting her wraps

(Continued on Page 97)

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(Continued from Page 94)

she wriggled into them, was handed into a car, and a few minutes later said good night and plunged into the dormitory.

Once in her room Kathryn wept a little, as anger loves to do. Then she began snatching off her finery. After a while she crawled into bed, where she lay brooding over her wrongs until long after Betty had returned. She hated Harry Welland, hated Whims Del Valle, Jack Knowles, Gordon McKenna, hated even Betty. Especially she hated and despised that most contemptible of all student waiters, Captain Bill Putnam, the biggest man in college.

The next morning she began packing her suitcase before Betty was up. When Betty made inquiries she sputteringly explained what had happened.

"I shall never forgive your brother," she said. "Taking me to a waiters' ball!"

"But, my dear!" cried Betty, astounded into wakefulness.

She told her then; and because of what Kathryn had said about Brother Harry she did not take the trouble to spare her. She explained that Whims Del Valle was a member of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Los Angeles. She understood Kathryn was from the Coast. Where could she have been living not to know this? He may have waited on table. If he said he had he had. What of it? He numbered among his friends the Gayley Brents of Newport.

And Jack Knowles! She surely knew that he was the son of a former secretary of war and sole heir to a fortune of thirty millions. Waiters' ball, indeed!

And Gordon McKenna, of the Honolulu McKennas—she surely had not called him a waiter! Gordon's father was so rich that he hardly knew himself what he was worth. Anyone in San Francisco could have told her.

EMOTION is always complex; like white light it consists of many blended colors, none of which is separably visible except after analysis with a prism. It is always transient; the human spirit cannot be kept at tension indefinitely. It has no sharp limits in time, but shades off insensibly into its beginnings and its endings. It has no universal language, but finds expression in a Mona Lisa, a Hamlet, a Moonlight Sonata, or the billingsgate of a fishwife. It is, therefore, of all human responses the one most frequently misunderstood.

Kathryn listened, angry, resentful, injured; then startled; then appalled; then with a consciousness of a spreading stain of shame through her soul that deepened like ink in water.

Yet she gave no sign that she minded, but continued her departure preparations.

"You are not going?" asked Betty.

Kathryn snapped the catches of her suitcase and donned her hat. Then, still outwardly the daughter of her mother the dollar sign, but inwardly almost suffocated with self-contempt, she unlocked the door.

"My dear, I oughtn't to have spoken so. I'm sorry. Wait until after breakfast before you go. Harry will never forgive me."

"I was going anyhow," said Kathryn. "It wasn't your fault."

Closing the door softly she stole out into the hall and down the stairway to the lobby, where she telephoned for a taxi. Then she seated herself to wait for it. Five minutes later, such was the distance to the nearest stand, she was out of the dormitory and on the way to the station. Betty from her window saw her leave.

Twenty minutes later still Harry and Betty, both hastily dressed, were also on their way to the station.

"She's impossible," said Harry. "Besides, she can't leave town at this hour. The next train out is due at eight-thirty. We'll drag her off to breakfast. By that time she may be feeling better."

But she was not at the station. Neither was she at the Crawford, the only hotel in town she would have patronized. No one at either place had seen her.

"She must have hired a car and beat it. Either that or bought one. No use looking for her further. We did all we could. Let's go to breakfast."

Whereupon they returned to the campus, Betty to Hanna Hall, Harry to the Commons to be served his eggs and toast by Bill Putnam, the cause of all the trouble.

Harry was not so far wrong about Kathryn's disappearance. She had not bought a car to carry her away, nor hired one either; but she had remained in the taxi and continued her drive. The morning was warm for February; the car was comfortable; she wished to be alone.

"Take me out on some good road," she said. "How far? Eight or ten miles. Until I'm tired. I'll tell you."

She had driven nearer fifteen before turning back.

The same unreality of training that had led to Kathryn's snobbish act of the night before led likewise to the bizarre reaction. No other explanation is needed. She was more the child of Violet Haynes in her fantastical abasement than she had ever been when snubbing waiters, though I fear that Violet would be puzzled to guess how this could be. The idea occurred to her, pleased her, seized her.

"I'm not hungry," she said on her return to town. "Take me to a small restaurant. Clean, of course. Is there such a place?"

"Mrs. Brady's is the smallest. Six stools and two tables. Is that what you mean, lady?"

"I'll look at Mrs. Brady's place."

Here she had breakfast: a sliced orange, buttered toast, coffee, and because the coffee was good and she was unhappy, a second cup. After she was through she stopped at the desk to talk with Mrs. Brady.

"I want to buy this place," she said. "How much do you ask for it?"

Such was the wild idea that had seized her; an idea, one would think, more likely to lead to further agony than to happiness. The details of the bargain may be passed; she bought the hole-in-the-wall, fans, pans and plaster, and paid for it with her own check at a price under that of the gown in her suitcase, stipulating that Mrs. Brady remain as cook and that no one be told of the sale. She wished to learn the restaurant business, she said.

What she wished to learn was the sackcloth-and-ashes business. She desired to become a waitress.

Captain Bill Putnam heard of Mrs. Brady's new waitress from Jimmy Whalen, who ate his breakfasts in town. He thereupon cut his ten-o'clock section in kinetics and proceeded to investigate.

He saw her instantly he opened the door, and she him. "I was afraid you had forgotten me," he said.

Kathryn colored to the eyes. She had held out her hand for the coal, but now that it was about to fall into her palm she was not so eager to receive it, for she did not dream that Captain Bill was ignorant of her snub.

Had she given him her fingers he would have realized how she was trembling, and she how charged he was with emotion. But she withheld them.

"How long have you been here?" he managed to ask.

"Oh—a long time!"

The reply was obviously evasive, her manner none too cordial. Bill was conscious that water had flowed beneath the bridge since last he talked with her. And yet he remembered her former graciousness too vividly to be discouraged by her present coolness.

"Harry did not tell me," he said.

"Harry doesn't know."

"You haven't returned here to live?"

"I haven't yet been away."

"You were here Saturday?" he asked reproachfully.

"Yes."

"Oh, Miss Haynes!"

"If Harry told you I left it was because he believed it. Betty too. Betty saw me leave for the station."

"Why did you do it? Why did you?"

"You surely know why I left."

"The last word I had from you was when we were both looking forward to the fifth dance. I had to dance it with another girl. Harry made a mistake in your partners."

Kathryn read in his eyes that he was speaking the truth. He did not yet know. Harry Welland had not told him; nor had his avengers. She felt both relieved and grieved that the point of her action was lost on him.

"And your solemn promise, Miss Haynes—you broke that! I was to have made you some diamonds in the laboratory. Don't you remember?"

"I do remember," she said.

"I suppose you're entering college," continued Bill, glancing about the room.

She had not counted on having to explain her employment with Mrs. Brady, and could not reply.

"Frankly, I'm glad. Perhaps you'll let me help you in getting started."

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"I'm not sure I shall take work. I'm not sure about anything any more."

"Oh, you'll pass your entrance!"

For her encouragement he told her how he himself had entered, though shy several credits. He also gave her his ideas of some of the possible men under whom she might enlist. His instinct was for the sciences; he was probably a poor guide for a girl.

After that the conversation became more personal, and therefore more absorbingly interesting.

Bill remained until his own duties as a student waiter rendered further truancy impossible. Even the biggest man in college was obliged to obey the rules.

"I'll look in this evening," he told her.

"I may be pretty busy."

"Not to bother you. Just to see how things are going."

He left her feeling that the time he was forced to spend away from her was wasted.

When Whims Del Valle was told that his pretty fifth partner of the Friday before was a hash-slinger in a six-stool restaurant, though Jimmy Whalen did not phrase it so, he laughed skeptically. He knew a great deal better, he said; her family was not one to care much even for the foot-rest side of a lunch counter, let alone the gas-range side; and anyhow he knew the origin of the story, which had got a little twisted since beginning life.

"You don't believe me?"

"How can I?"

"I tell you I saw her!"

"I once saw a man climb a string into the clouds. You can't believe all you see."

"But I know her!"

"Get to talk with her?"

"I don't mean personally, but by sight. I noticed her so particularly because I wanted to meet her, and Harry Welland stood me off."

"You've got your wires crossed, Jimmy. This girl is no waitress. Never was one, never will be one. This girl hires her waitresses. She would drop dead if she had to wait on anybody or anything, even her own mother, even herself, even a car. She would! I know!"

"That sounds wise, but it doesn't square with fact. You have got your own wires crossed. Look in at Mrs. Brady's restaurant and see."

"Why under heaven should Miss Haynes be working for Mrs. Brady?"

"Ask her. She's there; that's all I know."

Whims promised to look in, and dismissed the story from mind. He did not even remember to speak of it to Gordon McKenna on the way to luncheon.

He might never have thought of it again had Jimmy not stopped him on his way to a two o'clock.

"About Miss Haynes," he began apologetically. "I hope you don't imagine I think the less of her for what she is doing. It may have sounded odd, the way I put it. I merely meant ——"

"I know. Nothing like that, Jimmy, old boy. You assumed she was in residence and were surprised. You would be, naturally. So should I be."

"Look in at Mrs. Brady's restaurant and see for yourself," repeated the other.

"Sure you're not advertising this Mrs. Brady?"

Jimmy flushed. "I've spoken of it to one man besides yourself. I told Bill Putnam."

"Bill seem interested?" asked Whims, flashing him a look.

"I couldn't make him out."

"He wouldn't be. Did he make any promises?"

"You mean about calling? The matter didn't come up."

"I will for him. I'll look at this very unusual young woman you're interested in and tell you what her name isn't," said Whims. "Then we'll all know."

He kept his promise that evening on the occasion of an errand to the post office. Walking slowly along, as if glancing at the shop windows, he passed Mrs. Brady's restaurant. The room was well lighted; he could see the interior clearly—the two tables at the right, the counter opposite, with its six stools, the range, Mrs. Brady, the new waitress.

What he saw caused him to stare in amazement. Jimmy had been right; the girl was Kathryn Haynes. There was no mistaking his waiter hater of Friday night. That she was unquestionably a waitress he saw also, for she was serving a customer. To his further amazement this customer proved to be the man she had especially snubbed, Captain Bill, the biggest man in college, at present engaged in eating a second dinner. Bill had been interested, after all.

He did not arrive at the explanation instantly, but when he saw it he understood.

"The audacious little devil!" he muttered as light came. "The kid has tumbled to herself and is trying to save her soul! I wouldn't have thought she had it in her!"

When he reached his room he rounded up his jiujitsu brothers and there was a discussion of Kathryn Haynes, pro and con, that lasted until the lights dipped for the ten o'clock signal to think of bed.

"A grand-stand maneuver!" said Jack Knowles.

"Eating crow," said Gordon.

But Whims dissented. "I doubt if she's thinking of us at all. When you play to the grand stand you have an audience. When you eat crow you have an object; you back down to keep something from happening to you. There's nothing of either here; no audience, no calculation of profit. This is a kind of self-flagellation, a torturing of the flesh for the sake of peace of mind. Haven't you ever wanted to butt your head into every tree you passed? I have. That's what Miss Haynes is doing."

"We've all felt like kicking ourselves now and then," admitted Gordon, swinging over.

But Jack Knowles insisted that if not a grand-stand play her act at least was utterly unreal.

"Unreal as much as you please, but likable. Give her that credit."

"If it's likable it can't be unreal," said Gordon. "Give her that credit too."

"I'll agree I rather like her for it. I don't at all object to having her."

"How about it?"

"Why not dig up Harry Welland and have him and Whims here ask her?"

They asked for her at Mrs. Brady's the following morning. She was out, Mrs. Brady said. No, she would not be gone long. Wouldn't they sit down and wait? Half an hour? Five or ten minutes. The drug store for something for a burn. Then they would wait, if they might.

The daughter of Violet Haynes had closed the door and started across the room before she recognized the visitors.

"That is Miss Haynes," said Mrs. Brady, indicating.

A stranger might have felt that she stood as if facing intruders; that she was haughty, resentful, angry, utterly hostile. And when she looked over her shoulder toward the door he might have been disposed to shrug his shoulders and let her harden into salt, like the most foolish lady in history. Whims, however, who was spokesman, saw through her frightened haughtiness. The girl was writhing with shame and embarrassment; she was both wearing a mask and looking for a chance to escape.

The thing that followed was not in the least what she expected. Whims began talking as if he had but just left her after a pleasant dance:

"I was telling Mrs. Brady of a rabbit named Sophocles that got fenced in on a ranch near Ventura and had to live for a year on nothing but string beans; and when he was through his hair had all twisted into tendrils."

"I maintained there was no point to the story," said Harry, falling in with the tone. "Besides, you can't fence in a rabbit."

"You can near Ventura. Leave it to Miss Haynes. But what we called for was to deliver an informal invitation. Our bunch is giving a rabbit party Saturday after next and we'd like to include you."

"I shall be very glad," Kathryn heard herself reply.

The Kennedys, who were not friends, liked to say that Violet Haynes was sure to go to heaven because the streets there were of gold, but Kathryn probably would not like the service. They never could have heard of Mrs. Brady's waitress, nor could they have heard what I have known for some weeks—that Kathryn is engaged to be married to a former servant, student-waiter Bill Putnam, now Lieutenant Putnam, U. S. A., of the National Army. The Kennedys liked to say also that our happiness is at the disposal of our friends, but our wealth never; which likewise is untrue—or Kathryn would not have given her restaurant to her cook. If the secret of happiness were in the possession of our friends we should all be as happy as Kathryn is—and we are not. Some of us never will be.

"Water's Partner!"

CAR OWNERS know you can't wash a car clean with a hose. Water needs help. And what is so effective for rubbing and rinsing—as a good sponge!

Now owners are urged to wash their own cars. To make your car glisten, wash it as your garage man does—with the *right* sponge!

He never picks a sponge by size. "Buy a big, flimsy sponge at the price of a sandwich," says he, "and it's gone as soon!" He side-steps coarse, hard, sandy, dirty sponges—they would ruin the finish! Above all, he dodges a *nameless* sponge!

He uses "Colossus" Automobile Sponges because they're standard! Selected species, selected pieces. Soft, strong, deep-water sponges! Assorted sizes, and prices—in individual cartons, certified by our price-tag and "Colossus of Rhodes" trade-mark. At most dealers'—buy by the "Colossus" tag.

MOTHERS know water does not cleanse. Baby's bath requires an invigorating *rub*, then copious *rinsing*. Only a sponge is soft as lace, clean as sunlight, cool as seafoam—picking up and showering down quarts of water as needed. A good sponge is "water's partner"!

"Colossus" Bath Sponges are the sea's choicest—perfect in form, soft, tough; bleached by Rhodes' special process, absolutely sanitary, unweakened in fiber!

Every "Colossus" Bath Sponge comes in its own dust-proof, glassine wrapper. On it we print the price to you and our "Colossus of Rhodes," the "sterling" mark of pure sponges. A dozen sizes, grades and prices to choose from.

Why puzzle over *nameless*, ungraded sponges? Buy "Colossus" Sponges as you do soap or talcum—your favorite grade, in a sanitary package, standard everywhere. Look for the "Colossus" price-band.

MANAGERS! Does your plant use sponges by the bale? Pound for pound, they may cost you a third as much as sterling silver! Would you buy silver without mark or guaranty?

Are you buying *nameless* sponges, perhaps not even inspected for mixed grading or deliberate "loading"?

Why guess? Nothing's easier now than to get pure, unadulterated sponges, guaranteed for size, count, kind and grade!

Just specify "Colossus"—see that the "Colossus of Rhodes" label is on the bale. Then you're sure of maximum sponge service. Rhodes & Company handle no "loaded" or adulterated sponges, and guarantee every "Colossus" bale as specified throughout.

Purchasing agents are burdened—assistants changing. Some managers will blue-pencil this page and hand to the buyer. Why not you?

Colossus Sponges

James H. Rhodes & Company

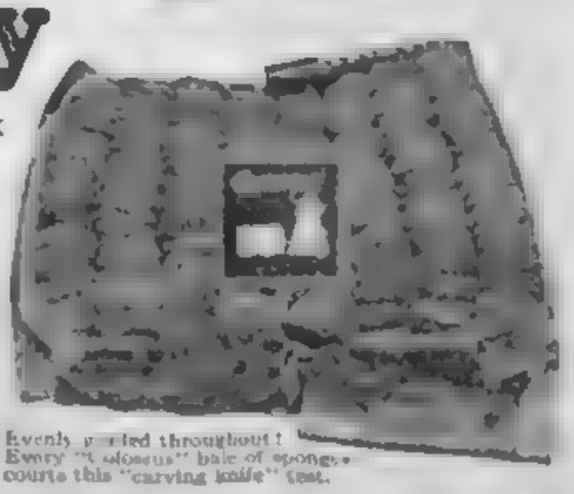
153–159 W. Austin Ave., Chicago

Leading stores supply "Colossus" Sponges for all household purposes—handsomely displayed, in individual dust-proof containers, priced and guaranteed by us. No guess-work for salesman or customer; quick sales; satisfied trade; no shop-worn stock; no losses. Retailers whose jobbers cannot supply them, write us at once.

"If It's Rhodes' It's Pure"

115–117 Fulton St., New York

The "Colossus of Rhodes" is the mark of high quality on many essential industrial supplies: "Colossus" Cleaners for all purposes, Pumice, Emery, Brick Tripoli, Steel Wool, Buffs, Felt Wheels, Cut Felt, etc.



Evenly graded throughout! Every "Colossus" bale of sponges courts this "carving knife" test.

This Is Our Word of Honor

THIS watermark is our word of honor to the public. We have said so in our advertising for many years. It is our guarantee to you that every sheet of Hammermill Bond is of fixed quality that does not vary.

The clear, white, sharply-defined outline of each letter in this watermark distinguishes every sheet of Hammermill Bond.

As a matter of war economy and in co-operation with the Government, we have cut six colors from our line, and Hammermill Bond is now made in Pink, Blue, Green, Canary, Goldenrod, Buff and White, and in three finishes, producing a bond, a ripple, and a linen effect.

The Hammermill Portfolios add Hammermill co-operation to Hammermill standard of quality. They contain up-to-date, time-saving office forms, printed on Hammermill Bond. Write to us, and we will send you the portfolio which will help you most in your business. The complete set will be sent to any printer.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Manufacturers of the Utility Business Papers

PRO BONEHEAD PUBLICO

(Continued from Page 7)

And then they all sat down and took in my dress and hat and I theirs, and we was very amiable and refined and I felt so glad I had picked such a good bunch and wished Pattie would hurry so's we could commence, when lo! as the poet says, my wish was granted, for in come Pattie and with her her friend, and my Gawd if it wasn't Ruby Roselle!

Well, far be it from me to say anything about any lady, only pro-Germans is pro-German by any other name, as Shakspere says, provided you can find it out, and I had once got the goods on Ruby, or at least on a good friend of hers. And here she was, butting in on a gathering of would-be Dolly Madisons and Moll Pitchers and everything, and I wouldn't of invited her for the world if only Pattie had mentioned her name. But here she was, all dressed up like a plush horse and so friendly it got me worried right away. Anyone which has seen Ruby in her red, white and blue tights will at once realize what I mean, though nothing but the tights was ever proved against her. What on earth she wanted with our committee was very suspicious, because why would she ever of taken a expensive and difficult present like a baby alligator from a German, which she once done, if not pro, her ownself?

But time for starting something had sure come if we was ever to get lunch, or to the matinée, so I got them all seated and commenced—a little weak in the knees, which it was a good thing I was seated, but strong in the voice, so as to start the moral right—do you get me?

"Ladies of the Theatrical Ladies W. S. S. Committee," I began, being determined not to waste no time on formalities, which it has always seemed to me that on such occasions a lot of gas is used up in them which would of run the machine quite a ways if applied properly. We all knew we was the Theatrical Ladies W. S. S. Committee and I was the chairman, so why waste words making me it? "Ladies," I says, "I have a letter from President Wilson asking me to get to work, and so I have formed a committee to sell twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of War Savings Stamps on the first of the month. I sat right down and wrote him I would do it, and here we are. Of course, this being the twenty-ninth of the month the notice is short. Probably he didn't expect us to really get to work until next month, but personally myself I think we should surprise him by getting the money by Saturday night, which Saturday is the first. Now you committee ladies is here to discuss how will we do it. I would be glad to hear ideas, suggestions, and so on."

Well, nobody said anything for a few minutes, only Ruby put a little powder on her nose and looked at it critical in her vanity-case mirror, which well she might, for Gawd knows she had powder enough on her already. Then Madame Broun, the lady barytone, cleared her throat.

"I would be glad to give a recital," she said, swelling up her neatly upholstered black satin bosom, "and turn over the money it brings in. I presume the Government would hire the theater for me."

"Well," I says, "that is a real nice suggestion only not quite practical. You see it wouldn't be right to ask the Government to pay for the theater in case it was a wet day and only a few came in out of the rain. Any more ideas?"

The blond Dahlia sister spoke up then.

"Whatever you suggest goes with me, Marie," she says, which was terrible sweet of her, only it's a darn sight easier to give a proxy than a good suggestion, which I did not however mention, Blondie being a real fine girl and a willing worker, as I knew well.

"I thought of course it was a benefit we would give," put in Pattie in a voice which just plain dismissed every other possibility. "I have a new patter to Yankee Doodle with a red, white and blue spot on me, at front center and the rest of the house dark. It ought to go big about the center of the program."

After which modest little suggestion she sunk gracefully back into her seat and commenced shadow-tapping the tune with her feet under the committee table.

"Well, benefits is always possible," I said, "and of course we could have it with admission by W. S. S. only. But it's been done a lot, and three days ain't so very much time in which to get it up in a way which would do your act justice," I says.

"Ah, *chéries!*" says Mlle. Du Champs. "*Mes petites!*" she says, whatever that was. "I have ze gran' idea—perfect! I will make ze speech on ze steps of ze library of ze Public at Forty-second Street and Feeth Avenoo. I will arise, I will stretch my han', I will call out '*Cityonnes!* 'Urry up queek! Your countree call you. *Formez vos bataillion!*' And while I make ze dramatic appeal ze ozzers can collect twenty-five t'ousand dollar from ze breathless crowd!"

She had got up on her box-toed shoes and was making the grandest gestures you ever see. Honest to Gawd I do believe that girl has herself kidded into believing the Paris she was born in was France, not Indiana. I kind of waved at her, and when she had flopped back into her place, completely overcame by her emotions, I suggested that maybe the library wasn't as public as it looked, being generally occupied of a fine afternoon by wounded soldiers making the same line of talk, and of course Mlle. Du Champs would be more *chic* and all that, but would she be let?

"Of course she wouldn't!" says Ruby, coming out of her vanity case for a minute. "Of course not! My idea is that we all chip in, say, about seven thousand five hundred, and let it go at that!"

Somehow this cheap-Jack way of getting out of doing any work just by spending a little money got my goat something fierce. Beside which it was Ruby's idea of patriotism and all against W. S. S. rules and everything, but for the minute I was so floored I couldn't speak. The dark Dahlia did it for me, though, and much more contained than I could of at the time.

"That's mighty generous, Miss Roselle," she says just as sweet, "only you see me and Blondie has each got our thousand dollars' worth, and one person can't get more," she says.

"Well, I'll take a thousand dollars' worth then," says Ruby; and I could see very plain that the matter was finished in her mind. And what would you expect different after them patriotic tights of hers?

"I'll take a thousand also," put in Madame Broun. "To tell the right truth I haven't a one. What do you do with them—stick them on the backs of letters like Tuberculosis or Merry Christmas?"

Well, we explained they was not additional burden to the postman but more or less of an investment. And then the awful truth come out that Pattie hadn't none either, and that Mlle. Du Champs had always thought they was to put on tobacco boxes and candy and everything you stored up in the house to eat, though Gawd only knows how she got that idea except, of course, it's the truth that most people is boobs, outside of their own line.

Well, anyways, we took in four thousand right then and there, and so all that remained was twenty-one. Ruby undertook to sell another three among her personal friends, and the Dahlias said they thought they could raise as much more between theirselves. Then when Mlle. Du Champs and Madame Broun had concluded to take on three apiece there was nine thousand dollars' worth of friendless little stamps with nobody to love them but me.

Well, with no better schemes than benefits and concerts and talks in sight, I see it was up to me to bite off the biggest slice of pie my own self, so I said I'd take the remainder. Of course, with my influence and name and all, I would of had no trouble getting rid of them by only the asking of prominent men like Goldringer and Rosco and the dancing-trust people, beside a few more personal ones. And then, when we had got this far, I see some of the ladies commence looking at their wrist watches for other reasons than to show they had them, and so hustled up the last of the business, which was merely how would we print our forms for subscribers to fill out. Ruby suggested a gilt-edged card, tinted violet, with whatever lettering I chose, and while I didn't care for it I agreed, being hungry myself.

"I do think it is awful fine of you to take on that big amount," said Pattie. "But you always was generous, Marie; I will say that for you."

"Ladies," I said, "no thanks where they don't belong! Because I am undertaking this sale for far other reasons than you suppose."

But since everybody by then plainly cared more for their lunch than my reasons

The Green Signal

War materials are the only shipments that have the right of way on the railroads—yours must wait its turn.

Bethlehem Internal Gear Drive Motor Trucks have the green signal on all roads. There are no waits—no delays—they stand up and deliver.

1½ Ton Chassis	2½ Ton Chassis	3½ Ton Chassis
$1765	$2165	$3265

F. O. B. ALLENTOWN

Gray and Davis Electric Starting and Lighting is standard on all models.

Take everyone's advice and examine a Bethlehem.

BETHLEHEM MOTOR TRUCKS

From California to France

JOHN B. MATTHEW, of California, *like you,* has two obligations: one to his country and the other to himself.

He will fulfill both, for he is that kind of a man.

Two years ago Matthew entered college. He borrowed money to do it.

He is now daily expecting his call to the Colors and he is anxious to go; but if he can, he wants to clear up his personal obligations first.

The method by which he is doing it will interest *you.*

$250.00 a Month

His friend, Lloyd Hall, had earned over $10,000.00 and paid all his college expenses by representing *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* He advised Matthew to try the subscription business this summer. He did.

This was the result: His June profits were $235.00. In July they exceeded $250.00. And he was wholly new at the work!

Have you any money obligations? Or do you need extra money—$20.00, $50.00, even $100.00 a month in addition to your present income? Or have you spare time that you would like to convert into Thrift Stamps?

We will make you the same offer that we made Matthew—the liberal salary and commission offer under which our representatives earn more than a half *million dollars* each year—scores of them averaging a dollar an hour profit!

It costs you only three cents (for a stamp) to learn all about it. No obligation. Just clip off and mail us the coupon TODAY.

The Curtis Publishing Company
604 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can make money by your plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City *State*

we parted, agreeing to send the money to my place on Sunday morning. But I will here set down my unspoken reasons, which was, that fine as it is to walk out to your rich friends and pluck a thousand worth of stamps per each off them, and of course nobody but thinks the rich should have them, too, I had a strong hunch that the reason for selling stamps at five dollars, or even two bits, was because everyone could get in on a good thing that way. Somehow there seemed something too up-stage about going in only for the high spots, and after ordering the cards I hurried home full of determination to make a stab at selling to the common herd and with a terrible appetite and anxious as could be over getting to the theater on time.

Well, the first was doomed to a immediate disappointment because there was only cereal for lunch. Believe you me, it give me sort of a jolt when I sat down to so little, and ma's face was not any too cheering. We commenced to eat in silence, which being both perfect ladies was the only thing to do, as it was also burned. But after a minute ma lay down on the job. She pushed her dish over toward me in disgust.

"Try that on your piano, Mary Gilligan!" she said.

"Well, ma, you know what war is," I says. "And we'll get a good meal at the Ritz to-night to make up!"

Well, anyways, sustained more by patriotism than by what I had eat I did my twenty minutes at the show and then set out to put over a scheme I had all hatched out in my head for using places which were already kind of organized, as my selling agents—do you get me? And the first place I went was to Maison Rosabelle's because, believe you me, that cheap dress I had bought off her needed a plastic surgeon by then. Maison was as usual giving a unconscious imitation of a trained seal, switching gracefully round the store with a customer which she was hypnotizing into all forgetfulness of prices. But finally I got her alone long enough to express what I thought about the dress, and any lady will be able to imagine what that was. Then I asked her could she fall in with my scheme, which was on Saturday to take only Thrift Stamps or W. S. S. for each purchase and sell them the stamps herself. Maison didn't enthuse over the idea, though she's rich at that.

"Why, dearie! Not on a bet!" she said. "It ain't that I'm not patriotic, but this establishment is exclusive!"

Well, I seen there was no use arguing with her, and I guess there never is with a woman which is marcelle-waved every day of her life, not to mention that cheap fake of a dress. Next one I buy of her without a guaranty will be for her funeral! So I just left her flat and went over to Chamberlain's. Of course it takes a whole lot more brains to run a enormous cabaret and restaurant like his than Maison has to use, if less nerve, he not coming personally into contact with the customers like she does, and I counted on this. I went in by the main door, where a lady sat selling W. S. S., and she bored me to death with them while a captain went to find Chamberlain. When I seen him coming I tried to assume that sprightly and convincing manner of the sidewalk W. S. S. hounds, but was overcome with that deep-seated sense of being about to make a flivver, which also shows on most of them. However, Chamberlain was a genial good soul and was crazy over stamps. But he had beat me to it on the admission only by buying stamps on Saturday night.

"Better try among your rich friends, Miss La Tour!" he said. "And you'll be surprised how many you'll sell. That's the easiest way, unless you use a gun!"

"I don't want to sell to my friends," says I. "I want to sell to everybody—get folks to chip in. The chipping-in idea is what is so good—get together and all that."

Well, believe you me, after this I tried a dozen places, and every one of them, stores and all, where I had any influence or charge account, had got theirselves so full of W. S. S. schemes that I felt like a helpless babe in arms, as the poet says, before I was through. There was no room for my little nine thousand dollars' worth any place; they had all stocked up, and what to do next I had no idea

On the way to the Ritz that night ma didn't talk steady like she usually does, and seemed kind of low in her mind, and maybe in her stomach also, which I was the same by then. Not to mention the censor, which it is better not to for fear I might say what I thought.

But anyways, no sooner was we inside the hotel than two society swells tackled us for W. S. S. Oh, they was democratic, just! They spoke right to us, and everything! But my goat was got by it.

"A regular hold-up!" I whispered to ma. And as I spoke them fateful words I remembered that I owned a gun, which it was left from a piece I done for the movies and I had kept it for a souvenir. Of course I dismissed the thought at once like the sensible woman I am, but somehow it wouldn't exactly stay away.

Did you ever get to seeing things as they really was and wondering why on earth people go through such a lot of motions pretending things is not what they seem, as some guy so truly says—do you get me? As soon as I had said "hold-up" and realized that it was actually being necessary to hold up people in order to get them to make a safe investment which would earn them a good net profit while saving their fool lives, I got so raving mad that a gun seemed too good for them. And mad at myself, too, for not seeing sooner how much my own Jim's welfare was hanging onto my shoulders. Somehow up to then I had really a idea that the bunch down in Washington was relieving me of all trouble and responsibility about this war. But now I seen it wasn't so. If the G. A. P. or Great American People was actually such boobs that they didn't flock up and wish their life savings onto such a scheme, they had ought to be made to, same as ma used to hold my nose for my own good, and, believe you me, I can taste that oil to this day!

Well, anyways, this philosophy stuff kept going through my mind while running up a considerable check, which Gawd knows we needed it or the undertaker would of conscripted us. And then all of a sudden who did I see but Ruby Roselle, only two tables away, and with her a husky young lounge lizard which goes round with her a lot. You know—one of the kind whose favorite flower is the wild oat, but never has anything to spend except the evening. And him and Ruby had their heads together and was watching me like the German spies in a movie which everyone in the audience spots except their victims, which of course are looking at the director close up front, which is certainly the only reason they are fooled.

Well, anyways, I was surprised to see Ruby, because Broadway places is more her speed, and I never see her in such refined surroundings before. But I, realizing about her kind of patriotism, I commenced wondering wasn't she there to watch me? Though for what reason I had no idea.

That night after the show I asked Goldringer wouldn't he use the admission by W. S. S. Saturday, and he wouldn't because he had it on for one of his other theaters. And so I went home in despair and a taxi, and was cheered by a empty letter box.

Friday morning the cards come—a thousand of them—and certainly more elegant looking than I had expected, I will say that for Ruby, and reading as follows:

The Theatrical Ladies W. S. S. Committee will deliver to _____
of _____ worth of W. S. S.
on presentation of this card. Payment
for same is hereby acknowledged.

Then came a blank which it was up to me to fill in. Well, I didn't hesitate, and after a hearty breakfast of crackers and milk and weak tea I tied up the lace sleeves of my negligée and set to work at signing them. Believe you me, before I was done I quite saw why President Wilson used a rubber stamp! But I didn't weaken until noon, when anyone would of on the meal I'd had. And by then they was finished anyways and every one of them valid and as good as my check. Then just as I was feeling pretty proud of myself in come ma, and I could see at once she was going to take a fall out of me in her sweet womanly way.

"If you ain't too busy with your war work," says ma, very gentle but firm, "I'd like to talk to you about something before we set down to the skeleton lunch which is waiting and can be continued in our next for all I care!" she says.

Well, I got that gone-round-the-middle feeling which I always get when ma gives me a certain look, just like I used to when she'd tell me soap was good for washing out the mouths of kids which had told a lie. And so I just set there and listened.

"Now, Mary Gilligan," she commenced, "do you know the size of the check you signed over to the hotel last night?"

(Continued on Page 105)

Templar

The Superfine Small Car

THAT no single producer can build motor cars to meet every requirement—that none had even attempted to supply the demand for a thoroughly high-grade small car—this was the Templar incentive.

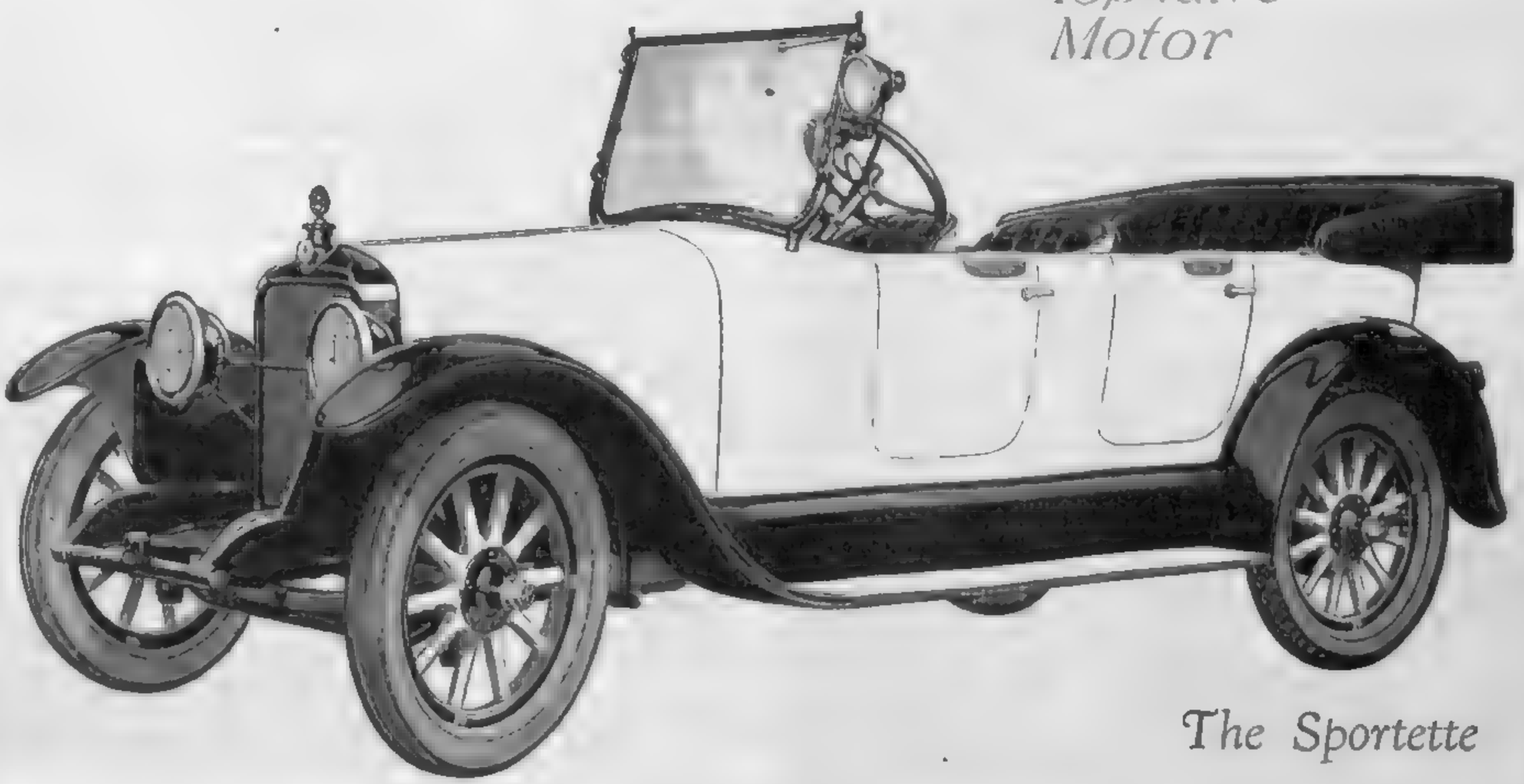
The Sportette conforms minutely to that ideal. It is roomy, small, four-passenger sport model. It gives each passenger generous leg room and a separate door to make it easy to get in or out without disturbance. And there is ample aisleway between the front seats. It is a car of beauty, of utmost convenience, of truest economy.

Prices [illegible] *Completed*

Five Passenger Touring [illegible] *Four Passenger Touring Roadster* $[illegible]
Four Passenger Sportette $[illegible] *Five Passenger Touring Roadster* $[illegible]
Five Passenger Sedan $[illegible]

The Templar Motors Corporation
2000 Halstead Street, Lakewood
Cleveland, Ohio

Templar Top-Valve Motor



The Sportette

Saves Time Food Labor

The Best Servant in your House

SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS

Help Conserve the Woman-Power of America

Few pieces of office equipment or factory machinery save as much time and energy in grand total, for business men and highly paid mechanics as the kitchen cabinet does for the American housewife.

Actual investigation leads us to believe that every kitchen cabinet now in use saves at the very least *one-half hour daily* of some woman's time.

If then, all the 20,000,000 housewives of this country were able to save this one-half hour daily, a total of 10,000,000 working hours would be saved *every day!*

In a month 300,000,000—in a year 3,600,000,000 hours would be added to the producing time of American womanhood!

Enough time would be saved to enable women to perform millions of important war tasks that able-bodied men are now compelled to perform. Thousands of extra war gardens could be planted and cared for, millions of extra socks for soldiers knitted, untold additional Red Cross service could be rendered, etc.

The modern kitchen cabinet is a labor-saving device that millions of women find indispensable.

It keeps every kitchen article in one convenient place. It provides a work-table for mixing and preparing foodstuffs.

Its handy, specially constructed food containers help preserve and save the most important and costly of all food items, namely, flour, sugar, bread, etc.

It helps save fuel by enabling women to finish kitchen work in materially shorter time.

It costs comparatively little, lasts long, and virtually performs a servant's labor for the woman who prefers to, or must, do her own work.

SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS
Will Save You One Hour Daily

It enables American women to do their war work as well and as quickly at home, as their sons, brothers, husbands or sweethearts must do it "over there."

Ask any woman who now has a kitchen cabinet working for her how highly she regards it!

There are many good makes of kitchen cabinets none better than Sellers- which can be purchased from furniture dealers everywhere for cash or easy payments.

Go and get a demonstration today.

FREE BOOKLET—"21 Inexpensive Meals"

By Constance E. Miller, A. D. E. Gives recipes for a whole week's economy meals. Appetizing and nourishing dishes prepared at small cost. We will send you a copy postpaid and free of charge on request.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY
1009 13th Street ELWOOD, IND.

SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS
Help Save Costly Cooking Material

(Continued from Page 102)

"About twelve-fifty," I says, sort of getting a glimmer.

"When your pa and me was married he give me twelve a week for all our meals!" she says, and set back and folded her hands in a way which said all she hadn't.

"But times is changed," I says, sort of feeble.

"But appetites has not!" says ma. "And how can you keep in good training on this war nonsense?" she wanted to know. "Not to mention me, which it might improve my figure but never my disposition."

"But how about making war sacrifices and all, ma?" I says. "Jim ain't eating like we done up till yesterday!"

"Nor he ain't eating twelve-dollar dinners at the Ritz, neither," she reminds me; at which of course I shut up and she went on. "Now I don't believe being stingy to ourselves is really gonner help win the war. You have strode in on my department for once, Mary Gilligan, and I'm going to put you out! You don't know where to economize and I do. No more eating out, and a good sensible table at home, minus creamcakes, is what we do from now on!"

And with that she marches out, leaving me flat as one of her own pancakes. Well, this was bad enough; but when Musette got after me as I was dressing to go for my five miles I seen that my humbling was not finished for the day.

"That dress madame bought yesterday ——" she began.

"You can have it!" I said, beating her to it; or so I thought.

"Thank you, I do not care for it," says Musette. "I was just remarking it is really not fit to wear again. Madame would of done better to pay a little more!"

Can you beat it? You cannot! Two falls from one pride! Believe you me, I took some walk that afternoon, and if I had wore a speedometer I bet it would of registered a lot over five miles. And while I was walking I kept getting madder and madder and more and more worked up over what boneheads people was, and how was a person to economize nowadays, and how on earth would I sell all them stamps by Saturday night with a matinée in between and keep my promise to President Wilson? It begun to look like I was going to have to become one of them sidewalk pests. I got a real good picture of myself going up to the proud or pesky passer-by, and getting turned down so often that my spirit was bent thinking of it.

But believe you me, I made up my mind that if I had to hold up anybody to make them invest in the World's Soundest Securities or W. S. S. I would hold them up good and plenty and no disguise about it. I thought again about my revolver, the one which I had used it in the movies when I done The Dancer's Downfall for them and kept it for a souvenir. I was that wrought up over the situation that by the time I got home I had pretty near decided I'd take that firearm to the theater and lock the doors and come down front center and shoot out one of the lights to show I meant it and then take the money right off the audience. The theater being my native element it seemed only natural to pull the trick there, only being a lady the gun really did look just a little rough, only not more so than the public deserved.

Well, anyways, I was certainly up against it with all them blanks still on my hands and no way in sight of getting rid of them. And just to make things nice and pleasant, what do I see when I come on the stage that night but Ruby Roselle and her pet lounge lizard, which were sitting in a box. She certainly seems to go in for reptiles for pets. And no sooner did I get off after my eighth curtain call than round she comes to my dressing room and hands me a check for her stamps and for the ones she had undertaken to sell and already had.

"I suppose yours is all sold too!" says Ruby. "You are so efficient, dearie!"

"Oh, mine are all right!" I snapped. "Or will be by this time to-morrow."

"Why, ain't they gone?" she cooed. And did I wish for my gun? I did! "Ain't you give any of them cards out yet?" she says.

"No!" I says. "But I will—I'll commence with you, dear Miss Roselle," I says. "And here you are!"

And I filled out the receipt cards which I had a few in my vanity case for emergencies and give them to her. When she took them I noticed she had a awful funny look in her eye, but at the time it meant nothing to me. Alas! Would I had heeded it more! But no—solid ivory! Solid ivory! I passed it up completely. And Ruby grabbed the cards, collected her new pet animal and went away.

Well, my state of mind that night was distinctly poor, even after the nice little well-balanced war ration of hot chocolate and corn bread with brown sugar which ma had for me, and delicious as anything you ever ate, if she did get the recipe out of a newspaper, and they so unreliable nowadays. But no letter from Jim, and so after I had asked ma if she thought it was right to wear black, I went to bed and fell into a exhausted sleep which lasted well on toward the box-office man's afternoon on, because ma always lets me sleep late when I have to dance twice.

Well, anyways, I was so rushed getting to the theater for the matinée that I hadn't no time to try any of that sidewalk stuff, only I did get a check from each of the other committee members and told ma to send them receipt cards. And did I feel cheap? I did! A flivver, that was what I had made. But so long as Jim was surely dead by now I didn't care for myself. Only my promise to Mr. Wilson made a lump in my throat while doing my three handsprings and the Valse Superb, which shows how bad I felt. And what do you know, when I took my encore there was Ruby Roselle again, down in front and all alone.

This got about the last butt out of my goat and I sent a usher to get her, but Ruby had went before the usher had made up her mind to undertake the mission. I was just about wild all the way home, and the sight of ma's face when I got there almost made me cry, it was that sweet and friendly. Honest to Gawd, when ma has got her own way about anything she is just lovely to be with! And having got the kitchen back and the grandest dish of baked beans all full of molasses and salt pork for dinner, she was feeling fine and I was the same under her influence, and even let her play Sing Me to Sleep with the loud pedal on Jim's souvenir afterward, and never said a word to her about it, though suffering while I listened.

And then it was time to go back to the theater, and I took Musette and that whole box of gilt-edged securities, which seemed no good to nobody, but I took them; and a good yet bad thing I did, for on the way downtown I decided what to do, and when I got there I called the ushers and give them instructions and a little something else by way of promoting kindly feeling. And then with beating heart I beat it for the dressing room and commenced rubbing on my make-up cream with trembling fingers.

Did you ever make one of them critical decisions which you know in your heart you was actually going to carry it through and no camouflage, even if it killed you and it very likely to? Well, when I decided to make a speech right out in public I got the feeling—do you get me? And any Elk or other lodge member which attends annual banquets will know what I mean. Honest to Gawd, I nearly missed my cue, and after I finally got on the stage the dance I did must of been either automatic or a inspiration and I don't know why they liked it out front, but they did. All I personally myself could hear was "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to speak a word to you"—you know! And handsprings in between. Well, of course, when I come out for my first encore I didn't have the wind to say nothing—but my eyes was as good as ever, and there in a box was Ruby Roselle again!

Believe you me, that was a jolt and a half! Here she had come to give me the laugh I had no doubt, and somehow after the second call my wind was all of a sudden back good and strong, and with it come my courage. For I wouldn't of been downed by her, not for anything!

So stepping forward in a modest manner I held up my hand and the house got quiet and listened. As I have said, the show was at the Springtime Garden, and it's awful big and I had never knew how full of silence it could be until I heard the sound of my own voice all alone in it. But after a minute I got used to it, and so interested trying to convince the folks that I didn't care.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I says, "this is going to be a plain, good, old-fashioned hold-up! If you listen hard maybe you'll hear the screams of the women and children and the groans of the wounded pocketbooks! Far be it from me to do anything so unrefined as to actually use a gun on you," I says, "but I'm going to do the next thing to it. I am going to sell nine thousand dollars' worth of W. S. S. right here and now, and you are going to buy them. I know all of you has probably been buying them all

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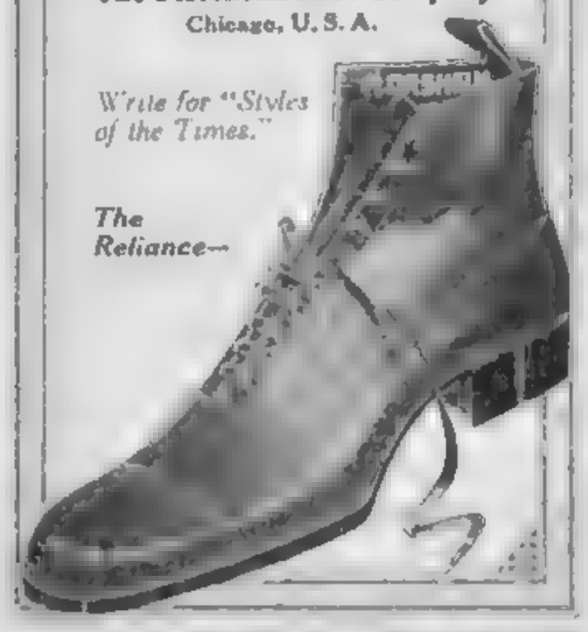

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day and is sick of them, but I have personally promised President Wilson to do as much by to-night without fail, and you must help me make good. And no matter how many you have bought," I says, "unless you have a thousand dollars' worth you can spend another ten or so apiece.

"Now, as I say, I know this is a holdup, because it is meant to be. And any public which can sit here in a theater and feel annoyed at having to buy a few stamps when a million of our boys is over in far-away, sort of unreal France, giving their lives, had ought to have a machine gun turned on them from this stage instead of only a line of talk! Probably this is the first time in the history of finance that it has been necessary to jolly a crowd into making a good investment. If I was selling stock in a fake gold mine," I says, "you would probably be climbing up on the stage to get it! Now will everybody willing to take ten dollars' worth kindly stand up?"

There were a few laughs, and a few people got up here and there, sort of shamefaced.

"Come on!" I says. "Come on—are you all cripples? W. S. S. Wilhelm Shall Surrender! You over there—only ten dollars—save it on next month's grocery bill. . . . All right, save it on your wine bill!"

A few more got up then, but not nearly enough, and I caught sight of Goldringer in the wings by then, and not having warned him what I was going to do I could tell by his expression that I mustn't hold the stage too long or a militaristic system would right away be born in our theater. So I got desperate.

"No more?" I called. "Oh, come on, get up! Will I send for crutches or are you only shy? Remember, I got that money promised! Only ten dollars each!"

But no more stirred. For a minute I thought my flivver was complete, and then I got a idea. I went over and beckoned to George, the orchestra leader, and shaking all over at my own nerve I whispered to him. George grinned and passed along the whisper to his crew, and in another minute that audience was standing, every last one of them, and believe you me, The Star-Spangled Banner had never sounded quite so good to me before!

Well, anyways, my pep all come back and I jumped down off the stage as I see the ushers couldn't possibly handle the orders alone, and wait or no wait the way that audience took my holdup was something grand, it was that good-natured; though of course a Broadway crowd gets sort of hardened to having their money taken away from them roughly. They was lambs, and took cards so fast I couldn't of shuffled 'em good if it had been a game.

Well, anyways, when I finally got back to my dressing room and the trained animals had come on at last, believe you me, I was all in; but not a card left, and not alone nine thousand dollars, but thirteen-fifty in actual cash! I didn't worry none about having too much, as I never see a committee yet which couldn't use more money than it had ast for, the White Kittens always having a deficit. And then I just put the boodle away safe in my tin make-up box, which I had emptied because it locked good, and took me and Musette and it home to ma.

Well, that was about all for that, and I had a fine sleep that night after sending the President a wire telling him I had the money all right. And if only the censor had loosened up I would of been perfectly happy with all that cash in my little Burglar's Delight over the mantelpiece and a good, real, energy-making breakfast coming to me in the morning.

But alas for false security, as the poet says. No sooner had ma and me ate that breakfast next morning than in come Musette and says they are two gentlemen outside wants to see me. Well, it seems they wouldn't give their names, so I says show them in, for on account of ma always making us dress in real clothes for breakfast Sundays it was all right.

Well, in come two gentlemen then, and it was easy to see one was a cop. Why he didn't have green whiskers or something I don't know, because the one citizen you can always spot is a cop, and that tweed suit was no disguise, though he seemed to think so. I got a awfully funny feeling in my stomach at this sight, though there was nothing on my mind but my hairpins. The other was a gentleman and no disguise about him, and I sort of took to him right away and dropped my society-comedy manner, which is such a good weapon of defense against strangers, because I knew right away he would see through it on account of him being the real thing.

"Miss La Tour?" he says politely.

"Yes," I says. "What can I do for you?"

"Alias Mary Gilligan?" says the cop, which was right in character and hadn't ought to of got ma's goat like it done.

"Alias nothing!" says ma. "Gilligan is her right name and you can see my marriage certificate, and the date is on it plain!"

"Better leave this to me for a moment, O'Rourke," says the nice gentleman—about pa's age, he must of been. Then he turned to me while the cop took a back seat.

"Miss La Tour," the gent began, "I am one of the local W. S. S. Committee—Pioneer Division. Pierson Langton is my name. And I have come to see you concerning your sale last night!"

Well, believe you me, the minute I heard his name I had him spotted! One of the F. F. V.'s of N. Y., and I had often seen his name in the paper with war work and all.

"Do sit down, both!" I says, real cordial. "I am so glad to see you! It's kind of you to come, because of course I was going to bring you the money first thing in the morning! Just wait till I get my make-up box!"

And without giving him time to say another word I hurried out and got it, the cop watching me with his hand on his hip. When I come back and give Mr. Langton the box and key he looked real surprised.

"Twenty-five thousand, cash!" I says. "Would you mind counting it?"

He give me one of the funniest looks I ever had handed out, but he done like I asked. Then he got up, box under one arm, and bowed, and sat down again.

"Miss La Tour," he said, "I think I win a bet with our friend O'Rourke, here! I was sure you were all right. Your reputation was on the face of it too valuable for such an open fraud. And your utter disingenuousness is the final proof!"

"Fraud! What do you mean?" I gasped.

"There's been a complaint about you selling W. S. S. without no authority!" says O'Rourke at this. "Entered last night by Miss Ruby Roselle. We got your cards here, that she handed in. But you ain't got no stamps. I don't know but what we ought to make a arrest, Mr. Langton!"

"I will be obliged to you if you let the matter drop for the moment," says Mr. Langton. "This young lady acted in good faith, I am convinced. And now, Miss La Tour, perhaps you will tell us how this all came about?"

Well, did I tell him? I did! I never told anything readier. And then I took out the President's letter, which I had it on me, and told how I had writ to him at once, partially because I couldn't read the other fellow's name.

"I accept the reproof," said Mr. Langton. "I will get a rubber stamp to-morrow!"

Then his eyes twinkled at me in the nicest way, and I twinkled back, and after that I knew the cop hadn't a chance of running me in, which was a big relief, for my hands felt like a couple of clams about then, I was so scared.

"So you ain't mad?" I says to Mr. Langton.

"Not a bit!" he says. "I think it can all be straightened out. But, of course, you understand that what you did was a trifle—er—irregular. If you will come down to headquarters to-morrow and meet the members of our board we will be glad to assist you in forming a more regular organization."

And I said I would, and then we all said good-by real friendly, even the cop. And I felt awful sort of excited and scared and glad that Ruby had pulled that stuff, for if she hadn't I might actually of gone to jail. I could see that plain enough now! And so to let off a little steam when they had gone I sat down to my souvenir and started off Over There, in four-handed arrangement. Then just as I had got it going good, ma, who was reading the Sunday paper, give a holler. I turned round quick, and there her eyes was popping out of her head and glued to the front page.

"Jim!" she shrieked.

Well, how I reached that paper I don't know, but somehow I did, and there it was right in the middle column:

AMERICAN DANCER NOW AN ACE

JAMES MONTAGUE BRINGS DOWN THREE ENEMY PLANES IN ONE AFTERNOON

Oh, my heavens! Didn't I yell, just! And me knocking the newspapers and the censor. And all the time Jim had been merely too busy to write!

AT A NAVAL BASE

(Continued from Page 21)

and striking place of these pirates of the sea. On these shores many survivors had been landed and many bodies had been washed up, bodies of men and women who were drowned in trying to escape from torpedoed ships or were shelled and killed by the Germans when they sought the frail security of the life boats and rafts. That was the outer aspect of it.

Inside, from the gate where the ships pass through to go to sea to the farthest reaches of the harbor, thousands of men were working with but one object in view—to get the German submarines. That was what all this activity meant. There wasn't, and isn't, a task however humble that any man sets his hand to there that is not to forward that exact purpose get the Hun submarine get him! And they get a good many of him a good many, more than has ever been announced. The whole organization, vast and complex, operates for that purpose, that and the guarding of our ships and our convoys, and the ships and convoys of our allies, but primarily to get the submarine.

There has been much optimistic talk about the defeat of the submarine campaign of the Germans. This great man or that great man has said that the fight is won, that the German submarine is defeated, and the terror of it has lessened from a terror to a menace and thence to an anxiety. There is a considerable basis for this sort of statement when the effects of the present stage of the warfare of the Germans against shipping are compared to the effects of a year ago, for example. Then ships were falling like leaves; and in the month of June, 1918, there were days when no ships at all were sunk by submarines—days when not one ship was sunk.

The latest report I have at hand as I write, setting forth the tonnage sunk, British, Allied and neutral, shows that during June, 1918, there were lost 275,629 tons against 712,721 tons in June, 1917; and that the sinkings for the quarter of April, May and June, 1918, was 946,578 tons against 2,238,934 tons in the same quarter of 1917. That is a decrease of 1,290,356 tons for a three months' period; and it is most encouraging and hopeful; but on the very day that report was made public the report of the sinking of the Justicia was also made public, which fact is merely recorded here to show that the submarine was then actively on the job.

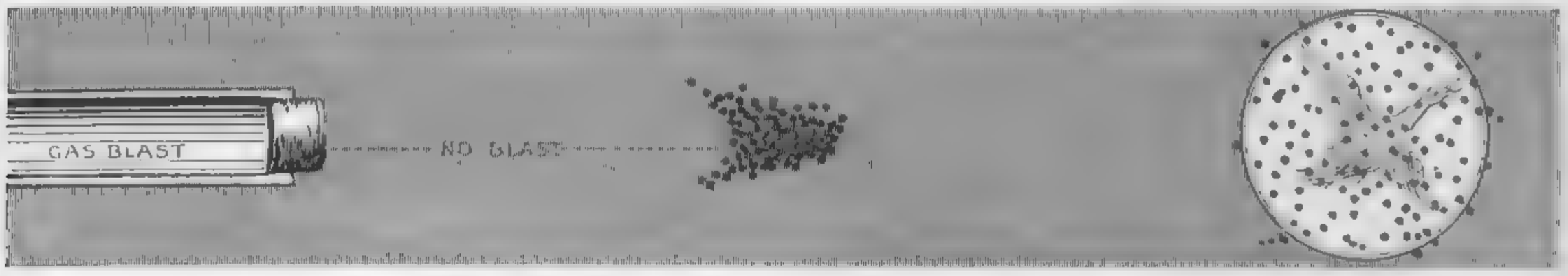
The basis for the hopes and optimism of the various speakers and writers over the submarine situation comes from the great success that has attended the present manner of hunting the Hun. It was formerly the case that the antisubmarine craft patroled the seas looking for the submarine. This gave the submarine the advantage of a wide field of operations and put the hunters at the disadvantage of having to seek for him in places where he might be, not in places where he would be—that is, finding the German was a chance rather than a precision.

Later the convoy principle was established; and this put the Hun to the necessity of closing in on his hunters rather than being at leisure to pick his unattended prey where he found it; in other words the hunters forced the submarine to come to them if he wanted action, instead of trying to get to the submarine by going after him. They restricted his sphere of operations. They sent destroyers along with the ships the German wanted to get. Now it is fairly well enough established that the Germans in their submarine campaign have no particular desire to sink war craft—that is, it is

(Continued on Page 109)

Effect of hard wadding that fits the barrel loosely. Unchecked by friction or muzzle choke, it is blown through the shot cluster, scattering the shot charge. Actual test target, 221 pellets out of 431 or 51% of the shot charge (1¼ oz. of 7½ chilled) inside a 30-in. circle at 40 yds.

Effect of weak wadding torn to shreds by the gas blast. The separate pieces are blown into the shot cluster, scattering the pellets in all directions. With no resistance to the explosion, the pressure is low and penetration poor. Actual test target, 178 pellets out of 431 or 41% of the shot charge (1¼ oz. of 7½ chilled) inside a 30-in. circle at 40 yds.



The Winchester system of wadding. The wadding expands evenly, sealing in the gas blast all the way to the muzzle where the wadding is checked by the "choke" or constriction. The shot cluster travels on quite unbroken. Actual test target, 320 pellets out of 431, or 74% of the shot charge (1¼ oz. of 7½ chilled) inside a 30-in. circle at 40 yds.

Effect of wadding construction on shot patterns

Poor wadding responsible for more faulty patterns and lost birds than all other gun and shell troubles combined

A strong uniform shot pattern depends upon how perfectly the *wadding* in your shells controls the five-ton gas blast behind it.

The wadding, like the piston head of a gas engine, must give the explosion something solid to work against so that the shot may be *pushed* out evenly.

It must expand and fill the tube of the barrel, completely sealing in the gas behind it. No gas must escape to scatter the shot.

It must offer just the right amount of resistance so as to develop uniform pressure and high velocity without danger of jamming the pellets out of shape at the "choke" or muzzle constriction.

The illustrations at the top of this page show actual test patterns as high as 59% faulty, the result of poor wadding.

The Winchester system

Winchester wadding is the result of repeated experiments to determine the most efficient control of the gas blast.

The special construction of the *Base Wad* gives what is known as *Progressive Combustion* to the powder charge.

Combustion spreads instantly through the powder charge. By the time the top grains of powder become ignited the *full* energy of the burning powder behind is at work. Though the explosion is almost instantaneous, it is none the less *Progressive*, the final energy and maximum *velocity* of the completely burned powder being developed at the *muzzle*, where it is most needed.

Meanwhile, under the heat of combustion, the tough, springy Winchester *Driving Wad* has expanded to fill the barrel snugly all around. No gas escapes. It is completely sealed in. The wadding *pushes* up the shot evenly.

At the muzzle the shot pellets slip out without jamming, while the wadding is checked for a brief interval by the constriction of the muzzle. *It follows some distance behind the shot pattern.*

The shot cluster travels on unbroken by gas blast or wadding and makes the hard-hitting, uniform pattern for which Winchester shot shells are world famous.

Fish-Tail Flash. All Winchester smokeless shells are made with the new Winchester Primer—the quickest and most powerful shot shell primer made. Its broad *fish-tail* flash gives even and thorough ignition. Every grain of powder is completely burned up before the shot charge leaves the muzzle.

The Crimp. The required degree of pressure necessary in seating the driving wads is worked out in combination with the *hardness* or the *softness* of the *crimping* required for any particular shell.

Water-Proofing and Lubrication. In the cold, damp air of the marshes, or under the blazing sun at the traps, Winchester shells will always play true. Winchester water-proofing process prevents them from swelling from dampness. Special lubrication of the paper fibres prevents brittleness and "splitting" in dry weather.

Uniform Shells. From primer to crimp, Winchester shells are constructed to insure the maximum pattern possible from any load and under all conditions. 25,000,000 rounds of ammunition are fired every year in testing Winchester guns and ammunition. $100,000 is spent annually in the inspection and testing of finished shot shells alone.

Clean hits and more of them

To insure more hits and cleaner hits in the field or at the traps, be sure your shells are Winchester Leader and Repeater for Smokeless; Nublack and New Rival for Black Powder. Write for our Free Booklet on Shells. **Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 511, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.**

"How can we make our coal last?"

THE Fuel Administrator says you can have only enough coal to keep your home at a temperature of 68°. If you waste your coal supply either by careless attention to the furnace or overheating the house, the government is not going to let you have any more.

What you need is the automatic coal-saving Western Electric Heat Regulator.

This little device regulates the drafts of the furnace so that just enough coal is burned to maintain an even temperature of 68°.

Before you retire, set the regulator just as you would an alarm clock and it will regulate the fire for a low temperature at night and for 68 degrees when you awake. No more shivery trips to the cellar before breakfast. Uniform burning of the coal—with no heat wasted—means that you will need to burn less coal.

With the Western Electric Regulator, your home won't get cold, you won't waste any more heat, and you won't waste any more coal.

More heat regulators will be sold this winter than can possibly be manufactured. Order yours now from your electrical contractor, or if he cannot supply you, write direct to our nearest office for Booklet No. 72 Q, "How to Run Your Furnace and Save Coal."

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

INCORPORATED

New York	Philadelphia	Buffalo	Atlanta	Savannah	Dallas	Chicago	Cleveland	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Denver	San Francisco	Seattle
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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Western Electric
Heat Regulator

(Continued from Page 106)

of much more value to the German submarine campaign, as they look at it, to sink a ship loaded with supplies than it is to sink a destroyer, say, or a warship; for a destroyer can be replaced, but a ship full of supplies means much more than the loss of a single fighting unit or a group of them. Supplies are the backbone of this war, and if the Germans can sink supplies they will be doing more toward winning the war than they can by torpedoing warships or even troopships.

There is no doubt—to make it clearer—that the German submarines operating in all the waters from north to south about Britain, and in the Mediterranean and elsewhere, have been in position to sink war craft of the Allies at times, and refrained, preferring to save torpedoes for supply ships. To be sure, they have at times shown a partiality toward hospital ships, and have no doubt tried for troopships. The German announcements and exultations after the Justicia was sunk that the ship they had sunk was the Leviathan, which was formerly the German-owned Vaterland, and which was then successfully conveying great numbers of American troops across the ocean, shows how they had that enterprise at heart.

Coincidentally with the new policy of Allied attack there came the installation of many improved devices for hunting submarines, and these, combined with the experience gained, began to tell on the Germans. Their campaign began to lose in effectiveness. Instead of being the hunter the Hun became the hunted. They no longer had things their own way. More ships than ever went out and came in, but the Germans, who formerly had wide areas to work in, found themselves restricted to certain areas if effective work was to be done, and that those areas were filled with death and destruction for them.

This intensive campaign—and it merely amounts to the application of the intensive principle in submarine hunting—is in operation as I write, and to it is responsible the decrease in sinkings as shown in the figures I have presented. It also is responsible for the optimism that prevails over the whole submarine situation—or did prevail when I wrote, in the last days of July. Likewise it has led certain eminent gentlemen to an excess of exultation hardly in accord with the facts, for even if there is a great shrinkage in the amount of tonnage sunk it must be allowed that an enemy who can sink 275,629 tons of shipping in a month is not to be regarded lightly nor to be considered as defeated.

Not Gone, But Going

Moreover, the Hun, as evidenced by the sinking of the Justicia, and as may or may not be shown by operations between the time this article is written and is printed, which will be several weeks, has himself adopted a new method of attack. He is using the intensive principle himself, and seems to have adopted the idea of concentration of force when there is a big prize to be obtained. The Justicia was under escort, but the submarines stayed on the job until the ship was successfully torpedoed, a period of some eighteen hours. This episode illustrates the shifts and change that come in both submarine and anti-submarine warfare, and shows how tremendously difficult the elimination of the submarine is.

The fact is that the submarine isn't defeated, as I write, and is not likely to be defeated for some time; but the further fact is that he is not so effective as he was—he is gradually being suppressed and he has lost a considerable portion of his murderous effectiveness as formerly displayed. New methods, new appliances, new manners of hunting and, best of all, new blood from the United States have helped to bring about this situation.

As viewed on July 30, 1918, the Hun underseas pirate and buccaneer is going, but he has not yet gone. He is likely to harass for many a day and many a month, but ultimately, so surely as the war continues, the Allied navies will get him, exterminate him, harry him to home harbor and make the seas clean of him. There is ample proof of that in the records of the British Admiralty and in the records of the American Naval Headquarters in London.

As it stands now, on this date of writing, German submarines are being destroyed faster than German submarines are being built. There may be spurts of construction and spurts of destruction by the Hun, but the bell has rung for his campaign of sea frightfulness. The jig of murder is up. It will take time. It may cost lives. Many more ships will be sunk in all probability, but the two great facts that remain are these: We are beating the Hun on and under the sea, and we are beating him in the shipyards of the United States and England.

The part the Navy of the United States has played in this great and successful enterprise has been a glorious part, an efficient part, a fighting and a fearless part. For military reasons the tenth of it cannot yet be told, nor the hundredth; but for the purposes of my endeavor to tell to the people of America as much as can be told, the activities of the naval base—one of our largest—I first visited fall into four sections, which are: The activities of the base itself, the work of the destroyers, the work of the submarines, and the story of the men—the fine, upstanding, two-fisted Americans who are doing the job. From other bases I shall tell of the flyers, the mine layers, the big ships, the incomparable and unconquerable youths in the motor launches, and all the rest of it, so far as the limitations will allow.

The Navy's Land Victory

I had seen the ball game in London on the Fourth of July, where the Navy so handsomely trimmed the Army, with the King of England and the royal family and many other distinguished Britons watching the merited rebuke by the sailors of the Army's pretensions as ball players, and the Navy was still cheering the result when I arrived. They had read what the papers said about it, but they wanted an American to tell it to them Americanwise, and for two days I declaimed about the invincible Pennock, who as the Navy pitcher held the Army sluggers in the hollow of his talented hand; told how the runs were made, exalted the Navy players and recalled the static doings of the various heroic sailors who turned the trick. I told them how the King was so interested he didn't take his tea, how he shook hands with the two captains and the umpire, who was Arlie Latham, and handed out the first ball, on which he had written his name; how the runs were made, and all the epic of the day. And they loved it. They had had a Fourth of July celebration themselves, with ball games and sports, but they were all watching the big game in London, and when the news came that the Navy had won, the liberty men just naturally took apart that base town that night to see what made it tick.

A naval base is a place where naval operations begin and end—that is, the ships start out from the base, return to the base and are directed from the base so far as their general orders are concerned. To be sure, when a destroyer captain gets out to sea he runs his ship as the circumstances warrant, but they tell him at the base when to go to sea and when to come back, and broadly what to do while he is at sea. The base is the source of supply, orders, repairs and upkeep. It is the directing head and the physical conservator. It keeps the great game going. It combines the functions of manager, doctor, commissary, and purveys man and fuel power for the ships. In one aspect it is a great storehouse of supplies. In another it is a navy yard in miniature. In another it is a reservoir of man power. In still another it is the general directing intelligence. It is a versatile and ubiquitous institution, is a naval base, where you can get anything, from a number of thousand young Americans crazy for a fight with the Huns to the most delicate repair of an optical instrument; from a new boiler for a destroyer to, as I have set forth, an apple pie. The only thing you can't find at an American naval base is a pro-German.

Do you need a new pair of shoe laces? Step right this way. Do you require a capital operation by a skilled surgeon? Come along. Do you want a big gun fixed or a split-second watch repaired? Just down the way a piece. What do you lack—a pair of pants or a few dozen depth charges; a 25,000-horse-power turbine engine or a screw for your eyeglasses; a loaf of bread or a new smokestack? Name your wants, and hurry up about it, for time presses, and this fellow behind you may need a new stern for his ship or perchance a stack of wheat cakes and maple sirup.

The chief centers of activity at a naval base are the supply ships—beneficent and generous, broad-bosomed and matronly, inexhaustible in supplies, guarding, tending, mothering their flocks of incessant, vital, rapierlike destroyers, who go out from them in the early hours to rasp up and down the seas after the German pirates, and come homing back to have their hurts bandaged, their bruises healed. There are two of these supply ships at this base, moored to buoys well up the harbor; and work never ends on them. All day and all night they hum from stems to sterns in the ceaseless labor of upkeep. They are small, compact, complete navy yards afloat. They can do anything and everything—and do.

As I write they have been there for fourteen months, and they have kept the destroyer flotilla afloat. The miraculous, in a naval sense, is a commonplace to these men. They are doing things that before they came into this war were impossible from any naval angle. They have turned out job after job in a few days that would in the old times have sent the ships to be repaired to navy yards for weeks, possibly months. They have taken what was at hand and wrought with it, working unceasingly, uncomplainingly, loyally, to the great end of beating Germany. Nothing is too hard for them. No routine is too severe; no order too hazardous; no chance too great to take. No work is too laborious; none is too exacting; none too difficult.

You will go a long way before you find greater exemplars of the true American spirit than you find, to the last man, in those hundreds of Americans on each of these supply ships, working where there is no glory, but working because the flag bids them to—*pro patria*. They will have no part in the fighting. The great adventure of going out to sea and grappling with the Hun is not theirs. They are there to keep the fighting ships fit, and it's all one to them whether they work ten hours or twenty, so long as there is work to be done and the ships are to get away.

Sometimes the destroyers come sailing back from their trips all spick-and-span and ready for another immediate foray as soon as stocked and fueled. Sometimes they come staggering back with smokestacks gone, bridges shattered, boats crushed and hamper swept away by the storms. Sometimes they have accidents aboard, and sometimes they have collisions. A destroyer is a complicated mass of machinery from end to end, built for high speed and fighting effectiveness, with all else sacrificed. They are driven ruthlessly. They need constant mechanical attention. The mother ships look after them.

Naval Wonder-Workers

If a collision tears one apart or sets off a series of depth charges, as has happened, but most infrequently, the ships must go to the shipyards, as they must go for propeller repairs of a major nature; but in everything else the mother ships and their efficient crews do the work. For fourteen months and more those mother ships have kept that fleet of destroyers going, kept them at the job, have done miracles in construction and reconstruction, in replacement and repair. The destroyers have always been ready. The one place where "It can't be done" is inoperative is aboard a mother ship. "Must!" is the word that prevails there. And always what is to be done is done.

One day a destroyer came in with one of its smokestacks gone, torn out by the impact of tremendous seas, and the three remaining stacks damaged, to say nothing of other wreckage about. At home that destroyer would have gone to a navy yard, and would have been at that yard for weeks for repair. Down there at that base they made a new smokestack for that destroyer, outer and inner tubes complete, in six days, and sent her off to sea again, making three other new stacks and fitting them between trips.

Another destroyer came in with thrusts of both turbines burned, and other complicated parts of her turbines ruined—a navy-yard job of long duration. They fixed her in six days, and sent her out to sea—practically remade her turbines; and if you have ever seen a turbine engine of the size and power used in these ships you will appreciate what sort of a six-day job that was.

A destroyer has four great boilers. One of ours needed retubing in all of them. Ordinarily such a ship would be put out of commission, and the retubing would take a long time. Did they lay up this destroyer? They did not. Instead, they retubed those

Its One Big Fault

Edgeworth has a fault. Perhaps it's not good policy to advertise the fact to our friends and our competitors. Our advertising man says it's all wrong to display it in big type at the head of this advertisement—breaks all the rules of advertising, etc.—but we have always striven to be truthful in our advertising as in making Edgeworth Tobacco. So we repeat "Edgeworth has one big fault"—and here it is—written down in black and white by an ardent Edgeworth smoker at that. Read the following letter which we received from the gentleman some weeks ago. He ought to know, as he has smoked practically all brands of pipe tobacco in his world-wide travels.

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I have smoked all the best brands of English tobaccos and excellent as they undoubtedly are, they do not come up to Edgeworth. I have smoked every kind of tobacco in South Africa and Britain during my 30 years as a pipe smoker and should certainly know what pipe tobacco is. It is said of me that I have smoked anything from a cane chair up; whether it be true or not I don't know, but whilst I am in the land of the living Edgeworth will be mine.

I want you to send me a pound can of your cut plug C. O. D. In conclusion, I must tell you that the tobacco in question *has one big fault* and a big one at that, the top of the can is too near the bottom.

(signed) — ——— ———

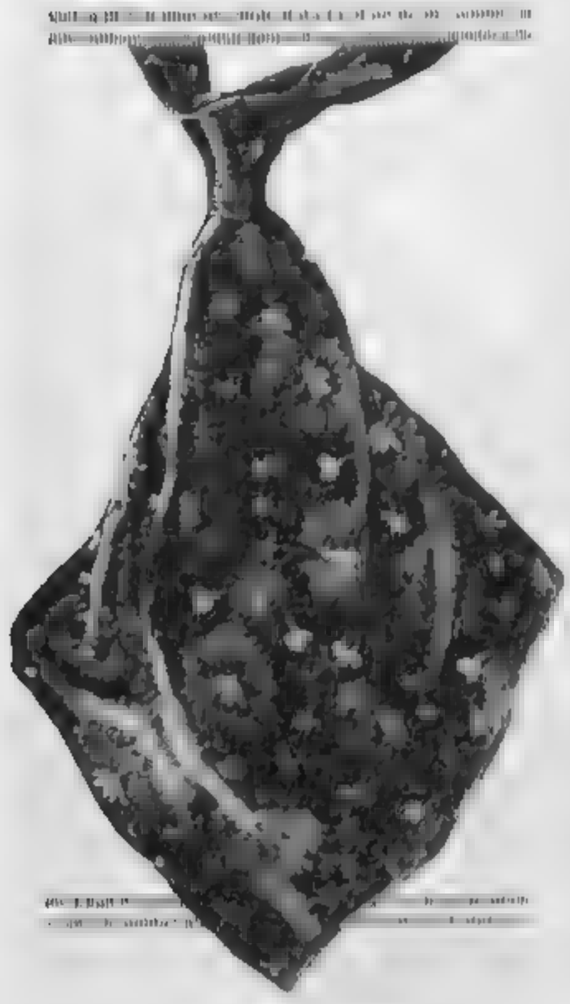
We only wish we could overcome this big Edgeworth fault—but it can't be done. If we lengthened out the size of the package, so the top of the can wouldn't be so near the bottom, it would mean the goods in the can wouldn't be the same old Edgeworth that has been pleasing so many pipe cranks and tobacco sharks for years. In the face of increased cost of tobaccos, the tins to pack it in and the skilled workers to pack it—*Edgeworth quality must remain the same*—and it does. Do you know just what we mean by Edgeworth quality? If you don't, you can hardly appreciate the one big fault to be found in Edgeworth—as expressed in the above letter. If you are a pipe lover, it will be interesting to you to discover Edgeworth (if you don't know it already) and to make it easy for you, we offer a generous free sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. For free samples, write Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. We don't claim it will suit you, but the chances are that it will. Isn't it worth the cost of a post card to you to find out?

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size package is 15c. Other sizes, 30c and 65c. The 10-ounce tin humidor is $1.25; 16-ounce glass jar $1.50. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 65c, and $1.20.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

CHENEY
CRAVATS



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CHENEY BROTHERS
NEW YORK

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A Tiny Soldered Joint Fails to Hold!
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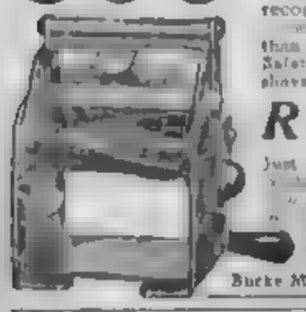
and have no fear

The aëroplane is only one of modern productions in which life and valuable property depend upon perfect, lasting non-corrosive soldered joints. And this is why wise manufacturers use NOKORODE on every soldering job. Their names form an impressive list. Write for this list and unbiased reasons of practical men, why you must use NOKORODE, to secure sure soldering efficiency.

The H. W. Dunton Co. Providence, R. I. U. S. A.

NOKORODE

600 Shaves From One Blade



Yes, and more. That's the record of many men who shave [illegible] than new—in 10 seconds. For all Safety Razors. Quick, velvety shaves for life with wonderful, new

Rotastrop

Just drop blade in, turn handle. [illegible]

10 Days Free Trial [illegible]

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We want [illegible] good bookkeeper stenographer [illegible] $[illegible] to $[illegible] [illegible] More than 100,000 bookkeepers, stenographers [illegible] Write today for [illegible] Nashville, Tenn.

DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE, Drawer 135, Nashville, Tenn.

boilers, and the destroyer went out on schedule each trip. They kept her going and retubed the boilers at the same time. Ordinarily that is a shipyard job of about six weeks. Out there at that base it was all in the day's work, and it was done between times, with the destroyer going and coming on her regular trips.

These are only a few instances of the sort of things those American sailors have being doing since we went into the war, more than three thousand miles from home bases and home navy yards. When it is all over the proudest commendation those men can have will be the pregnant words: "They kept the destroyers going." They did. No task was too great for them nor too difficult. They kept them going. That is worth all the decorations that they can get, and more, to those who appreciate the brilliance and the size of the achievement. And theirs is not the glory of the rush to sea, the battle, if battle comes, with the enemy. Theirs is the humdrum toil, day and night, night and day, in shop, in forge, in foundry. But they keep them going. And they deserve more celebration than they will ever have.

As I have said, a supply ship is a compact floating navy yard, and it is more than that. It is a department store, a hospital, a bakery, a community kitchen, a drug store; indeed all the varied industries and establishments of a small city are in operation within its iron walls. "What do you lack?" is its expansive inquiry to all the force, and "Come and get it" its genial summons to those in need. It is the universal purveyor, provider, patron and pillar of the fleet—the panacea for all ills.

Supply-Ship Industries

Along one deck there is a big machine shop, with lathes, drills, punches, hammers, and all sorts of special and massive machinery for making and remaking any of the hundreds of parts that the destroyers need for the intricate machinery that is packed within them. A gun, a torpedo, a depth charge or a binocular can be fixed or fashioned with equal facility. All day and all night the lathes turn steadily, the machines clank and grind, the punches descend, the hammers batter the steel into shape—all day and all night the work goes on unceasingly. And the workmen are sailors, wearing the blue jackets of the service, with such ratings on their sleeves as may be; men who enlisted from the shops and the forges and the great manufacturing establishments at home to do their bit. Almost every mechanical trade is represented by these brawny young sailors, and the spirit of them and the skill of them make a visitor ache to stand off and give them three cheers.

There is an iron foundry, where they take off heats and make castings just as they do on the molding floors at home, with roaring cupolas and molten iron; and a brass foundry, where the brass is fashioned in the forms. There is a coppersmith's department, where the copper work is done; and shops for repairing torpedoes, for fixing guns, for welding, for riveting, and for all the vast variety of iron, steel and other metal work that is required. Hundreds of sturdy young Americans work in these shops, men who enlisted as specialists and who have the spirit of the great adventure as surely as those who go out to sea in the fighting ships. They are the happiest, most cheerful set of men I ever saw at work, and there is no question of hours or tasks or any of the usual labor distinctions and differentiations among them. They are there to do the job, to keep them going, and they are doing it, man fashion and American fashion.

The other industries of a supply ship are manifold. On the main deck there are big executive offices, filled with officers and men who handle the administration of the fleet; clerks, paymasters, wireless operators, typewriters, and all the numerous ratings, all sailors, and all eagerly and intelligently doing their share. Down below there are the stores, where the men can obtain anything that is needed in the way of clothing, and where the supplies for the machine shops and for the ships are obtained. There are great quantities of iron and steel in required shapes, and all the varied paraphernalia that ships demand, from screw eyes to anchor chains and anchors.

And, speaking about anchors, to illustrate how versatile these ships are, one of the supply ships there, with an iron-furnace capacity of two thousand pounds as the extreme weight for a casting, debonairly one day, and just to show what could be done, cast an anchor that weighed twenty-four hundred pounds for a submarine. Just did the little trick of exceeding its capacity by four hundred pounds, and got away with it. They get away with everything, those chaps.

They keep them going.

There are big refrigerator rooms for meats and other foods, and store holds that are filled with things the sailors like to eat. A food storeroom on a supply ship looks like a cross section of a big wholesale grocery, provision and produce store. They run a laundry, where skilled sailor laundrymen operate the finest sort of laundry machinery; and they run a bakery, where white-suited sailor bakers turn out amazing and appetizing arrays of white bread, of pies, cakes, biscuits and other bakery products. There are drug stores, operated by sailor pharmacists; hospitals all white, clean and modern and with the latest appliances; operating rooms that are the last word in such; and a barber shop that looks like and is like one of those dazzling shops that they install in the big hotels at home nowadays—with two chairs instead of twenty, of course, but with every latest tonsorial wrinkle.

There is an ice-cream machine that makes ice cream for all the fleet. If the mess steward on a destroyer that is tied up alongside wants ice cream for the men all he has to do is to send over for it, and they go to a special refrigerator room and lug him out a two or three gallon nickeled pail of it. Ice cream is there, several days a week; and it is real ice cream, too, and not cornstarch and skimmed-milk stuff. There is a canteen for the small wants of the men, such as cigarettes and gum and writing paper. Up in the bow there is a complete little printing shop, where a linotype machine is being installed and where the fleet's printing is done; and near by is the ship's post office, where the incoming and outgoing mails are handled, where the ship's censor has his office, and where the men can buy money orders or transact any other postal business. The fleet paymaster has his offices aboard, and the chaplain his quarters.

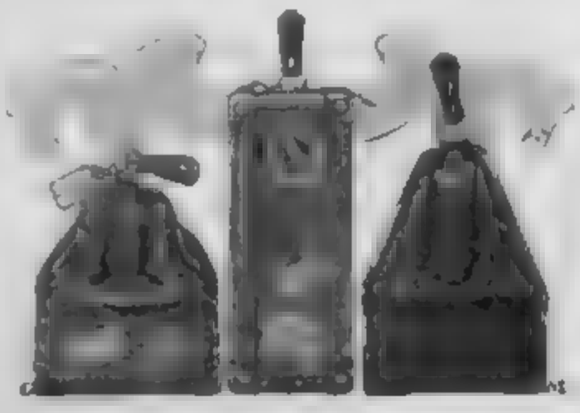
Then there is an optical shop, where skilled opticians look after the optical instruments of the fleet; and a watchmaker's corner, where chronometers and watches are kept up to the mark. And in one dreaded section of the ship there is a dentist's office, where a dentist repairs the teeth of the fleet. Our Navy insists that good food deserves good teeth to eat it. The sailors, being very human, hate the order to report to the dentist, but they have to go. No man in our Navy can be below the mark of highest efficiency if any remedial medium that we know about can prevent it.

They Keep Them Going

Many of these institutions surprised the English naval officers when our ships came across; and none more than the dentist and his workroom. A dentist on shipboard was an innovation, and they discussed it a good deal. Moreover, some of them tried the dentist professionally, but none without the usual trepidation, no matter what his record as a fighter might be. One Victoria Cross man, who did several tremendous things at sea and had many decorations for exceeding bravery, told me one day that he feared he would have to ask to go to the dentist on one of the American ships.

"You can't imagine how I dread it," he said. "And I do wish I could take off this Victoria Cross ribbon for the time, because I know I shall squeak when he gets to boring into that tooth, and it will be sort of absurd, won't it, for a V.C. man to squeak in a dentist's chair?"

He went, and I learn he did squeak, but the dentist made no comment. They all squeak. It takes one sort of bravery to whip Huns and another sort to have a tooth filled.



If you will visualize a big gray ship swinging to a buoy, with two or three or four long lean destroyers lying alongside her, and with all these various industries proceeding all day and all night—a clattering, clanking, grinding, whirring hive of industries; with launches back and forth; with sailors in all sorts of occupations working steadily everywhere about; with a band either practicing in the band room or playing on the deck; with smoke rising from the galleys and the savory odors of cooking food always to be sniffed, for the galleys are busy most of the day; with the rattle of pneumatic riveting machines; with all the scores of occupations going forward unceasingly—you will have an idea of what a supply ship at one of our foreign naval bases is like; and we have two of them at the base of which I write, and others at other bases.

They keep them going. That is at once their pride and their reward.

Other articles will tell of the work of the destroyers at this base, and the life on them, of the submarines and their sleuthing after Huns, of the work and play of the sailors, who come from all parts of the United States and are happy, healthy, husky representatives of our fighting youth, set down in a foreign country but with the easy adaptability of Young America making a merry best of it and reorganizing the life in the particular part of it they inhabit for the time to suit their particular needs and desires.

Glory Enough for All

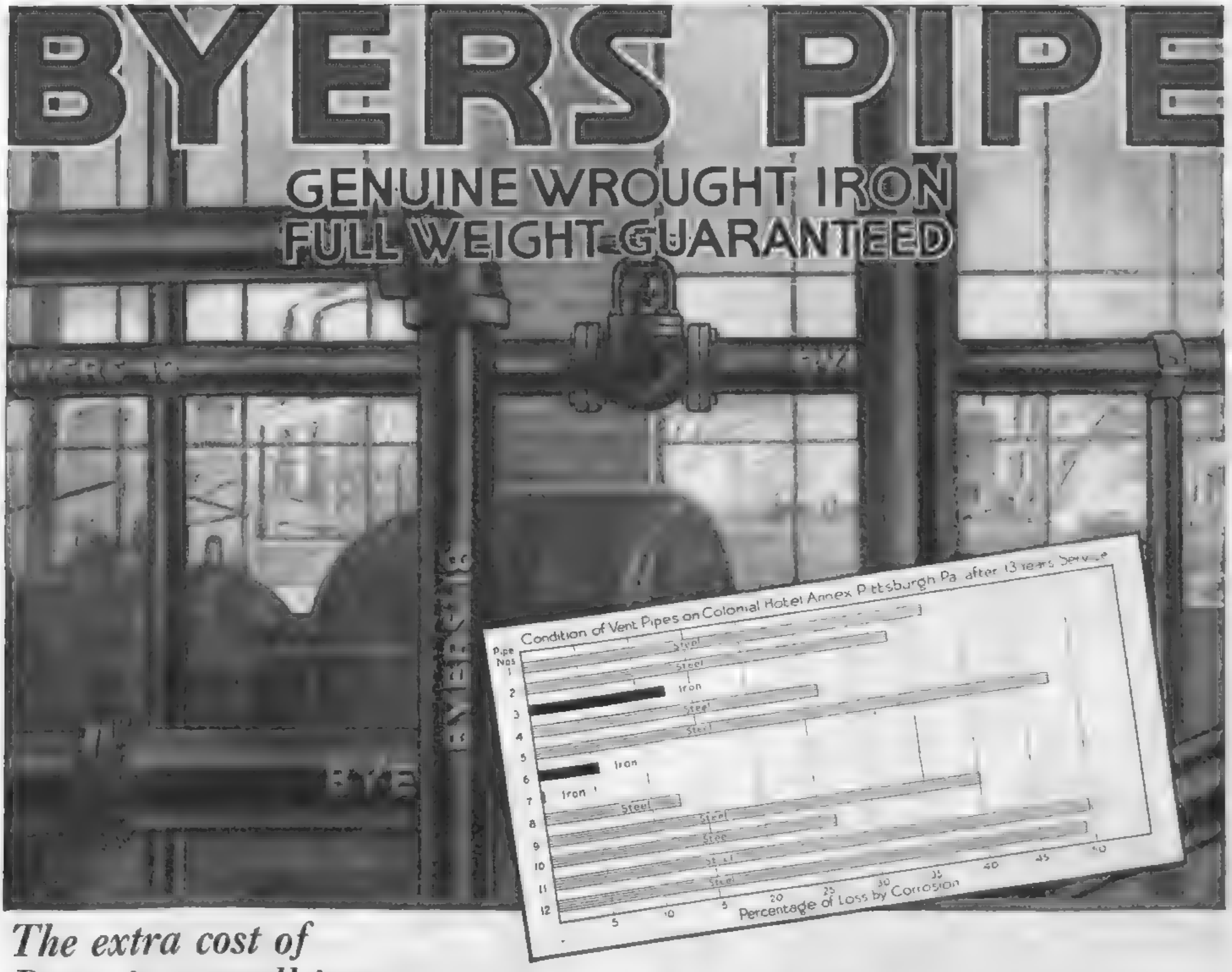
Officers and men, ships and crews, at the time I write, have had fourteen months of it, and there wasn't a complaint nor a sign of anything but the valiant and vital spirit that is epitomized in the words "We keep them going." That is what they are there for, and that is what they are doing until the time comes to sail for home.

Moreover, the significant feature of it all is the absolute coöperation that exists between the British naval command and the Americans. When our ships first came they were placed, with the consent and at the advice of Admiral Sims, under British control, merged into the British Navy in a way. That is, the commander in chief of this base is a British admiral, and he is in full charge of operations. The Americans run their own ships and maintain their own personnel and use their own methods, but they operate under British direction and control. There was an idea at the beginning that this subordination would not be effective and might lead to inefficiency, to say nothing of friction; but events have proved the wisdom of the course of Admiral Sims and the Navy Department.

The British and the Americans work as a single machine, with a single end in view, which is to help win the war. There is no friction. There has been no trouble. The Americans have but one spirit, which is the spirit of victory; and they have no personal ambitions nor any personal objects to serve. They cheerfully put themselves under British direction, realizing the dangers and difficulties of a divided control in the circumstances, and they have played the game, as the British have.

It will be one of the great outstanding features of the naval history of this war that the unified control of the British and American navies, with the British in command, developed neither friction, jealousy nor rancor, and did develop a spirit of coöperation and comradeship in arms that is deserving of all praise. The Americans are out to help win this war. They put every petty consideration aside, swept all precedent into the sea, repressed all pride of individual establishment and went to it; and their success has been a tremendous testimonial not only to the intrinsic capabilities of our officers and men but to their spirit, their unselfishness in the cause, and to their diplomacy and tact; as also it has been to the similar qualities of the British.

There is only one idea at this base, either American and British, and that is: Smash the Hun! Nor does it make any difference whether the smashing is done under British control or American control of the ships and men helping to do it. The vital thing is to smash the Hun. Keep the fighters going. To put it in the words of an American naval officer: "There is glory enough for all."



The extra cost of Byers is a small item in any pipe system, yet the life of the system depends entirely on the quality of the pipe.

THE tops of 12 vent pipes on the Colonial Hotel Annex, Pittsburgh, Pa., were recently cut off and examined by Robert W. Hunt & Company, Bureau of Inspection, Tests and Consultation. Three of these pipes they found to be *wrought iron* of the Byers quality, and nine to be steel. Measured by wall thickness, directly below the threaded part at the top, the corrosion loss was as represented in the chart above, namely, an average of 6.3% for the iron samples, and 35.6% for the steel samples—a straight difference of over 500% in favor of Byers. All pipes were 6 in. and installed in 1905, in the same service.

INVESTIGATION of hundreds of refrigeration plants has shown that the average life of an ammonia condenser is 18 years when made of Byers black pipe, and only 8 years when made of cheaper pipe, a difference of over 100%, while the difference in the price of the condensers is only about 10%.

IN the investigation of hot water mains in 90 Pittsburgh apartment houses, Byers was found to have an average life of 14 years, as against 7 years for cheaper pipe—a 100% difference in life in favor of Byers, while the difference in the cost of such installations is only from 5% to 15%.

IN 1916, a supply house located on the Atlantic coast, as an experiment, laid out 3 lengths of pipe on the roof, exposed to the weather and salt atmosphere. After two years, when the pipes were cleaned and weighed, one length—Byers—had lost only 14 oz.; the two others (not Byers) 4 lbs., 11 oz. and 5 lbs. respectively. Here the life of Byers would apparently have been over 500% greater than the two other kinds of pipe.

THE extra cost of a Byers pipe system (including labor, fittings, etc.) is rarely *over 20% in industrial and power installations*, while nearly one thousand specific service records, available on application to the A. M. Byers Company, show that *the extra life may conservatively be estimated at five times that figure.*

Write for literature.

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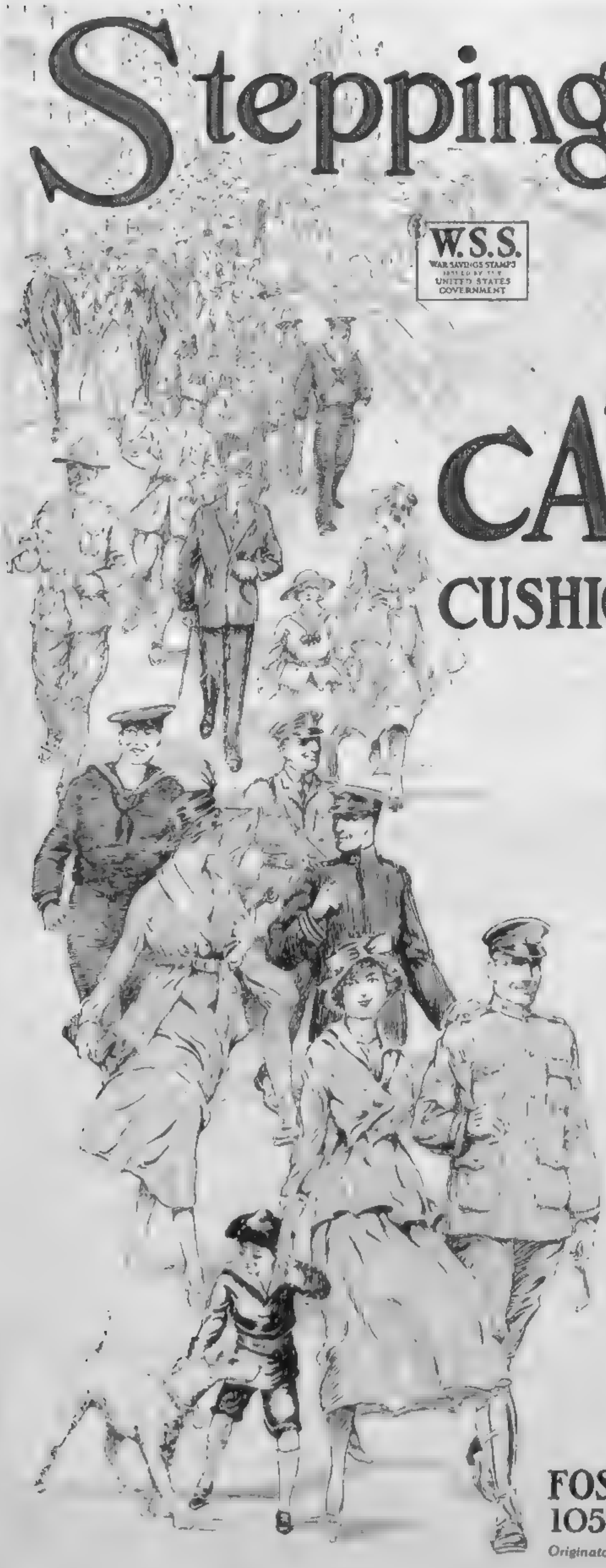
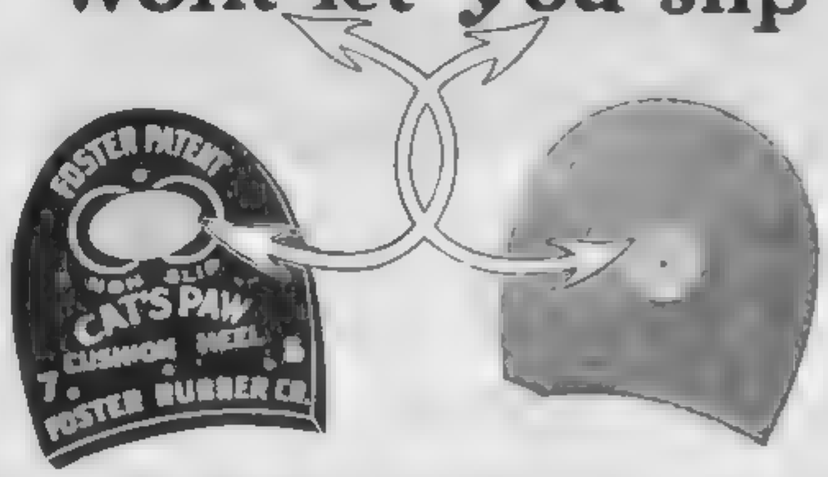


The Foster Friction Plug
Won't let you slip



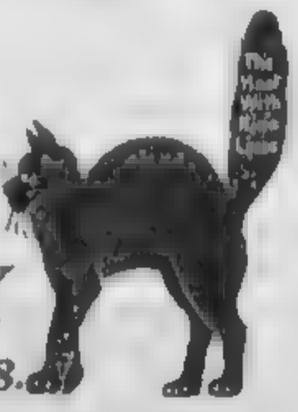
For Men For Women

No holes to track mud and dirt

Safety first - Clean Going

Cost no more than the ordinary kind

Ask for and see that you get Cat's Paw Rubber Heels the name is easy to remember



FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

Originators and patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

By Albert W. Atwood

ONE of the really magnificent achievements of the war, one of the most notable successes evolved by the devotion of modern organization and coöperation to a noble and unselfish ideal, has been the series of Liberty Bond campaigns. The selling has been in charge of patriotic volunteers and the buying has been done by tens of millions of patriotic citizens. But does not the very luster of these achievements, the very invincibility of the patriotic fervor invoked, obscure the real value of Liberty Bonds? General lack of appreciation of the ultimate worth of these bonds is, it seems to me, deplorable.

Of course, most people have an idea that a government bond is about the best investment on earth. But they never give it a second thought. Indeed most of us have a feeling that our subscriptions are part of the sacrifice of war, like the departure of our sons and brothers; part of the hardships that we must undergo; an exaction that cannot be avoided if one is to remain even halfway patriotic. It is considered mere ordinary decency to subscribe. These feelings are involuntary, half conscious, not always expressed, but universal and very real.

The question of how much a person should subscribe is always seriously discussed, and conscientious people are much troubled over whether they have really done enough. In many cases all the ignominy and ostracism of an outraged public opinion are visited upon the few who refuse to subscribe. Liberty Loan organizations actually hold conferences to discuss just how far it is wise to go, and the problem is a very serious one indeed. Though not for one moment assuming that these methods are unnecessary or uncalled for, yet I seriously submit that in one sense they are so absurd as to be almost unbelievable.

Suppose an angel dropped a million gold dollars in the streets of New York City and a committee of dignified business men immediately held a conference to decide whether it would be wise to compel the citizens who happened to be passing by at the time of the dropping to pick up the gold dollars and take them home. Suppose there were citizens who, because of ignorance as to the value of gold, refused stoutly to take any of the dollars. Then suppose the dignified business men gravely argued whether these recalcitrants should be visited with ostracism for refusing.

Conscription of Earnings

The parable may seem strained. But it is sufficiently in point for all purposes. Picking up gold dollars gratis may be a better bargain than buying Liberty Bonds at par, but not so very much better, at that. Seriously speaking these government-bond issues present the great compensating benefit for such financial hardships as the war may happen to impose—enforced economy, reduced profits in some cases, increased taxes in nearly all cases.

It has been necessary to sell the bonds on a patriotic rather than a strictly financial basis for reasons that are but dimly perceived by most persons. The sums needed are so large that they can be secured only by selling bonds to millions of people who never heard of a bond before and who would never in their lives have bought one except under the current intense patriotic pressure. It has also been necessary to get the surplus funds of large corporations, which though fully aware of the merits of Liberty Bonds would prefer naturally to keep their funds in their own business. Obviously a patriotic appeal has to be made to them.

What has been going on, strictly speaking, has not been the sale of bonds at all, but the gradual semiconscription of the country's earnings into a form available for the Government's war use. The Government might say, indeed in New Zealand it has said: "Here, John Smith, your total income is one hundred dollars a week; you must invest ten dollars a week, or some other sum fixed upon by us, in government bonds." We have not gone that far, but we have conducted such tremendous drives that John Smith has done almost the same thing through moral compulsion. Only the worst slacker has been able to escape the psychological effect of the drives. John Smith has not been compelled to buy in quite the same sense that his brother, Henry Smith, has been drafted for the army, but he has been plainly told that he need no longer consider himself a patriot unless he subscribes his quota of Liberty Bonds.

All this has been so necessary and so absorbing that even the financial people themselves have forgotten to tell John Smith that what he is being morally compelled to do is distinctly for his own benefit. The fact has really not sunk in that government bonds are the safest investment on earth, that those who have bought them in wartimes have practically always made large gains, especially in the Civil War, and that every bond the United States has ever issued in war has steadily risen in value after the return of peace. If the essential facts of our Civil War history were known to every Liberty Bond holder, he would, I am certain, prize his investment more than he does now.

Safety and Profit

Naturally the decline in the market price of the second and third issues has also tended to prevent a wide campaign of education along these lines. The bankers and bond dealers who have so unselfishly and loyally given their time and ability to the various Liberty Loan organizations are put out of countenance by the behavior of the bonds far more, I am certain, than the vast majority of holders themselves or the country at large. Bankers and bond dealers ordinarily are much concerned professionally over price changes in the market. Such things loom large in their business, much larger than to other classes. Thus many of them regard any mention of the decline in Liberty Bonds as both too delicate and dangerous a subject to be publicly discussed. To them it seems absurd to urge the purchase of Liberty Bonds on any ground other than the supreme one of patriotism. Why, they say, should anyone pay one hundred per cent for a bond that a few weeks later he can purchase in the market at ninety-five per cent, unless it be from patriotism? But I think such a view is far too narrow.

This article is being written in the middle of August, and the Fourth Liberty Loan will not be offered until late in September. It is not impossible that prices of the second and third issues will advance in the interval, either because of continued prospect of Allied victory or from other causes. When the coalition governments began to win in the latter part of the Napoleonic wars British consols rose strongly, and when Grant was winning in 1864 United States bonds had a similar rise. One issue, which hung below 96 in 1861, rose to 118 in 1864. But whatever the immediate course of prices may be, which no one can definitely predict, it is certain that in the long run Liberty Bonds will rise to par and in all probability above that figure.

Only German victory or complete Bolshevik confiscation can prevent Liberty Bonds' ultimately selling at par, and, judged by all the probability of historical precedent, well above that figure. In either case the owners of Liberty Bonds would probably fare better than the owners of real estate or other property. The writer has seen a carefully-worked-out scheme of taxation proposed by certain persons for after the war, which amounts to confiscation and partial repudiation. But it provides that while Liberty Bond holders give up something owners of real estate and other securities give up much more. I am not suggesting that anything of this sort is in the remotest degree likely, but if the floods should come Liberty Bonds would probably stand faster than any other form of property.

It is commonly overlooked that a moderate decline in Liberty Bond prices between issues, which may seem a misfortune in the eyes of the financial experts, is in reality a splendid opportunity for investors. Recently the third issue has sold as low as 95, which means that because of the short life of the bond the net return is nearly five per cent. This is an almost incredibly large yield for a United States bond, something unheard of since Civil War days. It compares favorably with the securities of corporations paying six to eight per cent, because the Liberty Bond is entirely free from taxation in the hands of the man of relatively small means—holdings of five thousand dollars or less—and is also free from all the uncertainties and dangers of corporation securities. It was only a few years ago that five per cent was considered a liberal return on even a moderately safe corporate bond, far inferior in ultimate security to Liberty Bonds.

It is quite clear that Liberty Bonds have fallen in price because no special effort has been made to develop the latent demand for them in the intervals between loan drives. Secretary McAdoo himself told a congressional committee that one weakness of the Liberty Loans has been the absence of any secondary distribution.

Frankly, the man who buys a bond at 95 between campaigns is doing his country a service just as truly as the one who buys at 100 during the drive.

I am not suggesting that anyone hold off during a campaign in order to purchase more cheaply afterward. That is too palpably disloyal, perhaps even seditious, to be considered by any loyal American. What needs to be hammered in is this: That if you really want to help the Government to the greatest financial extent possible, and incidentally make a little more for yourself than would otherwise be the case, you will buy as often as you can, both during campaigns and between them. One of the highest officers of the Government when asked about this point declared that as long as a man is patriotic enough to buy in the campaigns, the more he buys in the market out of campaigns when prices are low the better.

When Price Means Nothing

Of course there are millions of owners of Liberty Bonds—the vast majority, in fact—to whom a decline in price means nothing. They haven't enough money to buy a bond in the market, for their only means of payment is a weekly deduction from their pay envelopes. They never have as much as ninety-five dollars at a time. It is possible of course to buy securities in the market in this partial-payment manner, but the millions have only money enough to make one purchase, and the inexorable demands of patriotism require that that purchase be made during the campaign. Even if there were no campaigns and Liberty Bonds could be bought on the Stock Exchange only the merest fraction of these masses would ever think of so buying them. The millions of course can be reached only by drives, not by Wall Street operations. They never could be induced to buy in and at the market.

Price means nothing to most of these millions for still another reason: They know perfectly well that as the Government needs soldiers for the duration of the war, just so it needs owners of bonds who will stick. The man who subscribes when bands are playing and sells shortly thereafter is only a very slim patriot, the sort who responds merely to "prickly patriotism," unless of course necessity compels him to sell. Thus the market decline or discount in price means nothing to the masses of subscribers except that it is a tax or commission which is paid by those who wish or need to cease being Liberty Bond holders right away.

The majority of subscribers buy either because of patriotism, which naturally dictates that they hold on to the bond, or else they buy to provide for their own future, in which case also the present price has no meaning.

But there are hundreds of thousands of the regular investing classes who can afford to make regular purchases from time to time in the market, besides their generous

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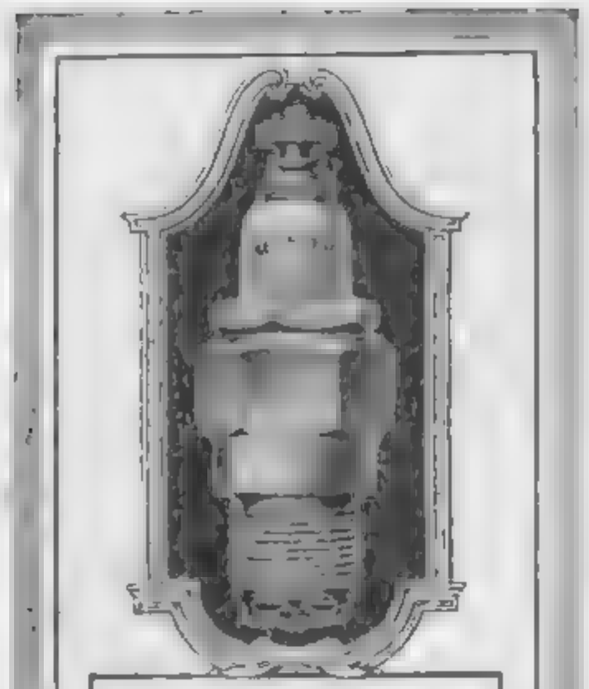

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Coward Bunion Shoes make good friends wherever they are called to protect painful joints. They have put thousands of bunions quietly out of mind.

They are made from selected soft leather and shaped to fit the bunion as well as they fit the foot. The bunion-pocket is so fashioned that the enlargement is as little noticeable as may be. Made with bunion-pockets of varying sizes for both men and women. We are experienced in fitting by mail. Address Dept. G for descriptions

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"subscriptions" during campaigns. British war bonds are at no such discount as ours, very largely because the British have long been accustomed to buying government bonds. They do not purchase them almost solely as a patriotic duty as we do. They have known for a hundred years that government securities are the safest investments. At present therefore British war bonds are selling at almost exactly the prices at which they were originally floated.

Canada also has had wonderful success in keeping its bonds up. One of its issues is now selling above par. In this case, however, special reasons must be considered. In Canada the purchase and sale of war bonds between campaigns is in the hands of a commission, which sets the prices in such a way that the buying broker gets one per cent for his services and the selling broker nothing. Thus the commission sets the price to the seller at, say, 95 and to the buyer at 96. But the buyer does not pay 96 to the seller, the extra one per cent going to the buyer's broker. Thus brokers have a constant incentive to induce people to purchase bonds and none whatever to get them to sell.

There is a movement on foot to adopt a somewhat similar method to stabilize the price of our own issues.

Such a scheme may not be applicable in this country, and there may be differences of a technical nature in sinking-fund administration and other financial machinery that make it easier to maintain the price of war bonds in England than here. But the fundamental fact is that Americans have not yet been educated to buy these government bonds because of their worth as have the English. Surely no one will argue that United States bonds are less secure than those of Great Britain or any of its colonies. It is pardonable patriotism to believe that ours are the safer. At any rate United States bond issues represent only about five per cent of our wealth, whereas thirty per cent of England's wealth has gone into that form.

Americans as a class are interested in only a mild way in the fact that government bonds have always shown a tendency to fall during wars and rise afterward. This has been true even in small wars like the one between this country and Spain. It has been true even in some cases of defeated nations. French rentes fell to 50 during the war of 1870 and rose to 105 only a few years afterward. These facts have been repeated often enough, along with the famous rejoinder credited to one of the Rothschilds, who had just advised a client to buy government bonds. The client objected on the ground that the streets of Paris were running red with blood. "But," goes the old story, "you could not buy government bonds at such a price unless the streets of Paris were running red with blood."

Civil War Comparisons

Americans have a feeling that all this is rather distant, true though it may be. They prefer American precedents, and the only thing that compares at all with the present war, to the American way of thinking, is the Civil War. It was much smaller and less costly, but the country to-day is far richer and more developed. We may not have the Western lands to open up as we had after the Civil War, but we have no end of possibilities in the way of more intensive cultivation, new mineral resources, recovery of waste, new inventions, and the like. Besides the average American has far more confidence in the stability and future of his country to-day than his predecessor had during the Civil War.

Even Salmon P. Chase, the great Secretary of the Treasury, doubted whether the war could continue after the debt reached $3,000,000,000. But that figure was nearly reached at the close of the conflict, and at no time had the Union Armies been better supplied or the Government in a better position to secure what it wanted. Shortly thereafter the process of paying off the debt began, and proceeded at such a rapid pace as to astound the world. Yet to-day we have single corporations subscribing to as many Londs, and without exciting the least attention, as the entire syndicate of bankers in the country were able to raise during the early days of the Civil War.

In one of our Liberty Loans, several of the smallest of the dozen Federal Reserve Districts will each absorb as many bonds as the entire country did in 1863 even with campaigns as intensive, relatively speaking, as those of to-day.

Secretary McAdoo does not want anyone to make so much profit out of the country's necessities as many people made during and after the Civil War. He does not intend to sell bonds bearing such high rates of interest, nor does he expect the bonds to go so low during the war or so high afterward. Speculators and syndicates are not to profit the way they did in earlier days. Supertaxes will prevent the bonds from being abnormally attractive to the very rich as they were in 1863, when no taxes at all were imposed upon United States securities. The present Administration wishes to prevent extortion, enormous profits, and extreme fluctuations.

It must not be supposed that Chase was any more anxious to help the multimillionaire than is McAdoo. But he had a much poorer country to deal with. It was split in half; and even in the half that remained true to the Union there was probably less support of the war than to-day. The business and financial men who now rail against the low rate of interest on Liberty Bonds and who sigh for the liberal treatment of Civil War days have probably never read what Chase said to a gathering of bankers:

"Gentlemen, I am sure you wish to do all you can. I hope you will find that you can take the loans on terms which can be admitted. If not I must go back to Washington and issue notes" [paper money] "for circulation; for, gentlemen, the war must go on until this rebellion is put down, if we have to put out paper until it takes $1000 to buy a breakfast."

Mr. Chase's Financing

All the Civil War bonds were issued at par and redeemed at par after the war. But most of them paid six per cent interest, and a few loans were issued at seven and seven and three-tenths per cent interest. The advance in price also was very great. The famous "five-twos," the most popular and widely distributed of Civil War bonds, which paid six per cent interest, were sold chiefly in the last three months of 1863 and the first six months of 1864, after the high tide of secession at Gettysburg. They did not fall below 101 the next year and ranged as high as 114. From 1867 on, this bond never got below 104⅓ and most of the time ranged from 105 to 125. For ten years it fluctuated between these figures, giving ample opportunity for thousands of owners to sell out at an apparent profit of five to twenty-five per cent, but which, for reasons shortly to be explained, was much larger.

A smaller issue of six per cent bonds, which were put out at the beginning of the war, actually sold as low as 83 in the first year of the war and did not rise above 95¾ at that time. Anyone who had enough confidence in the permanence of the Union to invest in these bonds at the beginning of the war made enormous profits by holding on to them, because they ranged between 105 and 126 for more than ten years afterward. Chase borrowed small amounts in the first few months of the war from bankers, at a discount of eleven per cent, added to six per cent interest—an appalling extortion, it would seem to-day.

The actual profits made by Civil War bondholders were very much greater than these figures would indicate, so great indeed as to constitute a grave political issue immediately after the war. Owing to the issue of greenbacks, gold went to a premium. But the interest on bonds was paid in gold though subscriptions for the bonds were accepted in the heavily depreciated paper greenbacks. At one time greenbacks were worth hardly more than forty per cent in gold. At such a rate the bondholder would be getting about fifteen per cent interest measured in greenbacks, the money of the people. In 1863 it is doubtful if greenbacks averaged more than seventy-four per cent in gold. Albert Bushnell Hart says that anyone who bought the "ten-forty" bonds in 1864 secured a twenty per cent investment for ten years.

In 1868 the agitation was started against owners of United States bonds. No doubt the phrase "bloated bondholder" originated at that time. Though the holders had subscribed in the dark days when the Government needed their money at any cost and despite the fact that great numbers of people of small means had purchased bonds and still held them, the ownership of a Government bond became anathema. President Johnson actually suggested that the bonds be paid off by applying the interest payments to a reduction in principal, which of course was the rankest form of repudiation. He said in a message to Congress that the holders had paid from three hundred to four hundred per cent less for their bonds than the obligation which they received in return. This was a gross exaggeration, but it showed how popular sentiment inclined.

Agitation against the bondholders took several forms, but it was chiefly directed against the proposal to redeem the bonds in gold. Said the grim Thaddeus Stevens, whose chairmanship of an important committee had made him perhaps the chief figure in the House:

"I would vote for no such swindle upon the taxpayers; I would vote for no such speculation in favor of the large bondholders and the millionaires, who took advantage of our folly in granting them interest payments in coin."

Even the conservative John Sherman, who had defended the payment of bond interest in gold coin as being the only thing which had prevented the financial system from being overthrown, wavered to the extent of recommending to the bondholders that they take a new five per cent bond, payable in gold, in place of their six per cent bonds. It was argued that if greenbacks were good enough for the "plow holder" they were good enough for the bondholder. Besides there was no express provision in most of the bond issues for payment in gold, and this gave the enemies of the bondholders a splendid weapon. But there had been no doubt at the time the bonds were issued that the Government intended to pay them in gold. Chase advertised the fact widely and members of Congress so understood it.

Thaddeus Stevens had said in a speech at that time: "Widows and orphans are interested, and in tears lest their estates should be badly invested. I pity no one who has money invested in United States bonds payable in gold."

For a time it looked as if the Government might not live up to its promises and the situation was much confused because the political parties themselves were all at sea about it. But when General Grant became President he promptly sat upon any form of repudiation, and all the bonds were paid off in gold.

Investment for the Future

No such fat profits will be made out of Liberty Bonds. To begin with there is no need, nor the least likelihood, of paying exorbitant rates of interest. Chiefly, however, there is no such chance in the future of the bondholders' becoming a privileged, favored and unpopular class, because there is no difference in value between the money they buy the bonds with and that in which interest upon them is paid. No question can arise as to whether Liberty Bonds will be redeemed in gold. It is expressly provided that they will be so paid off. But there is no difference in value among the various kinds of money in the country to-day to make the holder prefer gold. Finally all but the First Liberty Bonds are taxable in amounts above five thousand dollars, so that no such powerful motive exists for the very rich to put all they have in government bonds, as impelled them in Civil War times. After the war one of the Vanderbilts was found to have held more than forty million dollars in United States bonds.

But Civil War bonds would probably have risen moderately after the Union had been reëstablished, even without the financial abuses which so artificially stimulated prices. There is no prospect for more than a moderate rise in Liberty Bonds, but that in itself is a safeguard. It will prevent the bondholder from being looked upon as a profiteer. Another safeguard will be his numbers. Admirable as Jay Cooke's efforts were in enlisting many small subscribers, the results, from the nature of the case, did not approach those of the present drives, which reach tens of millions where he reached hundreds of thousands.

Finally it cannot be too much emphasized that though we have no such disturbance in our monetary system to-day as the country suffered from in the Civil War, all the genius and power of modern civilization cannot prevent prices and costs of living from mounting rapidly in wartime. It is an inevitable period of inflation. And this means that money will probably buy more when the war is over. Fifty dollars invested in a Liberty Bond in the next few weeks may well buy one hundred dollars' worth of goods not many years from now.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

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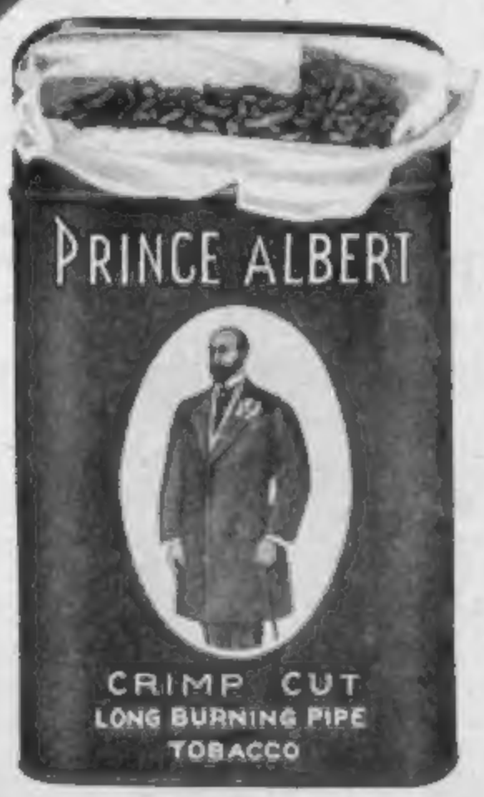

You buy Prince Albert in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and in that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

Crack open these snappy fall mornings with smokes and smiles! Get-going-*good*, with P. A. in your jimmy pipe, *and*, P. A. in your pocket! Why, your smoke-spot will lay-a-bet you've certainly surely hooked the pot o' luck, *at last!* And you have!

For, Prince Albert puts over a turn new to any man fond of a pipe—and, it's a revelation to men who've figured at close-up they behanged if they can smoke a pipe! Yes, sir, P. A. wins your glad hand completely. *That's because it has the quality!*

And, right behind this quality *flavor* and quality *fragrance* is Prince Albert's freedom from bite and parch, which is cut out by our exclusive patented process. We tell you to smoke your fill at any clip without a comeback! Does that sound like the goods to you?

Today's the day! Sweep the table and cut loose a new smokedeck like your nick-name was Hurryharry—and get shifting in P. A. flavor! My, My! And, get to the southside of P. A. fragrance! Leave it to you to fret as to *just why* you haven't enlisted before in the biggest smoke-fraternity that ever was!

Lay your smoketaste flush up against a listening post—and you'll get the Prince Albert call, *all right!* For, you only need a whiff at the open tidy red tin to make you dig for a jimmy and a match! *And, in an awful hurry!*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Ah, you Americans— what a genius for organization!"

So exclaimed a recent French visitor to this country.

Many such visitors who have seen America's packing industry at close range have expressed the opinion that it represents this American knack at its best.

If this is true, then nowhere in the packing industry is this compliment better deserved than in the machinery the packer has developed to distribute fresh meats to large consuming centers.

* * *

Consider the size of the job.

On the one hand, hundreds of thickly-populated centers—huge cities like New York and Boston, widely-separated cities like Bangor, Tampa and Seattle—spread over America's long distances from Maine to California.

On the other hand the packer in the West, situated there because our finest meat-producing animals are produced in the fertile plains of the Western states.

And now picture the job: a task of supplying each of the population centers with meat products *highly perishable*—in the kinds and quantities demanded, at the time needed, and always in perfect condition.

* * *

Swift & Company, to perform this task with the greatest efficiency and at a minimum of expense to the consumer, has developed a nation-wide chain of branch supply houses.

There are nearly four hundred of these houses in all—one or more in practically every important consuming center in the United States.

Each house is equipped with a modern system of refrigeration, so that meat can be kept fresh and sweet in the interval between its arrival by refrigerator car and delivery to the retailer.

The operation of these houses requires nearly nine thousand trained employes; eleven hundred horses; one thousand wagons; and four hundred motor trucks. Nearly seven thousand Swift refrigerator cars are needed to keep the houses regularly stocked with fresh meat and meat products.

Each house is in charge of an experienced manager—a man who has devoted years to the study of the intricacies of meat supply. There are few businesses that require a greater degree of specialized knowledge and personal interest.

* * *

One hundred and sixty-five thousand retail meat shops, upon which millions of people depend for their daily supply of fresh meat, rely on this vast branch house system to keep them regularly and adequately stocked at all times.

In this perfection of organization, reached only after thirty years of hard work, developed from a handful to over forty-eight thousand interested employes, Swift & Company take a justifiable pride. It is not merely a business achievement, but a real vital service to the American people.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 22,000 stockholders

CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
ART-CARPETS

ART-RUGS AND FLOOR-COVERINGS
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GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED
A DAMP CLOTH WILL REMOVE SEAL IF IT STICKS TO GOODS

The New 3-Yard Wide Floor-Covering

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Carpets are a wonderful, new all-over floor-covering made in a special 3-yard width. They combine the beauty and warmth of the most artistic carpet designs with the well-known special advantages of Congoleum. They are

Sanitary and easy to clean
Low in price—Long-wearing
Hug the floor—Need no fastening.

Attractive Patterns 3 Yards Wide

The patterns of the new Congoleum Art-Carpets have been created by expert designers who understand the requirements of American homes, and the color-harmonies have been planned to fit almost any decorative scheme. The patterns are printed in *twelve* rich colors.

The special width makes possible fewer seams—in many rooms no seam at all.

The water-proof and sanitary surface offers no lurking place for dirt or disease germs. No laborious, dusty sweeping is required—a few swishes with a damp mop makes the entire floor fresh, bright and cheerful.

Congoleum Art-Carpets come in rolls and retail at $1.10 per square yard.

The tremendous success of Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings has resulted in extensive imitation. Undoubtedly the wonderful new Congoleum Art-Carpets will be imitated, also, and so we want to tell you in advance how you may be *sure* you are getting the genuine.

Look for the New Gold Seal

You will find the Congoleum Gold Seal pasted on the face of every two yards of Congoleum Art-Carpets and Floor-Coverings, and in the corner of every Congoleum Art-Rug. When you see this Congoleum Gold Seal you will know that you are getting the genuine. Be sure to look for it, and do not let yourself be argued into buying an imitation.

The Congoleum Gold Seal bears on its face this broad guarantee: *"Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money will be Refunded."*

Back of this guarantee stands the largest organization in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of printed felt-base floor-coverings—a plant that started six years ago in *one* little building and has been transformed by public appreciation of the merits of Congoleum into a vast industry occupying more than twenty-five acres and more than thirty buildings.

Congoleum (2 Yards Wide)

We also offer Congoleum (2 Yards Wide), our original line, which has been used with the greatest satisfaction in thousands of homes all over the country. Like the Art-Carpets, it bears the Gold Seal. Price $1.00 per square yard at all dealers.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Congoleum Floor-Coverings or Art-Rugs, write us and we will.

All prices subject to change without notice.

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Color-Charts Free

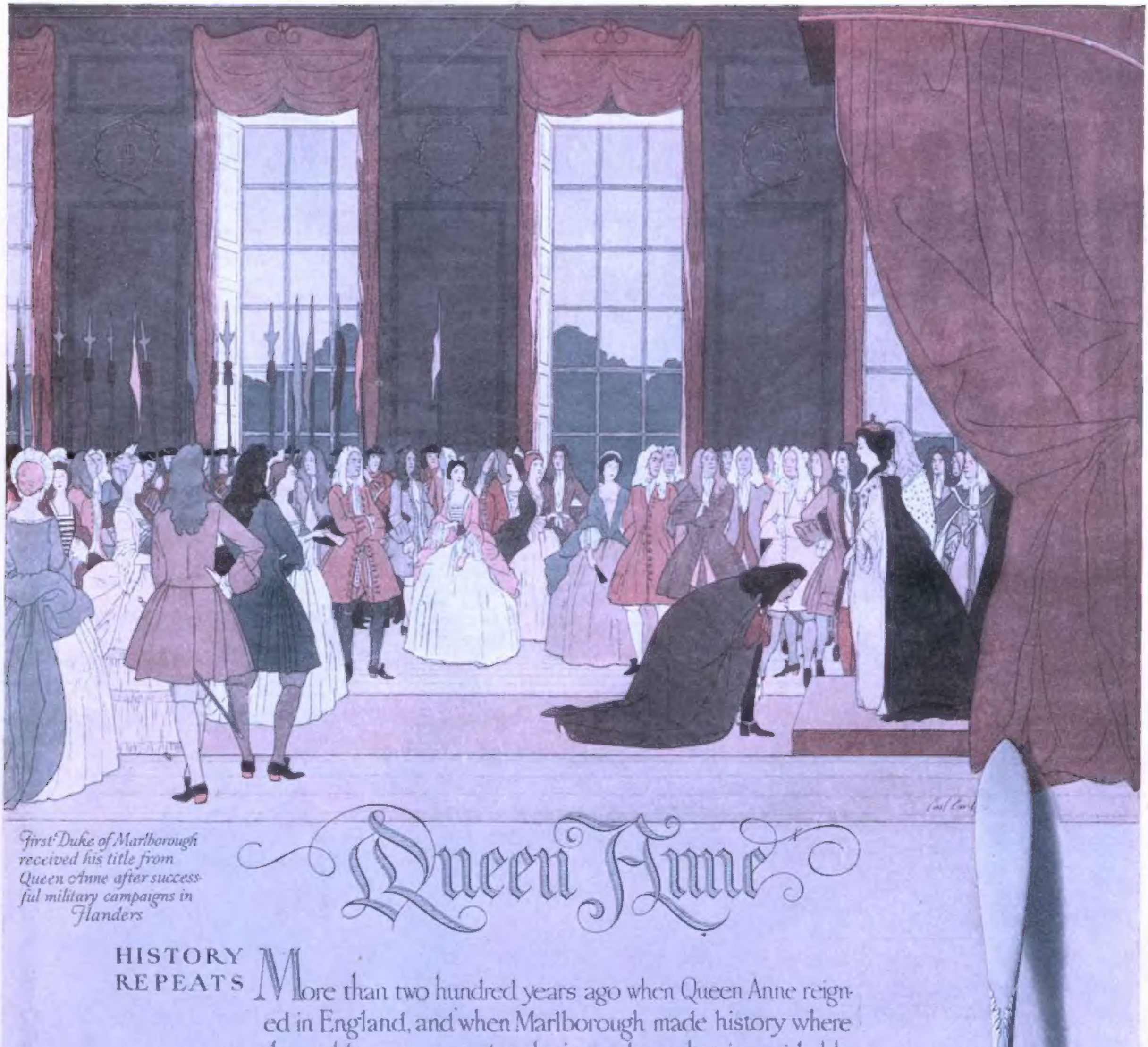
We have prepared, at great expense, beautiful color-charts showing the new Congoleum Art-Carpets in actual colors and patterns, and other charts showing Congoleum (2 Yards Wide) and Congoleum Art-Rugs.

Send today for one or all of them. From these charts you can pick out just the patterns you want, in a color-tone that will harmonize nicely with your present furnishings. Then carry the chart to your dealer and have him show you the Congoleum Art-Carpet or Floor-Covering spread out so you can see just how it looks on the floor.

Write at once to the nearest office for the chart you wish and you will learn of many ways to beautify your floors for little money.

"This seal guarantees Congoleum quality"

The pattern shown is number 5016. It must be seen to be appreciated. Retails at $1.10 per square yard.



First Duke of Marlborough received his title from Queen Anne after successful military campaigns in Flanders

Queen Anne

HISTORY REPEATS More than two hundred years ago when Queen Anne reigned in England, and when Marlborough made history where the world war rages today, there was born that imperishable style of decorative art to be known thereafter as "Queen Anne."

Just now, furnishings in Queen Anne style have again come into great vogue. The new pattern in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware here shown, was created in sympathy with that prevailing taste.

Teaspoons $3 for Set of Six
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Queen Anne Pattern

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SILVERWARE

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